North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY, FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

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Diseases of women and children a specialty. Calls in town or country promptly attended to

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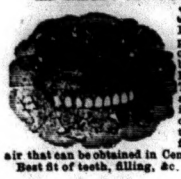

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Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerdu, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* in securing *correctness* of Surveys:

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Madoc, Jan. 16th, 1889. 43-3m

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GROCER,
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MADOC - ONT

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED
—AT THE—
MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fullcloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th, 1888. 6-3m

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DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.

Directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, and next door to the Bank of Commerce.

Dr. Walker will visit

Madoc on the 20th and 21st

of Every Month, Only.

Don't Ask for Credit.
ROOMS AT MOON'S HOTEL

NEW LIVERY.

The Undersigned has opened a New Livery Stable in Madoc, and will keep for hire

FIRST-CASS HORSES AND RIGS

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Rigs Supplied at all Hours.

Give me a trial.

JOHN HUFF.

Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

25 SALESMEN
WANTED

In your State. Good Salary and Expenses paid to the right men. I want men 25 to 50 years of age to sell a full line of first class Nursery Stock. All stock guaranteed. Apply at once, stating age and references.

C. L. BOOTHBY,
37-12w Rochester, N. Y.

Notice to Creditors.

IN the goods of Julia McGowan, deceased, notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, that all persons having claims upon or against the estate of Julia McGowan, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, widow of William McGowan, who died on or about the 15th December, 1889, are, on or before the first day of April, 1890, to send by post prepaid or delivered to the undersigned, solicitor for James C. Dale and Adam McGowan, the executors for the said deceased, a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of all securities (if any) held by them. And notice is hereby given that after the said last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the said executors will not be responsible for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
No. 2 Graham Block, Belleville, Ont.
Solicitor for Executors.

Dated this 19th February, 1890. 47-4w

RITCHIE—McMULLEN.

THE WICKED PARTNERS MAKE A BIG HAUL.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 27.—President S. J. Ritchie, of the Central Ontario road, entered suit here to-day against B. and G. W. McMullen, directors of the road, for $181,500. President Ritchie states that they were directors in the road, and deliberately took possession of 210 first mortgage bonds, worth $1.000 each, and 2,375 coupons of $30 each. These, so Ritchie claims, "they converted to their own use, and have wholly failed and refused to account for, except $100,000, and there is yet due $131,500. The books of the company were in the hands of the defendants, and so obscurely kept that they fail to show clearly what amounts the defendants have paid over to the plaintiffs, or to what use the moneys received were accounted for.

The McMullens were in Cleveland to-day, and sheriffs deputies endeavored to serve the papers on them. They left, however, and returned to Canada before service was obtained. Some time ago they got a judgement against President Ritchie for $258,000, alleging that he had agreed to buy bonds and coupons of them, and had failed to do so. Ritchie denies this, and filed to-day's sensational suit.

—J. R. Irish, Dentist, is punctual in visiting Madoc, being at the Windsor House every Wednesday.

ESTRAY.

CAME into the premises of Mrs. Carroll, Lot No. 2, in the second concession of Elzevir, a calf. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take it away.

47-3w MRS. CARROLL.

LONDON ONTARIO
THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE & HOME MAGAZINE AND WINNIPEG MANITOBA.

The only agricultural publication that received a diploma and medal from the Colonial Exhibition held in London, England, in 1886, also first prize and diploma at the Provincial Exhibition held in London, Ont., 1889, for the OLDEST AND BEST agricultural paper published in Canada.

Leading farmers say its cost is the best spent money that leaves the farm.

Every farmer should read it.

It is the best medium in Canada for advertising any and all goods used on the farm.

We have scores of testimonials from leading manufacturers, stock breeders, seedsmen, etc., etc., to this effect.

Only $1 per annum in advance. Sample copy 10 cents.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma**; soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces**; strengthens the **Vocal Organs**; allays soreness of the **Lungs**; prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Headlight*, Morrillton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

From Madoc to Europe.

BY FRED. E. SEYMOUR.

DEAR EDITOR:

Then we go through Koesen, a little summer resort with salt baths and salt factories, and we pass by on our right the famous school called Schulpforta, which is the German Eton, and get a glimpse of the high tower of old Neuenberg, ancient seat of the Landgraves of Thuringia, near which is the Edelacker of "nobles' acre," a piece of ground where the Landgrave Louis the Second made his rebellious nobles draw his plough; and then we come to Naumburg in its amphitheatre of green hills and recall the old ballad that tells how the Hussites besieged the place in 1432 till coffee was sixteen pfennigs a half ounce, and cold victuals in proportion, and all the starving little children as a last resort were led out in procession by by the schoolmaster of the town to try and soften the heart of the besiegers, and the grim old captain met them and was moved by their pinched little white faces, and bought cherries for them to break their long fast, and drew his big sword and swung it before his army and ordered them to the right about and they marched away from Naumburg and never returned, but to this day when the cherry-ripe season returns, the flaxen-haired kidlings of Naumburg hold their annual cherry-feast and march in long procession and the townsfolk buy them cookies and sweet cakes as they pass. The cherry festival is by no means apocryphal, however little historic basis there is for the Hussite invasion.

Nine miles from old Naumburg is Weissenfels where the body of Gustavus Adolphus was embalmed after the battle of Lutzen. It is a bright, pretty, active, business town, about the equal of Weimar in population, that is from twenty-one to twenty-two thousand. It is a place of considerable antiquity and the Dukes of Saxe-Weissenfels used to reside in it, in the old Augustusburg palace, which is now a military school. Paper, pottery, pasteboard, leather goods, sugar, machinery, gold and silver ware, are its principal productions; and there is also found a treasure in the sandstone and lignite hills on which the city stands.

Then we come to Corbetha in the thickening twilight. It has no importance save that here is the junction for the University town of Halle. While the train pauses for a moment we can just see to read in our guide book that we are in the very storm centre round which the cyclones of war have revolved for centuries. On our left, five miles away to the west, is Rossbach, where Frederick the Great with 22,000 men gave an unmerciful thrashing to 60,000 French and Germans under Soubise on the fifth of November, 1757. Just about the same distance to the right is Luetzen, where, in 1632, Gustavus Adolphus was fatally wounded, but not till after he had vanquished the imperial troops. A mile or two south of Luetzen, on the second of May, 1813, the Russians and Prussians met the French by the little hamlet of Gross-Goerschen and "they fit, and fit, and fit," but at night neither knew which had the better of it. Then there is the little village of Keuschburg about three miles to the north-east of us and there some say that in the year 933 the Emperor Henry I. gained a signal victory over the Huns, though others decide that the battle ground must have been several miles further to the west. And now we roll on across the Saale, through Duerrenberg, with its salt works, and Koetschau, and Markranstaedt, and Barneck, small towns, all of them, and then we enter the long resounding station of Leipsic, say adieu to our new found friend, who hunts up a cab for us and we are driven in speed and style up to the entrance of the Hotel-de-Prusse, and invited to pay our cabby a fee of twenty cents, and get any amount of thanks when we raise it without solicitation to an even quarter. We have ridden 274 miles since mid day, and not a dull mile among them, yet it is pleasant now to leave the narrow compartment of a car and stretch our limbs in the open air. The evening meal also has attractions for us and is not neglected. Then a stroll through the well-lighted, park-like streets and we are ready for bed, and as the bed is ready for us we are soon in the land of Nod.

Leipsic is the second city in size of the Kingdom of Saxony, being exceeded in population only by Dresden, but it is first, and a long way the first, in commercial importance of Saxony, and possibly of all Germany. It is the great centre of the German book trade and contains over three hundred publishing firms, while over five thousand similar firms in other cities and countries have offices, depots, and agencies here, and the values of their annual sales exceeds those of either London or Paris. About 2,500 new books are published annually here, and the book trade has a separate exchange of its own. It is also a centre of musical art and study and its great conservatory, founded by Mendelsanoh, has a world-wide reputation, as have also its Gewandhaus concerts. Its chief commercial importance has been achieved through its three great annual fairs, which, from the twelfth century down to the present, have attracted trade and traders to it. Every year some 40,000 merchants assemble here from Europe, Persia, Armenia, and all over Asia, and since Saxony entered the German Customs Union, in 1833, trade has been greatly increased, and now these annual gatherings are estimated to do an average business of $50,000,000 each year. Modern facilities of travel have somewhat changed the character of the business done at these fairs, without diminishing the quantity. Goods that can be bought and sold by sample are no longer very largely represented, but those which require to be actually examined by the purchaser are much increased. The principal commodity is furs—Canadian and Russian—and their annual value averages nearly seven million dollars. Then come leather, hides, wool, cloth, linen and glass. Hotel charges take a rise always during fair time. The number of literary, scientific, and artistic institutions is very large for the size of the city, and when one considers how abundant such things are all over this land, he can understand how Germany produces so many people famous for deep research and profound scholarship. It has well-stored museums, gymnasia, and high schools for girls and boys. Its University, founded in 1409, where 2,000 German students seceded from the University of Prague, has an annual attendance of 3,500 pupils, a number exceeded by no German University save that of Berlin. There are 170 professors and lecturers, and the library contains 350,000 volumes and 4,000 manuscripts.

BANCROFT.

The new bridge is now completed, and the public now know how to appreciate such a convenience, having had for over three weeks to carry grists and produce over the dam.

We regret to learn that Mr. John Jarman, sr., of L'Amable, was severely bitten yesterday by a large boar, Dr. Beeman was summoned and dressed the wound, which is not considered dangerous.

Our Band boys are quite jubilant over the prospects for their concert. One of the grandest treats in store is the part to be taken in the programme by Prof. Seymour of Toronto who is said to be a whole concert in himself.

Mr. George Bentley has sold his valuable estate to a Mr. MacLellan, of Glengary County, Ontario.

JAS. L. BRIT.

Bancroft, March 4th, 1890.

Remember that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal as a specific for colds, coughs, and all affections of the throat and lungs. For nearly half a century it has been in greater demand than any other remedy for pulmonary complaints. All druggists have it for sale.

Holloway's Pills.—Important for the delicate.—It is difficult to determine which is the more trying to the human constitution, the damp, cold days of autumn and winter, or the keen, dry, easterly winds of spring. Throughout the seasons good health may be maintained by occasional doses of Holloway's Pills, which purify the blood and act as wholesome stimulants to the skin, stomach, liver, bowels, and kidneys. This celebrated medicine needs but a fair trial to convince the ailing and desponding that it will restore and cheer them without danger, pain, or inconvenience. No family should be without a supply of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, as by a timely recourse to them the first erring function may be reclaimed, suffering may be spared, and life saved.

The March Century.

The most striking pictures which have appeared in the Joseph Jefferson Autobiography accompany the present (March) instalment. Three very timely and important subjects are treated in the March *Century* by specialists. The first is the subject of Municipal Government, Dr. Albert Shaw describing the workings of the local government of Glasgow, one of the world's model cities in this respect. The subject of Irrigation is treated in the first of a series of three articles by Professor Powell, the Director of the United States Geological Survey. This paper is entitled "The Irrigable Lands of the Arid Region." The third great subject is discussed in a paper by Professor Fisher on "The Nature and Method of Revelation"—the concluding one in his very timely series. The same number of the *Century* has editorials on "Municipal Government," "Our Sins Against France," and "University Extension." This number is also notable for the begining of the most authentic and original account yet published of the "Prehistoric Remains in the Ohio Valley."

The current number contains also the artist La Farge's second group of illustrated "Letters from Japan"; an article on "Gloucester Cathedral" by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with pictures by Joseph Pennell, and an article by Mr. Wilson, the photographer, depicting "Some Wayside Places in Palestine," which are referred to in current International Sunday-School Questions; also a striking paper on "The Sun-Dance of the Sioux," by Frederick Schwatka, with pictures by Frederic Remington, and a curious study by Professor Wood of Philadelphia, on the subject of "Memory."

The usual contributions of fiction and poems make up this interesting number.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TRAP.

My grandfather's explanation only led me to believe more firmly than before that he had not given me the true reason for Psyche's long captivity, and the urgent warning with which he concluded the interview confirmed this conviction. It was inconceivable that the man who had hired old Peter to drop the chest in the sea should offer a price to draw suspicion on his motives, and excite cupidity. Yet according to my grandfather's statement he had paid at least one hundred pounds for the service, while there was every reason to suppose from their way of living and the fact that old Peter could raire sufficient money at a moment's notice to meet my demands that the two old rascals between them must have received many hundreds of pounds. Now if the man had not paid old Peter a preposterous price for getting rid of the chest at the time how had the rascals got the money?

The answer to this question flashed upon me before I had left my grandfather ten minutes. They had extorted it since and *Psyche had been kept all for the purpose of blackmailing!*

Old Peter had recognised the man, or found means to identify him—possibly by the child, or some betraying evidence in her dress, and had drawn money from him by threatening to produce the child in evidence of his attempted crime.

I saw now a double purpose in the warning that had been given me. My grandfather dreaded two things—his father's wrath and the stoppage of those supplies which made life pleasant, and these consequences might be avoided by Psyche's escape remaining a secret.

Despite his rascality, I was disposed to give my grandfather credit for some kindly feeling towards Psyche. There was a warmth in his warning that seemed to come from his heart and not from calculating self interest. It was clear that if Psyche were the source of revenue I surmised, Old Peter would stop at no means, however desperate to recover her when he learned that she had escaped from the caves; and I dreaded to think what might be her fate if he succeeded in getting her again in his power.

I found it difficult to decide what course I ought to take. It was obvious, however, that I must not precipitate a catastrophe by any rash movement, and for the present I must keep Psyche as much as possible out of sight.

Happily, circumstances favoured her seclusion. The light of the sun was so painful to the poor girl that we kept the blinds closely drawn down all day, never leaving the house before the evening, and then she showed no wish to stray from my side. To her the garden at the back of the cottage was a wide world more in accordance with her taste perhaps because it was enclosed with high thick hedges; it was a beautiful world too, full of surprising treasures and lovely wonders. Every flower was a miracle, and the commonest herb a source of delight. I never knew how much there was to admire in so small a space until she showed me. We have sat for hours watching a spider make its web; we have followed an ant step by step down the long path to his retreat in a pot on the top of a dahlia-stick, sympathizing with him when he went wrong and had to find his way back, congratulating him on meeting a friend who clearly put him up to a short cut, condoling with him when he got upon tiresome ground, and found himself compassed about with a forest of chickweed —all with a growing interest in his career that only ended when we felt sure he was safe home at last. When we had watched the stars come out until the heavens were full and night well advanced, I took her away over the downs and showed her the sleeping villages, and the distant town of Towerbridge, where the twinkling gas lamps she took for fallen stars; but she was always glad to return to her beloved garden. Everything in the world was marvellous, she said, but there was nothing more beautiful or wondrous than the endless discoveries she made there. Mere largeness, which had never produced a pleasant impression on her mind, ceased to excite astonishment; the larger animals—horses and kine—were not more surprising to her than night moths and tiny insects whose beauty escaped the sight of impatient observers. Her view of nature at first appeared to me distorted, but I came to see that in every instance her judgment was truer than mine, and that my views were warped frequently by the influence of early teaching and conventional ideas; certainly through her I learnt to reverence God in small things as well as great. The nights were mild and fine, and we spent them chiefly in the open air; for Psyche was loth to go indoors, even when the sun had risen and dimmed the world to her eyes. After seeing the stars "go out" one by one, and the clouds take on the opal tints of morning; after marking the first twitter of the swallows in the eaves, and the lowing of the cows; when she had watched the flower petals unclose and display their hidden beauties, and the first ray reflected in rainbow colours by the dewdrops hanging on leaf and gossamer, she would still linger with closed eyes to feel the sun's warmth on her upturned face and outstretched hands.

She slept through the day in her darkened room, and this gave me opportunity to go over to Towerbridge, where I was not known, and get the things we needed—food and clothing, and the like. I bought a couple of pretty dresses for Psyche, a square of lace for her head, a Shetland shawl, and some shoes with bright steel buckles, and these things gave her great delight, for she was quite human, and I vow as well as any other pretty girl to "look nice." I felt tolerably secure in leaving her alone at these times. Except the Chase there was no house nearer than the inland village of Ecclesham. Since the opening of the new road the old London road had been practically abandoned, and to the few who passed by the isolated cottage with its drawn blinds, it must have seemed abandoned also. No one knew that I had returned to inhabit it except Mrs. Benham, and her hasty departure had not given her time for gossiping with her acquaintances in Bonport. I received a letter from her, slipped under [illegible] me that she [illegible] for her son, [illegible], and in replying I begged her, for reasons I would give when she returned, not to mention my name of anyone.

Thus a week passed without my taking any steps to discover Psyche's friends, or seeking an interview with Miss Duncan, seeing that I must first habituate Psyche to the new life before introducing any change: but at the end of that time, moved, I fear, rather by the jealous fear that Miss Duncan might be married to the husband her father had chosen than by a disinterested consideration of Psyche's welfare, I sent an advertisement to be inserted in the second column of the *Times*. It ran thus:—

FOUND, a Girl, thought to be between eighteen and nineteen years of age, who disappeared about July 14th, 1877.—Apply, for further information, by letter, to *The Finder*, Post Office, Towerbridge.

Three days after posting this advertisement I walked over to Towerbridge and asked at the post office if there were any letters for "The Finder." The postmaster handed me one. It was from a well-known firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, asking me on behalf of a client whose name was not given to supply them with the information referred to in my advertisement.

Although the name of the firm was a sufficient guarantee of their good faith, I felt it necessary to be guarded in my reply, lest their client might be the very man who had paid old Peter to do away with Psyche. Of all persons in the world he would be most anxious to get her into his hands. After some consideration I replied as follows:—

"The girl in question, presumably under the influence of a narcotic, was enclosed in a chest, and the chest was given by an unknown man to a notorious scoundrel living in Bonport to be taken out at night into the open sea and thrown overboard. The chest was opened, and the child, showing signs of life, was carried to shore and there has since been kept in confinement by the rascal employed to sink the chest. She was discovered and removed to a place of safety by me. I cannot leave this neighbourhood, but if you make an appointment to meet me in Towerbridge any day between 11 and 4, I will be happy to answer further questions upon this subject.

BERNARD THORNE,
Care Mrs. Benham,
Tollhouse Cottage.
Old London-road, Ecclesham.

I expected a reply to my letter the next day, but none came; another day passed without any letter being slipped under the door, and then concluding that the postman had not thought it worth while to deliver it, believing the house to be empty, I resolved to go over to Towerbridge and make inquiries the following afternoon if nothing came in the interval.

I waited until three—the latest hour at which the second mail was delivered at Chase, and then, assured that Psyche slept, I locked the doors and started for Towerbridge. About four I reached the post office. The packet of returned letters was examined, and none being found addressed to me, I telegraphed to the solicitors for an explanation of their silence, telling them to reply to me at the post office. Nearly an hour elapsed before their answer came.

"Regret delay," their telegram said, "client not yet replied to our letter. We now wire him for instructions. Please wait at office our next telegram.

It was hopeless to expect the next telegram for at least an hour, and having already waited an hour in the dismal office, I went out and strolled round the town, picking up one or two things that I thought would please Psyche. At six o'clock I returned to the post office. Nothing had yet come in. I began to feel anxious about Psyche. It was nearly an hour's walk home. At seven it would be getting dark and she would rise, and finding me not there might be frightened. Should I go back now, and return for the message early the next morning? While I was debating the question the signal bell tingled.

"Is that for me?" I asked the clerk, as he began to read from the instrument.

"Yes, sir," he replied, after a minute's silence.

It was a long message; at last it was handed to me. "Our client replies us as follows," I read: "Absent from home since last writing you. Bernard Thorne's discovery not the slightest connection with my loss. A blurr in the advertisement led me to read 1899 for 1877. My child was not born in '77, and only ran away from me in '99. Make any arrangement you think just to compensate Mr. Thorne for inconvenience, &c., incurred by my mistake."

So all that correspondence has ended in nothing, thought I; and so I continued to think until in the slums through which I had to pass in quitting Towerbridge by the old road, I caught sight of old Peter, my great grandfather.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEATEN.

There was a beerhouse at the corner of the street, with a low bow-fronted window, from which old Peter must have seen me coming. He lurched out into the middle of the road, and stood there waiting for me like nothing so much as a great chimpanzee waiting an incentive to attack. His back was bent with age, so that his leathery hands with their crooked and gnarled fingers hung below his knees and to look up at me his head was thrown back. Summer and winter he wore a pea jacket with a guernsey underneath, and a fur cap which spread his ears outward and covered his forehead, meeting the ragged brows that beetled over to his deep-set, fierce, and vicious black eyes. His shirt was the colour of an old tanned sail. Between his protruding cheek-bones and lower jaw his cheeks fell in, and his great beak of a nose almost touched his bristled underhung chin. His legs were bowed, and he stood with his feet well apart; altogether he was the oldest specimen of humanity you could well meet, and quite the most unpleasant.

His attitude was openly defiant, and seemed to say, "Here am I, and I'm not afraid of you. What have you got to say to me?"

I was not disposed to say anything to him. That was not the place to bring him to account for his misdeeds. I was anxious to get back to the cottage. His presence alarmed me for the safety of Psyche; for it was clear that her escape was no longer a secret from old Peter, who I could not doubt had followed me into the town and had lain in wait for my return. He stood directly in front of me, when I moved towards the footpath he shifted his position to confront me and provoke encounter.

"Mind he don't bite ye, sir," said a man at the beerhouse door, grinning.

I brushed past old Peter, and regaining the middle of the road pursued my course. He overtook and kept pace with me, swinging along a couple of feet from my side with a queer plantigrade gait, placing his long foot flat on the ground and rolling his bent body from side to side. My pace was about four miles an hour, but he kept up with me in a surprising manner, his features set in an expression of dogged determination. Neither of us spoke a word till we were clear of the town and out in the lonely road, then seeing that his purpose was to dog me home, and that I must shake him off by some means I stopped. He stopped as well. "What do you mean by this?" I asked.

"What do I mean, you varmint," he answered, "why I mean to do what I like. I've as good rights to walk along this road and stop when I choose as you 'ave. If you think you can prevent me, have a try." He slipped his hand in the pocket of his pea-jacket and brought out an open knife.

"Have a try," he repeated, "and I'll run this into your liver in self defence. I'm ninety-four, but I'm wuth a dozen such scurvy pups as you. Have a try! You'd rather not. You've got no fight in you. You're only a slinking thief. You're afraid on me, aint ye? You would like to call a policeman to help you, wouldn't ye. Why ain't ye set the policeman on to me? Because you're got more reason to fear 'em 'an what I 'ave. I ain't robbed you; but you've robbed me. I don't want no one to help me; I'm just going to do this business myself. I'm going to hunt you down, and when I've found where you've stowed away that gal I'm goin' to get her, dead or alive. Now you do what you like; but say your prayers afore you try to prevent me."

To old eter's disgust, I tacitly declined to be drawn into a fight, or even a wordy dispute. The distance to the cottage was over three miles, and it seemed to me that, extraordinary as the old man's physical powers were, he could never keep up to my pace for more than half that distance, and that I might leave him out of sight by the time I reached the bend by the Chase park, and this being the best plan of defeating him that presented itself to my mind, I started afresh, increasing my pace as I went. The old man with his bear-like trot kept by my side, and lost not an inch of ground for the first mile, with no visible sign of exhaustion, and it became evident that I must increase the distance to succeed in tiring him out. I determined to strike away from the main road and make for the village of Ecclesham, whence I could return by a footpath over the downs to the old London-road; doubling the distance to the cottage, and coming to the bye-roads, I turned off sharp. The pace tried me, but still with indomitable pertinacity old Peter stuck to my side. We came in sight of the village, and here I saw that I must make a vigorous effort to outstrip the dreadful old man, for if on getting through the village he found me doubling to regain the old road, he would at once conclude that Psyche was there, and that I had simply gone out of my way to mislead him.

There was a pretty steep hill before us; I put on a spurt. Old Peter kept up with me for a hundred yards, and then stopped, as if his strength had suddenly given way.

"You think you've done me, do you, ye ruinnin varmin," he gasped. "Don't make no mistake, old Peter takes more beatin' than you can give him."

He had disappeared from the road when I turned round on the brow of the hill to look back. I was fairly exhausted, and sunk down by the roadside, whence I commanded a view of the hill, to recover my breath and strength, with the satisfactory reflection that somewhere in that copse below old Peter was also panting for breath and pressing his aching sides

As soon as I was somewhat relieved I rose, cut through the village, and took the path through the cornfields. The sun had already sunk, and the first star twinkled in the sky overhead.

Judging by my own fatigue I reckoned that old Peter would certainly give up the pursuit for to-day, and that his first move on leaving the copse would be to find an alehouse in Eccleshan, where he could take a long drink and a long rest at the same time; nevertheless the uncomfortable apprehension that he had returned to the old road where I might again encounter him hurried me on.

The lingering twlight was not yet past when I reached the cottage, and to my great satisfaction I could see no one on the road in either direction. I unlocked the door and entering closed it behind me.

"We are safe at least for another night,' thought I. Then I called "Psyche!" There was no response. It was unusual. At the first sound of my footfall at this hour she would cry to me "Brother!" Going down the passage towards the stairs I stopped abruptly at the angle facing the entrance to the back garden. The door was wide open. It was easily accounted for, I said to myself. Psyche, rising at the usual hour and finding me not in the house, had unbolted the the door, and gone out to seek me in the garden. That was why she had not responded to my call. But for all that it was with annoying fear that I ran down the garden calling her under my breath at every turn and alley, peering into all her favourite haunts with the hope that she might be hiding from me in sport as she sometimes did. Not a sound broke the silence. I could see no sign of her.

I ran back into the house, and searched every room, calling upon her again and again with a despair in my voice that told me how dear she had become to me. Once more I explored the garden with ever-fading hope, and coming at last to the wicket at the side of the house which communicated with the front garden I found that open.

Then it occurred to me that old Peter had beaten me, and not I him. It was obvious now why he had stopped me in the open street at Towerbridge and tried to provoke me to a quarrel; why when he saw me resolved on going through Eccleshan he allowed me to struggle up the hill. He had succeeded only too well in gaining time for my grandfather or some other rascally accomplice to lure Psyche out of the cottage and make away with her. And while I wasted precious minutes on the hill in the complacent delusion that he was resting in the copse, my untiring enemy was plodding back by the shortest road to lend a hand, and with that very hand might now be stifling the poor child's cries for help. It seemed to me that I was something worse than a fool to have overlooked a stratagem so palpable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sin is to be overcome not so much by maintaining opposition to it as by cultivating opposite principles.—[Fuller.

SUNKEN TREASURES.

The Enormous Fortunes That Have Gone to Davy Jones's Locker.

A company, it was stated, lately set out from Sydney to New Zealand to recover sunken treasure from some old wreck on the west coast of the Middle Island; but so far, no returns have been published, the operations probably not being complete. The subject of sunken treasure reminds one of the heaps of gold carried in the galleons and like packets years ago. In 1769 a ship-of-war from Rio to Lisbon had on board 9,000,000 of crusades in diamonds and about 100,000 "crowns tournois" in piastres, making in the whole 29,050,000 livres tournois. So much so for a single ship. In 1774

TWO SPANISH SHIPS

from Vera Cruz and the Havana arrived with 22,000,000 crowns, besides merchandise valued at 27,000,000 crowns. Such examples could be multiplied.

Of the cargo of an English Indiaman in 1771, one item alone—a diamond in the rough—was valued at £100,000, "going to be manufactured in England on account of one of the Asiatic nabobs; and on the private freight of this vessel the policies of insurance were opened at Lloyd's at a high premium, so costly were her contents and so doubtful her safe arrival. As a costly shipreck, La Lutine deserves notice. She was of thirty-two guns, commanded by Capt. Skynner, and went ashore on the bank of the Fly Island passage on the night of Oct. 9, 1799. At first she was reputed to have had £600,000 in specie on board. This was afterward contradicted by a statement that the whole amounted to about £140,000. In more modern times the costliness of shipwreck is to be found in the destruction of the fabric and her cargo rather than in

THE TREASURE ON BOARD.

Whatever may have been the worth of a galleon as a ship, there need be no scruple in concluding that when new her value would be but that of a toy in comparison with such ocean mailboats as now convey specie and valuables. The sinking of an Atlantic, Indian, or Australian liner—even with a clean hold—would represent an immense treasure if told in dollars, ducats, or piastres; and when is added the cargo along with the passengers' luggage, which would include a quantity of jewelry expressing many thousand pounds, some astonishing figure swould be the result.

The Royal Charter is the most notable modern instance of the wreck of a "treasure" ship. She left Australia with £350,000 in her. Of this sum, says Charles Dickens, in his chapter on this dreadful shipwreck in the "Uncommercial Traveller," £300,000 worth were recovered at the time of the novelist's visit to the spot where she had driven ashore. Meanwhile, how much gold and silver, minted and otherwise, is annually afloat? How many millions are yearly borne over the deep to and from India, America, Australia, China, and South Africa by English steamers alone? There should be no difficulty in making the calculation, which, when arrived at, must surely yield a fine idea of the treasure over which the red flag flies, and an excellent notion of the trust that is reposed in the British shipmaster, and of the high qualities which go to the fulfilment of it.

The Dairying Industry.

We heartily welcome, says the *Canadian Gazette*, published in London, England, the important step which the Dominion Government has taken with a view to the improvement of the dairying industry of Canada. For some time the dairymen of Canada have urged the appointment of a Dominion officer, whose duty it should be to take charge of the experiments in dairying now about to be conducted at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and at branch experimental farms in the various Provinces and generally to instruct the dairymen of Canada by lectures and bulletins in the best methods of improving and increasing the Canadian supply. The Dominion Government has now acceded to this request by the appointment of Professor Robertson as Dominion Superintendent of Dairy Agriculture. Professor Robertson was formerly attached to the Guelph (Ontario) Agricultural College, and is recognised as one of the highest authorities on dairying in Canada, if not also in the United States. No better appointment could have been made. Professor Robertson begins his new duties at once. If Ontario does not speedily begin to make as good a name for itself in the butter markets of the world as it already possesses in the cheese markets it will hardly be for want of encouragement. Professor Robertson's appointment as Dominion Superintendent of Dairying ought to do much to stimulate the movement to secure a better class of butter; and the spirit which was manifested at the annual meeting of the Ontario Creameries Association, on January 4th, should give to the Provincial butter industry of the future an importance it had never had in the past. The pith of the President's address on that occasion laid in these two significant facts:—

that Ontario cheese has earned for Canada the reputation of being one of the finest cheese-producing countries in the world.

Only 8 per cent. of Ontario butter is made in creameries, and the result is that Canadian butter is nowhere in the world's markets.

The inference is plain. Creameries must take the place of farm dairies, and "the besf animals must be fed on the best food by the best men." Mr. Derbyshire, president to the association, estimates that Ontario loses each year no less than $2,700,000 by failing to have her butter made in creameries, and it is easy to see that this is not an overstatement, for while creamery butter will sell readily at 20 cents a pound, dairy butter drags at from 12 to 16 cents. All success, then, to the efforts of Professor Robertson and the Ontario Creameries Association Great Britain pays $60,000,000 a year for imported butter, and there is no reason why Canada should not take a share.

Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them, bitter words make them bitter, wrathful words make them wrathful. Kind words produce their own image on men's souls and a beautiful image it is.

Bacon tells us that the virtue of prosperity is temperance and the virtue of adversity is fortitude; but it depends upon ourselves whether we gather these and other precious fruits from either of those plants.

Conscience is like a sundial. If you let truth shine upon it, it will point you right; but you may cover it over that no truth can fall upon it, and then it will lead you astray if you follow its guidance.

Mediation.

A Helper Near at Hand.—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."—*Psalm* xlvi. 1-3.

All that is best on earth to have, all that is brightest in heaven to hope for, God is here and now to all who will earnestly lay hold on that divine fulness that filleth all in all. To ancient Israel God was not a dream, a myth, an impalpable essence, but a grand reality—a living, loving father and friend, with eyes ever watchful for his children's good, and ears ever open to their cries, and a heart ever thrilling with tenderest love. God was over all things and in all things to the Jewish mind; and with the quick appropriation of faith, the Jews, as they met in the synagogue for worship, or chanted their religious poems through valley and glen, and on the mountain side broke forth in loud exultation: "This God is our God, and shall be even unto death." This was not a selfish appropriation of the Deity, but the emphatic realization of an actual, personal God, the God of Israel, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob. The text of this morning's meditation is from that psalm which has been significantly described as the battle cry of the church. This name has been given it because on several memorable occasions its words have sprung from the lips of men, who have been the leaders of Israel's hosts in the days of conflict and peril When Martin Luther was on his way to the Diet of Worms his friends vainly tried to persuade him that danger and perhaps death lay that way, and that it would be wise to turn aside. But the intrepid champion of truth was not to be turned from his purpose. He went forward strong in courage; not the courage that rushes blindly and heedlessly into danger, but the courage that has a sufficient cause to inspire and sustain it. And this was the secret of his unflinching boldness: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear." There was a foundation for that courage as firm as the foundation of the everlasting hills. A whole world of logic crowds into that one word "therefore." When Cromwell faced the terrible ordeal of Marston Moor, when it seemed as if the cause of freedom was to be overthrown by a battle that was almost as good as won by the fiery Rupert, the valiant farmer of St. Tres sprang upon his horse, and plucking a Bible from his pocket, found in this psalm the watchword and the battle cry, with which he went forth, as with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, crying, "The Lord of Host, the Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts is with us!" And so crying he won one of the most remarkable battles in the whole range of modern history. But this grand heroic psalm has matter for other days than days of battle. One phrase from this psalm, one strain from this song we may well bind upon our memory and engrave on our hearts. And that phrase is this: "A very present help in trouble." Or suppose we leave out the reference to trouble and think of God as a near and available helper. The thought of God as a helper is worth revolving again and again. It honors human effort and links man's incompleteness with the divine. When we call on God for help the cry presupposes that we have toiled up to the point that needs a stronger hand to finish our uncompleted work. We plan and purpose, and often are permitted to do more than our unfaith ever thought was possible; and after all we are taught by an experience that does not often lie, that God's helping hand has been with us all along, and that His hand must crown the work or the same will not be complete. When Solomon's Temple was ready for dedication the poet king felt that all was not yet done. God had helped him to carry out the dream of his father's life. This "house" was built for God, but it was only a "house" and far away from completeness till God Himself should crown all by the glory of His presence. And so, with uplifted hands, Solomon cried, "Enter into Thy rest, O Lord, Thou and the ark of Thy strength." God entered, and the "house" became a "temple," the glory of all lands. In the arduous tasks of life we may labor on without discouragement. Ever near at hand is a divine helper. God wants to help, help, and by that help to put the seal of His divine approval on honorable toil. Happy is the man whose toil is such that he can ask God to help him in its fulfilment. We may well be on our guard against any toils that we could not ask God to aid. In all life's true work God will help and for this purpose He is ever near at hand. So near that if we reach out our hand He will grasp it, and its weakness will all pass away and divine vigor will thrill it with power. God is our sun, let us walk in the light with glad and joyful hearts; God is our shield, what danger can harm us? God is our helper, He will crown all our labor with success. Out of our incompleteness His completeness will appear. Resting in His all-sufficient strength we shall grow strong, for the joy of the Lord will be our strength.

Gems from Different Authors.

All Christians must work. What would happen in a battle if only the officers fought?—[F. W. Robertson.

Do you know what the moon did when the dog barked at it? Kept shining right on.—[Moody.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age that it is the childhood of immortality.—[Pindar.

The elect are whosoever will, and the non-elect are whosoever won't.—[Beecher.

None know what it is to live till they redeem life from monotony by sacrifice.—[Wendell Phillips.

An injury is sooner pardoned than an insult.—[Lord Chesterfield.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—[Ruskin.

The apostles never wasted a moment on a gospel of patchwork. Their two-fold text was: Turn to the Lord, which means repentance, and cleave unto the Lord, which means a life of faith and holiness.—[Theo. L. Cuyler.

All those who pass through the door to success will find it labeled "push."

Almost all of us live more in the future than in the present. Those who live mostly in the past are on the high-road to worse sorrow than they know. To the healthy-minded the future has always the treasure to which the present holds the keys.

"DAN CUPID."

BY THE DUCHESS.

Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines. To-day proves it. Terrible is the strength of the rays that Old Sol is flinging broadcast upon the simmering earth. The tennis players have given in to it, and, confessing themselves vanquished, have flung their rackets to the winds and themselves into garden chairs, or else prone upon the shaven lawn under the acacias, according to their sex.

Two of them, however, have wandered rather far from the acacias, and the tea-tables, and the tent where better things than tea can be had for the asking. They have wandered into a little green space, shut out from a noisy world by rows and rows of hedges, all beech on the north and south, and heavy rhododendrons on the two other sides. It is a little dream of a place, entered by one opening only, and through the beeches.

"A sort of Arcadia, isn't it?" says Mr. Brooke, glancing up at his companion from his lounging position upon the grass, at her feet.

"No," says she, with a little frown. She makes a charming picture sitting here in the sunshine, next the old sun-dial, with her hat lying on the ground beside her, and the glinting rays from the glowing heavens throwing golden lights into her fine brown hair. Her eyes were blue, and just now a little angry; the mouth, too, so prone to laughter as a rule, has grown mutinous. Half child, half woman, she has not yet learned the more delicate shades of society's colors, and lets her thoughts lie openly upon her lovely face.

"You are hard to please," says he, his eyes on hers. As a rule, his eyes are seldom anywhere else.

"Well, you are not," returns she, promptly. From afar the thrum, thrum, thrum of a banjo comes to them, breaking the stillness that is almost oppressive.

"That's the unkindest cut of all!" says Mr. Brooke, placidly. "It's rather a cut at Miss Morland, too, isn't it? I presume you allude to my engagement to her."

"You presume very wrongly, then. I was not thinking of Miss Morland. She ought to please. She is rich, young, handsome."

"Rich; yes."

"And handsome," persistently.

"Is she? Oh, yes, of course she is. A perfect Juno. Too perfect a Juno, perhaps."

"You shouldn't sneer at her," says the girl gravely.

"I know that, and that is why I do it," says he. "It is so difficult to resist temptation, and to do the wrong thing is always so pleasant." He is talking idly, scarcely knowing what he says) his mind full of her; full of the knowledge that he loves her—her only, and with all the passion of his nature, and that he is engaged to be married to another woman.

A handsome woman, the daughter and heiress of a cotton merchant—what her own class would call "a fine girl," tall, with light eyes, and lighter hair, and distinctly underbred. She had met George Brooke some months ago at the house of a mutual friend, and being filled with a strong desire to rise out of her cotton surroundings, had given him very clearly to understand that she was willing to accept him should he choose to accept her fortune, which was enormous, in exchange for the old title that must come to him on the death of his uncle, Lord Farnham. A beggarly title—no penny of money coming with it, as the uncle let the nephew know as often as opportunity occured. There had been bad blood between Lord Farnham and his second brother, George Brooke's father, and Farnham was not a man to forget. He swore he would visit the sin of the father upon the son, and sooner than let his money go to the young George he would leave it to an hospital. As for the old name, and the keeping up of it, let it go to the devil. Young George would inherit that in spite of him, but it should prove a barren honor to him.

George took no steps to assuage his uncle's wrath, but he thought a good deal of the time when he should be Lord Farnham with only five hundred a year to back his title. He had shirked the idea of marrying for money, but when Miss Morland, with her undeniable golden charms, flung herself athis head, he permitted himself to argue the question with himself. Many a fellow, he told himself, had done it before. It was a fair exchange. His title for her money. He was heart-whole. He would not do her or any other woman any wrong in marrying her. He would think about it—he hesitated, and finally was lost.

Miss Morland accepted him calmly; was a little vulgar over her money; let it be known that she thought it a pity that the present Lord Farnham was in such remarkably robust health for so old a man; and said she would not like to be married until the coming autumn. It was then November. George glad of a respite, did not press for an earlier day, a circumstance the heiress remembered. He bore up under his new chains with a marvelous courage. He was not in love with any one, so they did not gall him. Then came a day when both he and Miss Morland were asked down to stay for a month at the Shirleys, and there he met Dorothy Dene.

A little slender maiden, with big grey eyes, and hair that rippled all over her white forehead. A rather out-at-elbows little maiden, whose best frock was a muslin, and whose only ornaments were roses. The Shirleys—a young couple—adored her, and would have her to stay with them as often as ever the old squire, her father, would let her come to them. She had been taken forcible possession of by them from the month that saw George Brooke there and his fiancee, with the most disastrous results. George Brooke fell madly in love with her, and she loved him.

It has gone so far with them, indeed, that though no word has yet been spoken, each knows the other's heart, and sitting here today, in this dangerously lonely retreat, a sense of passionate protest against the fate that is dividing them is thrilling through every tone.

"We ought to go back," says Miss Dene, presently, in a rather changed tone. She had been a little offended, perhaps, by the frivolity of his answer.

"Oh, not yet, surely. We have been here so short a time; and to get away from Shirley's banjo, if only for a minute or two, is so intense a relief."

"It is more than a minute or two," rising. "We have been an immense time. Agnes (Mrs. Shirley) will be wondering what has become of us," regarding him steadily, "will Miss Morland."

"Let her wonder. Besides, she has forgotten us by this time in the delight of Lord Tottenham's society. I wonder what she sees in that old fossil? For my part, I'm always thinking when with him of what I don't see—hair, teeth, etc."

"She is very kind to him, poor old man!"

"And amiability is her strong point. How many charms you have discovered in her of late."

"I don't think you ought to speak of her like that," says the girl, turning upon him with a little flash in her lovely eyes. "You shouldn't criticise her."

"Why not? I certainly sha'n't be able to criticise her next month, so I may as well make the most of my time now. Next month"—slowly, and almost defiantly, "I shall be the blessed proprietor of Mrs. Brooke; and it is not permissible to criticise one's own wife, whatever you may do with regard to your friends."

He had spoken deliberately, and with seeming unconcern, though in truth his heart is torn in two by a very passion of despair and regret. They are both standing, but she has turned sharply aside, and has so placed herself that he can not see her face. He had meant to provoke some word from her, and her silence maddens him.

"What are you thinking of?" asks he, angrily, going up to her and compelling her to return his gaze.

She has grown very pale, but she meets his eyes without flinching.

"Nothing," says she, in a tone out of which all her courage can not keep the sound of desolation.

"A woman's answer. I know what you were thinking of, for all that; that there is no more despicable thing on earth than a man who marries a woman for her money. Yet, what was I to do? Was the old name to be forever lowered! A title—and five hundred pounds a year—how do they go together? Money I felt that I must have, and when it came my way I took it. Do you think I don't care now? But the thing is done! And my uncle that old man—he is a perfect devil; he will do nothing for me. I am tied—am bound."

"Yes," says she, simply. She has taught herself indeed to regard it in this light. Of very old family herself, the demands of race seem natural to her. To give up all for the sake of the old name—that has reason in it—but that it should be they two who must give up, that seems hard.

"Why don't you speak?" says he hoarsely. "You despise me; you think—"

"I think nothing but what is kind of you," says she, her voice trembling, but her face full of a gentle diginity. "I do not despise you. Why should I? I think you are doing right—when an old title comes to one, it should be regarded as a sacred charge; and you—you meant to do the best you could for it. You will be able, in spite of your uncle, to keep up the old name—"

"Oh, d—n the old name!" interrupts he, passionately—with a deep groan. He has spoken very low, certainly—and certainly it seems as though the word had been forced from him against his will, but Dorothy, hearing this terrible speech, grows dumb. To so denounce the "old name!" She pauses, gazing at him as if thunder-struck.

"I beg your pardon, says he, moodily. Why has she taken it all so much for granted? Is there no loop-hole of escape? If she had cared as much as he does, would she have been so ready to acknowledge the claims of the "old name?" "Do you never think, Dorothy," says he slowly, "of how it might have been if—if—"

With a little swift, imperative gesture she puts up her hand and checks him. Her very lips are white; her large eyes grow suddenly larger as cruel, smarting tears fill them. Even as Brooke gazes at her, two big drops overflow her lips and run quickly down her pale cheeks.

"Dorothy," says he, making a movement toward her.

"No, no. Don't mind me!" says she, bravely, repulsing him with eager hands. "You are doing what is best for you, indeed; and—afterward you will be glad that— Yes," nervously, "and besides—"

"Oh, that will do," says he, bitterly. "Why should you trouble yourself to try and reconcile me to my fate? I dare say there are worse things that might befall a man than having to accept a fortune."

"I wish," says she, in a heart-broken voice, "that you would try and be a little happy about it."

"Is there anything else you wish?" says he, pushing off his arm the little friendly hand she has placed upon it. "Happy! after all," throwing up his head, with a short laugh; "why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" sadly. "This is only a moment's folly on your part; every other day you are as merry as the rest of us; to-morrow you will be yourself again."

"How well you have studied me! You are right, I am the most frivolous, the most light-hearted of my sex. Sometimes," says he, laughing again, "I'm so happy that I wish—" He pauses.

"Yes?"

"That I was dead!" says he—with such a sudden vehement change from affected carelessness to honest misery that her heart dies within her. Fear takes possession of her.

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" cries she, her voice dying away in a sob. Instinctively she moves toward him—his arms open—in a moment she is lying on his breast.

"Oh! don't wish yourself dead," sobs she, crying bitterly.

"I don't now," whispers he, tightening his arms around the tender, beloved little form.

"I ought not to be here. I oughtn't indeed," says she, making, however, no effort to redeem her position. "There is Miss Morland to think of."

"There is, indeed!" says he, ruefully. It is a cheerful ruefulness, however. With his world in his arms he can afford to fight with outsiders. And he was not wrong after all. She does love him.

"Couldn't you—" begins Miss Dene, and then breaks off.

"Couldn't I what, darling?"

"Couldn't you break it off with her?" whispers she into the right side of his coat.

Ah! That was what he wanted.

"I could," says he, laughing softly, and pressing the pretty head against his heart with his hand, "and I will!"

"I wouldn't say a word—not a syllable," says Dorothy, with awful determination, "if she loved you—but she doesn't!" This decidedly, with all the impenetrable perspicacity of youth, that never reasons, yet always knows.

"No!" meekly. "I confess that idea has occurred to myself, but if my personal charms are a matter of indifference to her, why then, has she done me the honor to accept me?"

"They say"—says Miss Dorothy, lifting her limpid eyes to his with all the importance this time-honored authority ought to produce—"that you want to marry her for her money, and that she wants to marry you for your title."

"Do they?" says Mr Brooke. "As a rule the mighty 'they' are always right, but for once they are at fault. If she wants to marry me for my title, I'm sorry for her: firstly, because I'm going to marry some one else; and, secondly, because if I did marry her the coveted title would not be hers until her hair was gray, the old boy being about as strong at present as any annuitant. And, as for me, I most solemnly swear I don't want to marry her, either for her money or anything else."

"Ah! But you did," says she.

"Even if so, you should not be the one to reproach me," says he.

"Yes; that's true. I'm bound to you," says she, nestling closer to him. "And," in an awed tone, "when will you tell her about it, George?"

She hesitates so admirably over the pronouncing of his name that George laughs, and catching up her pretty hand, kisses the pink palm of it with rapture.

"First thing to-morrow," says he. "To tell you the truth, I think she has an inkling of it; she said something about you the other day that looked as if she was jealous."

"She couldn't be jealous—she doesn't love," says Dorothy, with conviction. "Oh!" with a little, long-drawn sigh, "it is dreadful to feel jealous."

"You needn't have felt it," says he, tenderly.

"But I did. I couldn't bear to think she was to belong to you, while I—Well," with a happy little sigh this time that brings tears into her eyes, "I'm not jealous now. I wonder what she'll say to you?"

"Give me good-day, no doubt, and rejoice over a riddance of bad rubbish. After all, she was throwing herself away. A girl with a couple of millions might easily have made her own of a better match than I am likely to prove."

"She could have made no better match," indignantly. "Oh!" starting, "is that Agnes calling? Oh! come, let us run! We have been here a dreadfully long time."

"Till to-morrow, then," says he, catching her in his arms and kissing her. "To-morrow, I pray Heaven, will leave me free to tell all the world that I love you."

To-morrow, however, brings its own plans. With the hot water at eight which a man brings him, a veritable bomb-shell, in the shape of a letter, that blows all his intentions to pieces.

His uncle, Lord Farnham, is dead. So writes Lord Farnham's lawyer, and has left his nephew not only the title, which he couldn't keep from him, but his entire fortune, fourteen thousand pounds a year. At the last the name had been too much for the old man. He had given his all for the keeping up of it. He had even given up his revenge, though, if he had known it, he could hardly have made his nephew more unhappy than by the bestowal of this most unlooked-for gift.

How is he to go to Miss Morland now, and demand his liberty? With the title and the fortune, too, in his hands, how is he to ask her to break off his engagement? His soul sinks like lead within him. It was such an open arrangement between them, she to give money, he the title, that now when he finds himself independent of her money it seems impossible to ask her to let him go free from the detested bond.

A last fight for life animates him. He will seek an interview with Miss Morland after breakfast and put the case fairly before her. If she still elected to adhere to their original contract—so be it. Good-bye then to life, and joy, and happiness. The honor that alone remains will be but a poor comforter. Knowledge of Miss Morland tells him that she will be very likely to assert her rights and decide on keeping her hold of title and estate. He manages to ask her for a few minutes alone with him before leaving the breakfast-room. Something new in her face as she answers him—granting the required interview—strikes him at the moment, but not forcibly. Of late her moods have been very variable.

"Now?" asks he.

"The sooner the better," returns she, shortly. "The library is always vacant at this hour. Shall we go there?"

"A good place," says he trying to look calm, while his heart is thumping violently against his side, as though it would burst its bonds.

"Look here," says Miss Morland, as he closes the library door behind him. "One word is as good as ten"—this is the usual graceful style in which she carries on her conversation—"I know quite well why you are here, and I may as well have the first word. You are sick of me, and I'm sick of you. That's it—isn't?"

"Really—!" begins Brooke, feebly. He is indeed so overpowered by the brilliancy of this attack that he finds words difficult to him.

"The fact is," goes on Miss Morland, waving his attempt at a reply aside with a gesture of her large, firm hand, "I don't think there is the remotest chance of the old gentleman dying. Farnham, you know—and you without the title aren't good enough."

"I can't quite understand that," says he, gravely, shocked at her coarseness. "It is, however, a pity that you didn't think of that sooner. I presume it was never me, then; it was only the title."

"Well, as far as that goes," says she, "I presume it was never me either. It was only the money." At this he colors hotly. She laughs. "Does that trouble you?" says she. "Well, money clings to money, you know, and I have decided that one in the hand is worth two in the bush." This is a dark saying to him, but time explains it. "The truth is, I saw Lord Farnham in town just before I came down here, and he looks as if he would last forever, as if he would never get older."

"No, he will never get older," repeats Brooke, in a curious tone. With the old man lying dead, this heartless speech of hers—this cruel longing for his death—sounds even more detestable than it would have were he living. He himself had not loved the old lord—but he had never wished him dead.

"As to that, I suppose he will have to, whether he likes it or not," says she, vindictively. "But I don't feel inclined to wait for him. "And—er—as Lord Tottenham—"

"Yes?" says he, his heart giving a great bound.

"As Lord Tottenham asked me last night to marry him, I decided that it would be better to bring our engagement to an end."

"I am to understand, then, that you are about to marry Lord Tottenham?" asks he, formally, subduing all expression of his passionate relief by a supreme effort. So Tottenham was 'the bird in the hand! A tough one, truly."

"Exactly so."

"You are wise in your own generation,' says he, with a passing smile. "And sound in your proverbs."

"You don't express much regret, at all events," says she, with a shrill laugh. "I am wise in this, at least—that I don't care about dividing my husband's affections with another. That little girl to whom you give your whole time will no doubt be glad to share with you your five hundred pounds a year."

This is unbearable.

"If you allude to Miss Dene," says he, quietly, though his face is pale and his eyes flashing, "I do not think she gives her entire thoughts to money. Five hundred a year, however, would, I acknowledge, be but a poor thing to lay at her feet. I am glad, therefore, that it is now in my power to offer her fourteen thousand."

"What?" says Miss Morland. She takes a step forward. Dismay, consternation, discomfiture, are all largely written on her astonished face.

"Lord Farnham died at ten o'clock last night. Contrary to any expectations, he has left me every penny he possessed." He bows and moves towards the door.

"Stay—one moment," gasps Miss Morland. If she has even one small grain of hope left that she may still be Lady Farnham, his next words destroy it.

"You must pardon me," says he; "I have an appointment with Miss Dene. She has not yet heard my news. Ah! Lord Tottenham," to that carefully preserved old beau, as he most opportunely enters the room, "Permit me to congratulate you. Miss Morland has just informed me of your engagement to her. I feel she has done wisely indeed. With much humility, I confess myself very much the worse man of the two."

He laughs, and hurries away to find Dorothy waiting for him in that little sacred spot he had named Arcadia yesterday. She rises as he comes toward her, and turns so deathly white that he is afraid she is going to faint.

"It is all right!" cries he, joyously, to reassure her. She would have gone to him, but her limbs refused to obey her, and if he had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen. There is no restorative power so effectual as a lover's kiss. Dorothy is presently her charming self again.

"Oh! how did it happen?" cries she, rapturously. "I prayed for it all last night, but somehow I never had much hope. She has given you up, then? Really?"

"Really and truly."

"Oh! how could she?" leaning back from him to gaze into his dear face, the handsomest in the world to her.

"Well, it appears she could, quite easily,' says he, with a happy laugh. "You may think me good to look at, but when compared with such a youthful Adonis as my Lord Tottenham, even you must allow that I ought to take a back seat."

"Do you mean to tell me," with growing indignation, "that she has given you up for Lord Tottenham?"

"Even so, my good child."

"Poof? She's a fool! She's not worth wasting words upon," says Miss Dene, with scornful conviction.

"That's what I think. Let's talk of ourselves," says he.

"Oh, as for that," says she, turning suddenly very dismal, and trying to give her head the properly dejected droop, "I dare say you will be sorry about all this later on. I have not been a good friend to you," with a heavy sigh, "and that's the truth."

"What am I going to be sorry about?"

"You know. You said yesterday that it would be dreadful to live on five hundred pounds a year."

"So it would, with Miss Morland—not with you."

"Ah! That is all very well now. But I said something about it to father least week—not about you and me, you know, but about things generally—and he said that when people without money married other people without money, it was madness." This rather involved sentence she gives forth with great solemnity.

"What a lot he said!" exclaims Lord Farnham, with affected admiration. "But after all it seems to me he didn't know what he was talking about. The real question is, Dorothy, whether you could be happy with me, even though we both were poor?"

"Oh, darling, what a horrid question! Don't you know that if I had ten thousand a year"—this seems to be the utmost height of her ambition—"and not you, I should be the most wretched girl alive."

"Well, you shall have more than that with me," cried he, folding his arms around her with a tender eccess of passion, and with his soul full of unspoken gratitude for this loving heart that has been given to him to perfect his life.

Then he tells her all.

Food for Thought.

There is little pleasure in the world that is true and sincere beside the pleasure of doing our duty and doing good. I am sure no other is comparable to this. —[Tillotson.

Prejudice and self sufficiency naturally proceed from inexperience of the world, and ignorance of mankind.—[Addison.

Prof. Lazarus says: "A nation is not rich unless it is rich in thoughts; it cannot be a great nation unless it is great in heart; and unless it reigns in the department of intellect and with the intellect it cannot reign in the counsel and the dominion of nations, but will be obliged to serve."

New Zealand, as a matter of fact, is evangelized. Christianity has not failed of success in a single island. In India and elsewhere they had to gather the converts one by one, but in New Zealand a movement set in and great numbers came forward; its advance was almost like a bush-fire. The number of native clergy at present laboring there is quite three times what they had previously been. These are not supported by money from home, but by the contributions and endowments of their own people.—[Bishop Stuart, D. D., of Waiapu.

A Little Off.

Smith—Ah, one moment!

Jones—What is it, Smith?

Smith—Yesterday I took off my hat to a young lady whom I took to be your sistah. If—ah—if it was some body else, please express my regets to your sistah.

BRAVE BABY SAID "ESS."

A Four-Year-Old Clung Tight to a Line and Was Saved.

A plucky four-year-old baby lives in Oskaloosa, Ia. It is the child of Mrs. Wilson and while playing about the mouth of a deep well, covered by loose boards, fell in. The well is thirty feet deep and contained ten feet of water at the time. The mother saw the child fall and, frantically grabbing a clothes-line, lowered it into the wall. The child grasped the line, but of course could not hold on tight enough to be drawn out, so the mother tied her end above.

"Will pet hold on tight till mama runs for papa?" tremblingly cried the mother to her little one.

"Ess," came a brave little sob from below.

The mother hurried away and soon returned with the father and several other men who, after much difficulty rescued the child from its chilly bath. The little one was almost unconscious from cold when taken out, but had bravely clung to the clothes-line all the time, holding its head above water. The happy mother hugged her rescued one and wept for joy, while the assembled crowd threw up their hats and cheered in acknowledgment of the baby's grit.

A Canadian's Experience in Russia

Mr. Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, has won the championship of the world at figure skating, the contest having taken place at St. Petersburg, Russia, on the 10th inst. Mr. Rubenstein, being a Jew, had some very funny experiences, which I will allow him to tell of in his own words. He says: "As is customary in Russia, I handed my passport to the hotel-keeper, and I heard nothing for a couple of days. Then I received a notice from the police office that I was wanted there. One of the members of the skating comittee accompanied me to act as interpreter. When this gentleman attempted to explain that I had simply come to Russia for the skating competition, he was peremptorily ordered to leave the room, and then in good English the presiding official said: "I have a little business to transact with the Jew." After looking me over a minute the official said: "You are a Jew." "I am," said I. Then he asked me my age and where I was born. When I had answered he told me my passport would be returned, and he dismissed me without any further information; and when I asked him if there was any trouble he declined to answer. Still my passport was not returned. Two days after this, when I was skating in the rink, a uniformed official came on the ice and told me I was wanted again at the police office. I got the same gentleman to accompany me as on the previous occasion. When we asked why I was wanted, nobody seemed to know. When I asked for my passport we were sent on another journey to another police office. Here again I asked for my passport. It was a different official this time, and he told me very politely and very firmly: "You cannot be permitted to stay in St. Petersburg, you will be good enough to leave inside of twenty-four hours." "Why," said I. "You are a Jew, and there is no necessity to further discuss the matter. We cannot permit Jews to remain in St. Peters burg." I had seen a great many of my co-religionists in St. Petersburg, and I came to the conclusion that this law referred to Jews of foreign birth. After I had travelled all the way from Montreal to compete for the world's championship, this news was disheartening. The only thing left was to appeal to the British consul, Sir Robert Morier. The ambassador sympathized with me, and got a little bit angry at the way I had been treated. "A British subject," he said, "who comes to Russia whether Jew or Gentile, to take part in an international match, will be allowed to stay, and you will stay here until you compete if the British embassy has any influence at the court." He gave me his card, and sent a note to the prefect of police, with instructions to show the card if anybody asked me any questions. I was ask d lots of questions, but the card seemed to have a magic influence, and I was left alone, and even some of them hailed me with a typical expression in Russia, "Oh, thou of noble birth." Next morning I was hoisted out of bed in my night-gown. After my late experiences I felt nothing less than Siberia was in store for me. Then Baron Wolff and two members of the committee told me to dress immediataly and come to the office of the prefect of police. Considering it was only seven o'clock I thought the prefect began business early. The prefect was the wildest looking man with wire whiskers, and at the same time the mildest spoken I ever met. Then I was told that at the special request of the British Minister I would be allowed to stay until the races were over, but that immediately after I was to leave the country forthwith. The funny thing was that when I got my passport the words 'British subject' were crossed out and replaced by L. Rubenstein, Jew, must leave St. Petersburg by February 10.' Sir Robert Morier told me that a foreign Hebrew was in very bad odor" I don't think I can add anything to that statement of Russian hospitality, and with the remark that it must be a healthy old country to live in, I will close for the week with a few odds and ends.

Behring Sea.

A British Columbian Judge has decided that the United States Government does not possess jurisdiction in Behring Sea beyond a marine league from its shores. This decision is of importance to one Solomon Jacobs, because under it he must pay $4,000 and more damages for having agreed to sell to one Henry Baxter the sealskins he might take in Behring Sea and then having sold them to somebody else. His defence was, it appears, that, since his poaching had been contrary to American laws, the contract was void. If this is all there is of the case, substantial justice may have been meted out to this rather shifty defendant; still, the decision of Justice Drake will hardly alarm the Washington authorities. Daniel Webster, while Secretary of State, said in one of the last public speeches he ever made: "It is not to be expected that the United States will submit their rights to be adjudicated upon in the petty tribunals of the Provinces"; and it is hardly more necessary in our day to go for lessons as to international rights to the Supreme Court of British Columbia. Nevertheless, it did not need this case of Solomon Jacobs to convince Canadians that the United States' claim to the exclusive ownership of half of Behring Sea is rather preposterous.

Central Ontario Railway

Time Table.

Leav Trenton for Picton	7:20 a m	1:05 p m
Arrive at Picton	8:44 a m	2:50 p m
Leave Picton for Trenton	9:05 a m	3:05 p m
Arrive at Trenton	10.18 a m	5:18 p m
Leave Trenton for Coe Hill	9:35 a m	2:30 p m
Leave Anson (Mid Ry Junction)	10.28 a m	3:33 p m
Arrive C P R Junction		4:00 p m
Leave C P R Junction	11:00 a m	4:35 p m
Arrive at Coe Hill	1 30 p m	6 p m
Leave Coe Hill for Trenton	5 30 a m	1 30 p m
Arrive C P R Junction	6 a m	4 30 p m
Leave C P R Junction	8 10 a m	4 30 p m.
Leave Anson, Mid. Ry Junction	8 45 a m	4 57 p m
Arrive Trenton	9 35 a m	5 42 p m

ROBT. FRASER, *Supt.*

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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" after 3 months..... 1.25 " "
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Subscribers to this paper residing in the United States and distant parts of Canada must in future pay their subscriptions in advance, and those failing to comply with this request will be marked off the list. Subscribers in this locality to whom accouts have been sent, are requested to adopt the advance system also, or it will be necessary for us to reduce our list to prompt paying subscribers.

MADOC, MARCH 6, 1890.

Passed at Last.

The Orange Bill Gets Through the Commons.

The Orange Incorporation bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons on Monday, by a vote of 86 to 61. Mr. Curran, member for Montreal moved an amendment, that the society be prohibited from marching in Quebec, but this was lost by a vote of 124 to 23. It has yet to go before the Senate before the bill can become law.

As has been said, the measure is of practical significance only to the officers and members of the Loyal Orange Order, and for that very reason the baseless opposition of those English speaking members whose fevered fancy paints the order as an instrument for their annihilation is the more contemptible. The votes of the French and Irish Roman Catholic members of the House might be excused on the score of misrepresentation or misapprehension of the sacred principles of the Orange Society, but the other opponents of the measure will be slow in finding any such good reason for the monstrous littleness of their conduct.

SALE REGISTER.

On Thursday, March 13th, there will be sold by public auction on West half Lot 18, 5th concession of Madoc, a quantity of farm stock, implements, &c. Terms of sale, $10 and under cash, over that amount 8 months' credit, on furnishing approved joint notes, with interest at 7 per cent. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp. John Fox, proprietor; John Huff, auctioneer.

Goods at Your Own Prices.

Owing to the unfavourable season, I find that I have too large a stock in the following lines:—Prints, Dress Goods, Linens, Tweeds, and in order to make room for new importations, I have decided to sell all the above lines at what they will bring. Also a large quantity of remnants to be sold without regard to cost.

THOS. CROSS.

The March St. Nicholas, 1890.

The March *St. Nicholas* begins with an exciting adventure, "On a Mountain Trail," told by Harry Perry Robinson. Two miners fight a pack of wolves with dynamite, blowing the brutes into what the boys call "smithereens." A delightful story is "Jack's Cure," by Susan Curtis Redfield.

Mrs. Preston tells of "George and Nellie Curtis." The article gives us a pleasant home view of the great Washington himself, as loving grandfather, courteous host and careful landed proprietor. Some old portraits are reproduced as illustrations.

Alice Maud Ewell depicts for us a Virginian comedy of the old days when housewives were ducked for gossiping.

Another of Mr. Elbridge S. Brook's Comedies for Children will be gladly welcomed by young amateurs, and in "Friends or Foes?" they will find excellent dramatic effect, adapted to elaborate or impromptu representation.

There are three natural history articles: "The Crows' Military Drill" preparatory to migration; and "The Screech-Owl" and "Mother Nature's Babes in the Wood." A true, but most marvelous, escape from a cyclone's fury is written and vouched for by M. Louise Ford; some suggestions for making kites fly properly are offered by Harper Pennington, and Harry Stillwell Edwards gives an old negro's "revived version" of "Noray and the Ark."

A Fruitless Search.

HUNTING BY NIGHT FOR A MURDERER.

Intelligencer.

Rumors having reached the police that Wm. Arnott, who is wanted for the killing of Hannah Cole, was located amongst relatives in Marmora and Madoc township, Chief Newton and officer Stoneburg started on Saturday night at 7.30 to probe into the truth of the reports, which they found to be groundless. They drove to Madoc village, and started from there for Marmora township shortly after midnight, accompanied by constable Huff, and a friend who was well versed in that locality. A number of places were visited in Marmora township and one place in Madoc township, but no trace of the man could be ascertained. At every place visited the occupants placed no obstacles in their way, and a vigorous search was instituted. The Chief speaks in the highest terms of constable Huff and his friend, and the valuable assistance which they rendered. The ground traversed was very rough, the occupants of the vehicle at times having to get out rather than suffer being thrown out. The Chief and the officer arrived home at an early hour this morning.

The *Ontario* gives the following amusing incident of the same trip:—

While prowling around in the middle of the night, a bushy headed farmer, in response to the officer's loud knocks came shivering out into the cold and was so paralized at the sight of the blue coats that he jumped on to a cake of ice in his bare feet, and cried out, "For God's sake boys, what have I done?"

Officer Stoneburg at once sized up the situation and forgetting for the time that he was in quest of a murderer, replied in a cold, blood-curdling tone;

"Wasn't you drunk last night?"

"Yes," answered the poor fellow who was nearly petrified on the block of ice, "but for heaven's sake did I kill any one?"

A peal of laughter satisffed the piece of shivering humanity, garbed only in a night shirt, that he was the victim of a joke and with a sheepish look he crawled back on a board which was infinitely preferable to the chunk of ice. He swore by the holy St. Patrick that he had never seen a man in his life that answered to the description of Arnott and the officers went on their way in a humorous mood.

ARNOTT ARRESTED.

BELLEVILLE, March 4.—William Arnott, charged with the killing of Hannah Cole on the night of Feb. 18, was arrested about 7 o'clock to-night in the house of Francis Kurl, a farmer residing in the 3rd concession of Thurlow, a few miles from the city. When discovered he was hiding in the cellar of the house and was not found until after a thorough search had been instituted by the police.

Piso's Cure for Consumption and Piso's Remedy for Catarrh are for sale at C. G. Wilson's drug store, Madoc.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Farm for Sale or Rent.

THE East Half of Lot No. 19, in the 9th Concession of Madoc.

For particulars apply to
R. R. CASEMENT,
49-tf Madoc, Ont.

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OFFICE—Next to Peter Sinclair's harness shop. 49-1y

MORTGAGE SALE!

UNDER and by virtue of certain powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage made by John Powers (which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale) there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserved bid, at

STANLICK'S HOTEL, ORMSBY

(Rathbun Station) in the Township of Limerick, in the County of Hastings, on

FRIDAY, the 28th day of MARCH

A. D., 1890, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Lots number 29 and 30 in the 10th concession of the Township of Dungannon, and Lots number 48 and 49 east of the Hastings Road, in the said Township of Dungannon. The said lots contain 300 acres more or less. This farm is said to contain 260 acres. The property is known as the Powers farm, and has a frame house, with barns, on the premises. This is one of the best farms in the north part of the County.

Terms of payment are liberal, 10 per cent. to be paid in cash at the time of purchase and the balance, unless otherwise arranged for, within 30 days. For further particulars apply to

F. E. O'FLYNN,
No. 2 Graham Block, Belleville,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated at Belleville this 27th day of February, A. D., 1890. 49-4w

MADOC MARKETS.

Roller Flour	$2 10 to $2 25
Fall Wheat	78 " 82
Spring Wheat	78 " 82
Corn Meal	1 60 " 2 00
Barley	35 " 40
Rye	35 " 40
Peas	50 " 52
Oats	25 " 30
Potatoes, per bag	40 " 45
Lard	10 " 12
Butter	16 " 18
Apples, per bag	80 " 1 00
Pork, per lb	7 " 8

DUNGANNON & FARADAY.

Abstract of Auditors' Report for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1889.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in hand from 1888	$ 25 25
Received from Collector	2,589 55
County grant for roads and bridges	250 00
Crown land acc't. for Dungannon	30 97
Crown land account for Faraday	99 18
Legislative grant to schools	168 00
County poor school grant	184 18
Fines, fees, &c	17 50
Non-resident land taxes received	9 10
Total Receipts	$3,373 73

EXPENDITURE.

Paid County Treasurer	$ 180 15
School Sections	1,656 25
Municipal grant to schools	176 60
Legislative grant to schools	168 00
County poor school grant	184 18
Roads and bridges	539 40
Salaries and commissions	253 38
Principal and int. on debentures	120 00
Charities	10 00
Printing, postage and stationery	37 23
Miscellaneous payments	26 50
Total Expenditure	$3,351 69
Balance in hand Dec. 31st, 1889	$22 04

ASSETS.

Balance in hands of Treasurer	$ 22 04
Arrears of taxes for 1888	300 00
Arrears of taxes for 1889	3,015 00
	$3,337 04

LIABILITIES.

Council, including salaries and small debts	$ 310 00
County rates unpaid	300 00
Due on debentures	195 00
Due School Sections	2,218 62
Municipal grant to schools	168 00
Printing	60 00
Miscellaneous	25 00
	$3,276 62
Excess of Assets over Liabilities	$60 42

J. CLEAK, B. SPURR, } Auditors.

OF COURSE NOT!

You don't expect to borrow money and be paid for the borrowing. You pay interest when you borrow.

BUT, LOOK AT THIS!

A merchant's money is locked up in his goods, his actual invested capital, without interest.

IN OTHER WORDS

Can you buy on credit without paying more for the goods, by way of interest?

NO, YOU CAN'T.

If you want to get the actual worth of cash spent, you must buy at

A STRAIGHT CASH STORE.

The credit busines must get it out of you, in higher prices, in less quantity, or inferior quality.

The best goods for the lowest cash prices, is our motto.

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NEW GOODS!

New Goods in great variety at

Wilson's Drug and Book Store,

Miscellaneous books suitable for presents or school prizes.

PLUSH AND LEATHER

FANCY GOODS and TOYS.

The Largest Assortment in Madoc of Photo and Autograph Albums, Children's Books, &c.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

School Books and School Supplies at Publishers prices, as usual.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

No trouble to show goods.

WILSON'S

Durham Street, Madoc.

WALL P-A-P-E-R-S

We have pleasure in again announcing the arrival of our new stock of Wall Paper and Borderings for spring, in all the latest designs.

5,000 ROLLS.

100 Different Patterns to Select from.

PRICES VERY LOW!

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, March 4, 1890. **POST OFFICE BLOCK.**

JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
D. GILLEN'S

Fish of all kinds, both fresh and salt; also a full supply of

FLOUR, PORK, SALT,

And all kinds of grain kept constantly on hand, which I am selling close for cash. As I am over-stocked in all the above lines I will make a special run on the same for the next 30 days in order to reduce my stock. Parties requiring any of the above lines will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere. My stock in groceries always complete, as usual.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Fresh Beef kept constantly on hand and delivered free to any part of the village.

WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS,
Wholesale and Retail.

HARPER'S BLOCK—West of O'Flynn's Bank.

D. GILLEN.

W. S. LEACH

(Successor to Dr. Loomis)

Is prepared to bear sympathy with the public in general for hard times.

Therefore you can get

GREAT BARGAINS!

in all kinds of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES

SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
COAL OIL,

PERFUMERIES, &c., AT
W. S. LEACH'S,
Victoria Block.—Loomis' Old Stand,
MADOC.

N. B.—We are sole agents in Madoc for Balsam Tulu and Lightning Pain Reliever, the best remedies known for the grip.

Madoc Roller Mills

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

See the great reduction in the price of flour and feed at the Madoc Roller Mills.

No. 1 straight roller flour,	$2.25 per cwt
Cracked Peas or Oats,	1.00 "
Bran	65 "
Shorts	80 "

These are close prices, and are for cash only.

Highest Price paid for Wheat.

Flour given in exchange for wheat.

Cracking done on shortest notice.

FRED. ROLLINS.

FARMS FOR SALE.

LOT No. 2, 11th con. of Madoc, containing 123 acres, and west half of lot 3, 1st concession of Elzevir, containing 100 acres. Both situated on the gravel road, distant from Madoc 4½ miles; from Bridgewater 3 miles. On Madoc lot is a good frame house and frame barn, with cow stable attached for 15 head; sixty acres cleared, the balance well timbered with hard and soft wood. On the Elzevir lot about 65 acres are cleared, balance well timbered, good soil, and in a good state of cultivation; unfinished frame house. These lots will be sold together or separately, to suit purchaser. Part of purchase money can remain on mortgage for a term of years as may be agreed upon. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to the undersigned, on the premises, or to Madoc post office.

JOHN DUGGAN.

Madoc, January 20th, 1890. 43-tf

Cross-Cut Saws.

We have a large stock of Cross-Cut Saws on hand, and are selling the same at reduced rates.

Also a fine assortment of

Hanging and Stand Lamps!

which we are selling at low rates.

COAL OIL DELIVERED

Anywhere in the Village.

Skates Sharpened

and repaired at

M. W. Connor & Co's.

E. HILL

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
DRY GOODS
—AT—
AWAY DOWN PRICES.

TERMS CASH.

Eggs, Butter, &c., taken in Exchange.

October, 1889.

NOTICE.

AT the next meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Wollaston to be held at Coe Hill, April 28th, a By-law will be brought forward to open and establish a public road in the above township, as follows:—Commencing at the north west corner of Lot 29 in the 4th concession, there leaving the concession line between 4th and 5th concessions, and running southward for a distance of 56 rods along the side line between lots 29 and 30, it there connects with the present traveled road running eastward across lot 29 in the 4th concession.

A. HERBERT WANE,
Township Clerk.

The Ridge, Feb. 15th, 1890. 47-4

MEN WANTED to sell nursery stock; permanent; liberal advantages to beginners; OUTFIT FREE. We grow what we advertise. Write BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. (This house is reliable.)

Important Announcement.

$18,000.00

Eighteen Thousand Dollars worth of Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, Boot and Shoes, Groceries, &c., to be sold at Cost and less.

We have decided to go out of business, and will offer our whole stock at cost until it is sold. This is a chance that cash buyers do not often get, to purchase goods at wholesale prices at retail.

OUR STOCK IS WELL ASSORTED!

We had placed our orders for spring goods before we decided to close up the business. We have all the novelties for spring.

THE SALE WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY MARCH 8th, 1890.

☞ It will be to buyers interest to call early, before stock is broken.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Latest Local News.

—A cold, backward spring is predicted.

—The swamps ought to be full enough of water this spring.

—Mr. Wm. Cottom took possession of the barbershop this week.

—Mr. J. W. Blair, now of Toronto, paid the village a brief visit on Tuesday.

—An abstract of the Madoc Village Auditors' Report will be published next week.

—Messrs. Connor & Co. have improved the interior appearance of their hardware store by painting it red.

—The "big egg" season has arrived. Mr. D. Harmon sends one in this week measuring 7⅞ by 5¾ inches.

—Regular meeting of Alert Fire Company to-morrow (Friday) evening. Every member should be present.

—The genial countenance of Reeve Rankin, of Carlow and Mayo, beamed in upon our sanctum on Tuesday.

—We have at the REVIEW office a few copies of B. J. Kendall's "Treatise on the Horse and his diseases."

—The municipality of Dungannon & Faraday publish an abstract of their Auditor's Report for 1889, in this issue.

—Mr. H. C. Brown represents several of the leading insurance companies in this village. See his card in another column.

—Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., Chairman of Madoc District, dedicated a new Methodist Church at Nugent's, Coe Hill Circuit, on Sunday.

—March came in cold and blustery, but not exactly lion-like. Like the rest of the winter, it evidently intends to fool the weather-wise.

—THE REVIEW this week received a request from Washburn, Wis., to forward sample copies to sixteen different persons. Hastingsites must be plentiful in that neighborhood.

—Mrs. James White suffered a severe and painful accident one day last week, by falling in the barn, injuring one of her knees. Although since laid up, we learn that she is improving nicely.

—The usually placid waters of Deer Creek, in this village, indulged in a little overflow last week, and swept away part of a fence and some lumber at the cash factory. A jam of ice in the main body of the river turned the water out of its course.

☞ Register your dog, pay your tax, and buy your Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes from D. W. Wright.

It is a Fact.

A school teacher says that pupils who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are better readers, better spellers, better grammarians, excellent in pronunciation and read more understandingly, and obtain a partial knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others. The newspaper is decidedly an important factor in modern life.

Professor Dyer at Bridgewater.

On Friday evening of last week Rev. Prof. Dyer delivered his lecture on the Paris Exposition in the Methodist Church, Bridgewater. The rainy weather had a very bad influence over the attendance, but the lecture and stereoptician views gave a very rich evenings entertainment to those who were present. In speaking of the views, which were unusually large and life-like, it would be difficult to draw much distinction as to their grandeur. The Eiffel Tower, The Angel of Grace, and The Rock of Ages were exceptionally grand and thrilling to some, and would well repay much trouble and expense to see. Professor Dyer's style as a lecturer is easy and cultured, with much delight his audience is carried along through the various courts of the great exposition, again are they thrilled with the tragic scenes of the French Revolution, and yet again inspired with a higher moral sense as a Saviour's Love is portrayed, and an idealistic Heaven presented.

Madoc Lodge I. O. F.

The following are the officers of the Madoc Lodge of the Independent Order of Foresters:

M. W. Connor, C. D
H. C. R.
D. E. K. Stewart, P. C. R.
A. E. Brough, C. R.
J. H. Smellie, V. C. R.
J. J. White, jr., R. S.
W. H. Richardson, F. S.
C. G. Wilson, Treas.
W. Mackintosh, C.
W. A. Dafoe, M. D., } C. Physicians.
D. M. Smellie, M. D., }
John Taylor, S. W.
James Naylor, J. W.
Neil Todd, S. B.
W. W. Hudgins, J. B.

The Order is becoming popular amongst business men who appreciate life insurance which is thoroughly safe and, at the same time, given at remarkably low rates. Its reserve fund now amounts to over $175,000. From the *Intelligencer* we learn that, in less than a week after the lamented death of Prof. Greene, of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, his widow received from the I. O. F., a cheque for $1,000, the amount for which her husband's life was insured. Several members of the Madoc Lodge have promptly received sick and funeral benefits.

Village Council.

The regular meeting of the Village Council was held on Monday evening, Reeve Cross in the chair, and all the members present.

The Auditors handed in their report of the village finances for the past year, which on motion of councillors Wright and Wilson was received, accepted, and a summary ordered to be published in THE REVIEW.

On motion of Wright and Wilson the amount due County and School Board was ordered to be paid as soon as funds were collected.

During the consideration of the Auditors' Report, the Reeve pointed out to the council the gratifying and satisfactory fact that during the past year the total liabilities of the village had been reduced to the amount of $710.45.

A synopsis of the Provincial Board of Health Act, which will be vigorously enforced in this village during the coming summer, was ordered to be prepared and published for the guidance of every householder in the place.

Councillor Brown introduced a By-law providing for the licensing and registering of all dogs in the village this year, and moved, seconded by Coun. Wilson that said By-law be passed.—Carried. Coun. Wright and the Reeve dissenting. The By-law provides for the levying of a tax of $1.00 on each dog and $2.00 on each bitch, and they are to be registered with the Clerk, and wear a brass tag provided by the corporation, and all dogs found without such tag to be destroyed by the police. The By-law comes into effect at once.

Mr. Wilson called the attention of the council to the fact that complaints had been made to him that the Chief of Police was not doing his duty in the matter of keeping down rowdyism on our streets during the night. The Reeve was empowered to deal with the case.

On motion of councillors Volume and Wright, Mrs. Sheldrick and Mrs. Noakes were ordered to be paid the sum of fifty cents per week until further notice.

On motion of councillor Brown and Wright the thanks of the council were passed to Mr. D. B Robertson, City Clerk of Belleville, for kindness in furnishing a copy of the dog by-law.

The following accounts were ordered to be be paid:—

R. R. Casement, for fire Co	$ 2 35
E. Mouncey, salary	30 00
REVIEW, printing	23 44

Council adjourned.

☞ Fish, plenty of them of all kinds at D. W. Wright's.

Going Out of Business.

Messrs. J. Dale & Son, one of the oldest mercantile houses in Madoc, announce in this issue that they are going out of the dry goods business as soon as they can dispose of their stock, and for this purpose have marked the goods down to wholesale rates. This "clearing out sale" is *bona fide*, as Mr. J. C. Dale informs us he has other and more remunerative ways of investing his money, considering the state of trade in Madoc at the present time. The business will be closed just so soon as the stock can be disposed of.

☞ Men's Felt Overshoes at $1.25 per pair at D. W. Wright's. We are bound to sell.

S. S. Convention.

The two days' Sabbath School Convention, held in this village on Tuesday and Wednesday, was probably the most successful gathering of the kind ever held in the county. The attendance was large at every session, the spacious Presbyterian Church being at times filled; the addresses were of the most practical, interesting and instructive nature, and the singing of the united choirs, under the personal direction of Rev. O. R. Lambly, was a pleasant feature. A fuller report of the meeting will be given next week.

☞ Look at D. W. Wright's boss overshoes at $1.25 per pair.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Methodist Church, Bridgewater.

During the month of March, 1890, sermons on the following subjects will D. V. be preached at Bogart, worship commencing at 2.30 p. m., and at Bridgewater, worship commencing at 7 p. m., by Rev. M. E. Wilson, Ph. B.:—March 9th—*The World of the Future, one Law, one Language, one Christ.* March 16.—*Baptism, and Administration of this Sacrament.* March 23.—*The Calvinistic Controversy a Sign of the Times.* March 30.—*Public Sentiment, its place in Moral Reform.* Public worship also in morning in Bridgewater at 10.30, conducted by the Pastor. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. The public are cordially invited to all the services.

☞ We are selling men's Felt Boots at $1.50 at D. W. Wright's.

—Found, a sum of money. Apply to M. Bristol.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Wonderful Cheap Store!

MADOC, ONT.

The proprietors of the Wonderful Cheap Store wish to announce to their many friends, and the public in general, that in future the above-mentioned business will be carried on under the name and style of "M. Pope & Co." and they also wish to state that they intend to give even better bargains in the future than they have ever done in the past. Thanking our many friends and customers for their liberal patronage in the past, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

See new advertisement in a week or two.

M. POPE & Co.

STOCK-TAKING SALE!

—AT—

THE 4 BIG

MADOC.

This cheap sale will positively end the 1st Feb., and until then you can get the best bargains ever offered in the following lines of first-class goods, as they must be sold at any price. Take advatage of this sale and secure some cheap bargains. It is impossible to give you prices in this space or I would gladly do so, but I will give you a few of the lines in which the greatest slaughter will be made:—

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Men's Overcoats, Boys' Overcoats, Full Cloth Pants, Cotton and Tweed Pants, Top Shirts, Undershirts and Drawers, Knitted Jackets, Caps, Socks, Shawls, Flannels, Dress Goods, Shirtings, Full Cloths, and Tweeds.

Come at Once and have First Choice.

T. McNAMARA.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

New steel works will soon be established in Kingston.

John P. Mott, said to be the richest man in Halifax, N. S., is dead.

It is said that a fish hatchery is to be established for lake Winnipeg.

As the spring approaches there is a better feeling in Montreal commercial and financial circles.

Supt. Whyte, of the C. P. R., says the cattle on the ranges in the North-west have wintered well so far.

Louis Rubenstein, of Montreal, has won the championship of the world at St. Petersburg, Russia, for figure skating.

The first Y. M. C. A. convention of the Canadian North-west, at Winnipeg, held last week, proved a great success.

Good coal is said to have been discovered 85 miles north-east of Ignace station, which is 150 miles west of Port Arthur.

A syndicate of Toronto men have, it is said, invested $350,000 in Buffalo real estate for speculative purposes.

The Dominion Government has decided to renew the fisheries modus vivendi with the United States, which expired last week.

Mr. Peter McLaren, the millionaire lumberman of Perth, has been appointed to the Senate in place of the late Senator Turner.

Eighteen families from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia passed through Montreal for settlement in British Columbia last week.

In reply to an influential deputation from Montreal Mr. Mercier said that the session was too far advanced to pass any temperance legislation this year.

Mr. Mercier proposes to increase the representation in the Quebec Legislature by making two counties out of Ottawa, and to give separate members to Wolfe and Richmond.

Toronto City Council has decided to abolish tax exemptions on real property except dwelling houses to the value of $600 and under. The Council refused to abolish the tax on income and personalty.

Mr. Erastus Wiman lectured in Montreal the other night on the advantage to the Province of Quebec, and more especially to the city of Montreal, of the closest trade relations with the United States.

Rodney, an enterprising dead beat who went to Winnipeg alleging that he had been sent to write up the country for the New York *Herald*, has been sentenced to six months in jail for forging meal tickets.

A deputation from New Glasgow, N. S., is at Ottawa to urge on the Government the importance of deepening East River at Pictou for the navigation of large ships, in the interest of the great coal and iron industry.

Delos Hinckley, traveling from Southern Kansas in a canvas-covered wagon, drawn by mules, reached Kingston, Ont., last week after almost three months of travelling. He had tried Kansas for 15 years and left in disgust.

Rev. J. Edgar Hill, pastor of St. Andrew's church, Montreal, created some excitement amongst his congregation by declaring that conversion, as the strolling evangelists called it, was the greatest fraud of the nineteenth century.

Count de Koffignac, who has established a chickory factory at Whitewood, Manitoba, states that he is meeting with great success in the venture and says the chickory grown there is much superior to that imported from France, Germany and Holland.

The C. P. R. land department at Winnipeg is receiving numerous enquiries from farmers in northern Michigan and other parts of the United States regarding land. The enquiries come principally from Canadians who have settled in the States.

Toronto is determined to keep up its character for sobriety. The number of licensed houses in the city is limited strictly to 150 in a population of 170,000, and now the City Council has decided to apply to the Legislature for such amendments of the Liquor License Act as shall compel the closing of saloons entirely on public holidays.

The British Columbia Legislature is moving vigorously in the matter of developing the mining resources of the Kootenay district. The Kootenay smelting and trading syndicate have erected immense works at Revelstoke, and will begin operations the coming summer. The Revelstoke Mining Company also intend pushing foward their operations, and the C. P. R. expect shortly to commence the construction of a railway line to connect with steamers from the works. English capitalists are at the back of the mining projects, and a genuine boom is expected.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The South London Gas Company lost $250,000 by the recent strike.

The Imperial Government has declined to support an eight-hour labor law.

Mr. Houston has resigned the secretaryship of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union.

Conservatives in England have started a fund to recoup the *Times* for its outlay against the Parnellites.

The expediency of a penny postage for the whole British Empire and America is being considered in England.

The Earl of Sydney is dead, at the age of 85. He was the first earl, was a privy councillor and leaves no heir.

Sir Richard Webster says the Parnell Commission's report exonerates Mr. Parnell but incriminates his party.

Documents published at Lisbon show that the Scotch missionaries opposed a settlement of the Portuguese difficulty that satisfied Lord Salisbury.

Four hundred thousand miners in Great Britain adhere to their demand for a ten per cent. increase in wages, and an immense strike may result.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Liquor bill hits hard at the clubs, and puts strict limitations upon the liberty they have enjoyed in the sale of alcoholic beverages.

Cardinal Manning has written a letter, in which he calls Emperor William's rescripts the wisest and worthiest that have proceeded from any Sovereign of our times.

Mr. Justic Butt refused Capt. O'Shea's application for writs against the New York *Herald* and London *Star*, but ordered the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* to pay £100 and costs.

The Queen has announced her intention to visit Drury Lane Theatre during the Carl Rosa opera season. It will be her first visit to a theatre since the Prince Consort's death in 1861.

There appears to be as much divergence of opinion among the London newspapers on the real purport of the Parnell commission's report as there are shades just now to British partyism.

In reply to Mr. Parnell, Mr. W. H. Smith said the Government simply intended to ask the House to adopt the Parnell report, and to thank the commission for its just and impartial conduct.

In the House of Commons last week Mr. Gladstone congratulated the Government upon the prompt action they had taken in the Portuguese dispute and their success in negotiating the Samoan treaty.

Mr. Parnell's private secretary was awarded £200 damages in a suit against the Belfast News-Letter for stating that he supplied the knives with which Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were butchered.

In the Imperial House of Commons the other day Sir James Fergusson, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said the negotiations between England and France were tending to a settlement of the Newfoundland fisheries dispute.

UNITED STATES.

Mollie Corwin was wedded on Monday to her ninth husband at Shelbyville, Ind.

Bishop Fink, of Kansas, denounces the Farmers' Alliance and warns Catholic farmers not to join it.

The U. S. House committee on territories will report in favor of the admission of Wyoming as a state.

It is estimated that American railroads will need a million tons of steel rails this year at a cost of $35,000,000.

The United States senate has ratified the British extradition treaty with a few important amendments.

President Harrison has authorized the expenditure of $3,000 on the Dakota Indians and Congress will appropriate $25,000 more.

At Butte, Mont., Thomas Bryant, aged 16, shot and killed his mother and tried to make his escape with $220, but was captured.

J.B. Farewell & Co.'s big dry goods store in Chicago was destroyed by fire last week. Loss $475,000. Several firemen were injured.

Massachusetts has sent 240 petitions to Congress praying that the exportation of intoxicating liquors from the United States to Africa be stopped.

The women at Plattsburg, Mo., are preparing to clean that place of its saloons because a boy was carried out of one of them drunk on Sunday night.

The students at the Indian school in Carlisle, Pa., have contributed $550 of their savings toward the relief of the starving Indians at Devil's lake, Dakota.

Mrs. M. Newton, of Everson, Pa., has given birth to four girls. They are of ordinary size, perfectly formed and will live. Mr. and Mrs. Newton are both of Irish birth.

IN GENERAL.

The director of the opera at Smyrna has set la grippe to music.

Gen. Boulanger has been refused a divorce and has appealed to the pope.

Westphalia mine owners have formed an anti-strike insurance association.

Count Julius Andrassy, the Hungarian statesman, died on Tuesday, aged 67.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is dead. He is succeeded by his brother, Seynord Ali.

The German socialists have withdrawn their order for a general labor strike in May.

France is said to be pledged to support Portugal in the latter's dispute with England.

The Duke of Orleans was last week sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He posed as a martyr.

It is again stated on the inevitable good authority that Bismarck will retire from the Prussian service.

Portugal's women with the Queen at their head are starting out to collect funds for National defence.

President Carnot has decided to pardon the Duke of Orleans and send him under escort to the frontier.

The Bishop of Verdun proposes to appeal to Catholics in America for funds in aid of a memorial of the apotheosis of Joan of Arc.

At the colonial conference in Melbourne on Thursday a resolution was unanimously passed approving of the policy of Australian federation.

Switzerland will act as arbitrator of the dispute concerning the boundaries between the Portuguese possessions and the Congo Free State.

There is little doubt that the passenger steamer Dunburg, with her 400 Chinese passengers and crew foundered in the recent typhoon in the China Sea.

A Lisbon correspondent says many symptons show the Republican cause has been increasing in strength daily and the end of the monarchy might come at almost any moment.

The stories of the Siberian prison horrors are said, by the St. Petersburg Government, to be canards, to influence the treatment by the United States Senate of the Extradition Treaty.

The Emperor of Germany has commenced to give practical effect to his rescripts by promising an increase of wages and conferring decorations upon workmen in the state factories.

Henry M. Stanley says that he is at present busy on the report of his African journal, and that it will occupy his attention for some months to come; but when completed he may afford himself the pleasure of visiting his friends in America.

Preserving Natural Flowers.

A new method of preserving natural flowers has been discovered by an English lady, whose process is well worth considering. The flower buds were cut just as they were about to open, and the ends of the stems covered with sealing wax. Each was then wrapped separately in paper and laid away in a box. When they were wanted she clipped the stems just above the wax and immersed them in water, to which a little nitre had been added, and though the flowers had been gathered nearly a month before, on the morrow they opened with as much beauty and ragrance as if freshly plucked.

A GREAT RAILROAD TUNNEL.

One of the Biggest Engineering Projects of the Century.

Six hundred men are now digging the railroad tunnel under the St. Clair river, at Port Huron, at the rate of 15 feet each day. This means that before the year is out one of the most important pieces of civil engineering in America will be completed. More than 1,200 feet of the tunnel proper is now ready for trains on the Michigan side and 900 on the Canadian. The remaining 4,000 feet will be finished at a wonderfully rapid rate, considering the nature of the work, if no accident intervenes. It has taken six months to do the work thus far, but workmen are now more accustomed to the task and can work with greater facility in the use of the machinery, so that the engineers in charge place the completion of the work not later than the end of the year.

The tunnel itself is over 6,000 feet long. The approaches are equally long, so that the entire length will be more than two miles. Of this distance, 2,310 feet are under the river, 2,390 feet on the Michigan land side, and 2,100 on the Canadian. The grade is 1 foot in every 50, except under the river bottom where it is substantially level. It is an iron cylinder tunnel—the only one of the kind in America. There is neither brick nor stone used in its construction. Neither are there any stays or supports—simply a mammoth iron tube built in sections underground. It is designed for a single track.

Electric lights make it as light as day, air engines keep the atmosphere as healthy inside as above, and steam pipes hold the temperature at the proper point. It is as dry as a street in summer, and the disagreeable features common to subaqueous work are entirely absent. Work is pushed from both ends.

The Right Flag.

The design of the Canadian flag is an offence to the Montreal "Witness," which is at present leading a crusade against it. The objections have reference solely to the central spot, with its complicated provincial emblems. It objects to the present design partly because of the indistiguishable blot it appears at the destance from which flags are usually surveyed; and partly because of the difficulty of making the flag. "But who," it says, "can at the distance at which flags are meant to be seen, make out the wonderful menagerie of things on earth and in the sea which we have placed in the middle of it, and who, when they are brought near to him, can unravel their significance?" Then as a result of the difficulty of making, there being only a few manufacturers in the Dominion who are prepared to construct such a flag, we are practically without a national ensign. In the Province of Quebec the most common flag is that of France, which any one can make by sewing together three strips in three different colors. In Ontario the Union Jack is most frequently used, while among our sailors none other is ever employed. This state of things the "Witness," contends ought to be remedied. Instead of this indistinguishable and preplexing mass we should have some simple device, like the maple leaf, which with one consent all Canada accepts as its emblem. In that case the difficulty of making would be reduced to a minimum, and we might hope that the Canadian flag would at least find a prominent place on every occasion when the ensigns of nations are displayed amongst us. The result of this would be a wonderful strengthening of the patriotic feeling, which the sight of a national flag has long been known to promote. So thoroughly are our neighbors convinced of this fact, that the "Stars and Stripes" are never wanting in connection with any public or private festival. Even now the "Youth's Companion" of Boston is calling for prize essays on the national value of having the stars and stripes floating over every school house, and a flag is to be the reward of each school that takes a prize. Should the idea and the practice generally obtain the benefit in the nationalizing effect on the imagination of the American youth would be beyond calculation. The same object lesson instruction is needed in Canada; for what with the Tricolor in Quebec, and the American flag so frequently displayed on our festival occasions, our youth are being silently educated to a divided allegiance. This we can hardly afford in these days, when it were madness to deny that owing to racial and religious differences in he leading provinces of the Dominion, instead of having a union resembling a chemical compound our Confederation is, in considerable degree still after the pattern of a mechanical mixture. By all means let us have a flag that can be cheaply and easily produced, that bears no distinctively provincial device, and that will be displayed on every suitable occasion and in every suitable place.

Fairies of Ireland.

"Sith," pronounced "shee, is the generic name for Gaelic fairies. There are many kinds of siths, the most noticeable being the ban-sith (ban-shee) or "white fairy." All families representing the ancient princes and nobles of the Irish nation have attached to them a banshee, who warns them of impending death or danger. The banshee appears in the form of a white-robed woman, with lovely but tear-stained face. She moans around the casements of the house wherein dwells the chieftian's family, and her voice might be mistaken for the soughing of the wind.

Tradition hath it that the grandfather of the writer was warned of his approaching death by a banshee, in a peculiar manner. He was riding along a quiet country road, when a woman, who had been sitting by the hedge-side, rose, and veiling her face in her cloak, advanced toward him. His horse stood stock still, and could be moved neither by whip nor spur. The strange woman laid her white hand on his heart, and with a low wail, vanished. Before nightfall, the story continnes, he was a corpse.

But there are livelier "siths" than the banshee. The Leprechann, gay little fellow, tricked out in gaudy garments, hammers at his brogues under the hedge. If you can catch him and squeeze him tight he will show you gold galore; if he induces you to look away for a single second, he is gone. And there are countless others. It will be many and many a day before the fairies depart from Ireland forever. The demagogue's howl may yet prove too strong for them, and when it does, Ireland, the Ireland of poet and sage, will exist no longer. Wherefore, long life to the "good people" and "sweet bad luck" to their enemies.

What is the Church Doing?

The present age is utilitarian and practical if it is anything. It approaches every project, organization, or institution with this question upon its lips, "What use does it serve?" Nothing is considered too sacred to be subjected to this test. Even Christianity, or more properly the churches which profess to be the depositaries and conservators of Christian truth are confronted with the question. Standing in the presence of these organizations the world asks what is the Church doing along the line of her heaven-appointed work, what is she doing to save the fallen, and regenerate the world? It asks not concerning her creeds, but her deeds; not concerning her doctrines but her practices. It lays slight stress upon the theological differences which for ages have been given so much prominence, and which have kept the different sections of the Church of Christ so widely separated. Humanity is hungering for a Christ Christianity rather than for an orthodox Churchianity. And the Church must reckon on this changed condition. For her to ignore or despise it, is to sign her death warrant. All her methods of work must be devised under the influence of this prominent fact, while her aim must be Christianity applied to practical life. In no other way will the masses be reached. Hitherto the attention of the Church has been too much absorbed with the regular church-goers, the services being largely arranged with a view to meet their tastes and wishes. The result is, that a large proportion of the community has drifted beyond the Church's influence. If these are to be won, there must be an adaptiveness to the tastes and prejudices of these outsiders, that makes them feel that the Church is interested in their temporal as well as spiritual welfare, and that they have something in common with the spiritually minded in the work of the Church.

This proposition is ably argued by the Rev. C. A. Dickinson in the October "Andover Review." He says: "The Gospel is preaching plus practice, truth plus life; truth exemplified in character, expressed in ministration, and materialized into beneficent institutions. It is the Word made flesh, the truth moving in and through all secular life. The Church will become attractive to the people when it becomes in the truest sense of the word a ministering Church. It should be the source and centre of all beneficent ministrations. It should allow no other philanthropic or charitable institution, however wealthy, to point to its closed doors and folded hands, and say, What are you doing to relieve the sick, and the widow and the fatherless, to feed the hungry, and raise the fallen? The modern Church, with its rented pews, closed doors, and six days interregnum of inactivity, can hardly be said to have its prototype in the Church of the Old Jerusalem, or its antetype in the temple of the New Jerusalem; for the first was certainly organized for 'daily ministrations;' and in the second, 'the gates shall not be shut at all by day.'" Elsewhere he points out, that the Church may attach herself to the community by such secular work as Relief, Entertainment and Instruction exemplifying the Gospel Spirit in each. Here then is an open door through which the Church in all its members and during seven days of the week, may enter and find pleasant and profitable employment. The churches that are wise will not allow the opportunity to pass by unimproved; for as the writer of the Canadian Methodist Quarterly (a magazine, by the way, which is a credit to the publishers and an important adjunct of Canadian literature) remarks, "The Church of the future will be the Church that most successfully applies the principles of Christianity to man's present needs, and makes the Church to be a practical organization looking to the good of man's body as well as soul, and wo
Kingd of heaven in this world."

A Cargo of Mummified Cats.

A consignment of nineteen and a half tons of embalmed cats from Beni Hassan, Central Egypt, has just reached Liverpool. In this parcel there are remains of about 180,000 cats. They were discovered by an Egyptian fellah employed in husbandry, who fell into a pit which, on further examination, proved to be a large subterranean cave completely filled with cats, every one of which had been separately embalmed and dressed in cloth, after the manner of Egyptian mummies, all being separately laid out in rows. Specimens of these have been taken by Mr. Moore, the curator of the Liverpool Museum, where they can be seen. The remainder are about to be employed as manure. The Rev. H. H. Higgins and Mr. Moore fix the date of their interment at 2,000 years before Christ. A correspondent writes:

The totem of a section of the ancient Egyptians was the cat; hence when a cat died it was buried with all honors, being embalmed, and sometimes fully decorated, and, in short, had as much attention paid to it as a human being. It had long been believed that a cat cemetery existed on the east bank of the Nile, and in the autumn of 1889 a lucky Egyptian, as stated above, found this ancient burial ground at Beni Hassan, about 100 miles from Cairo. Laborers were soon at work, and dug out hundreds of thousands. Some were quickly sold to local farmers, and other lots found their way to an Alexandrian merchant, thence by the steamer Pharos and Thebes to Liverpool, where they were knocked down at £3 13s. 9d. per ton to a local fertilizer merchant. The auction was only known to the 'trade,' but even the 'bone' buyers looked nervously at the sample. The broker knocked the lot down with one of the cats' heads for a hammer."

Fighting Among Deer.

In the course of a recent interview Mr. Dann, the head gamekeeper of Bushy Park, said: "I saw two deer fight as I came along just now. Are their fighting propensities naturally rather great? Yes, it's their nature. They like to pick quarrels, but as a rule except in autumn, they are not vicious. This season they have been more quarrelsome than usual, and we have had a dozen stags killed during the winter which died in the fight. I attribute this to the mild season. They are in better condition than is the case in a hard winter, and that makes them boisterous. We have three herds, which together number about 900 animals. There are about 500 in the large herd and about 200 in each of the smaller. But it is impossible to count them exactly, as they are quite free, and we have no chance of ascertaining their exact number."—London Court Journal.

The old toper does not need ice when he gets on to "skate."

Imperial Federation.

Though the question of Imperial Federation has not yet succeeded in pressing itself prominently forward in Canadian politics, it is nevertheless an issue which is far from being ready for burial, either in this country or the mother land. At a meeting held in London some time ago under the direction of the City of London branch of the Imperial Federation League, at which the Lord Mayor (Sir Henry Isaacs) presided, there were present such distinguished persons as the Earl of Roseberry, Cardinal Manning, Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Stratheden and Campbell-Lord Brassey, and many others. The principal speaker on the occasion was the Earl of Roseberry who started out by saying, that the feeling necessary to the establishment of an Imperial Federation was already in existence, that the fire had not to be kindled, only the burning embers famed into a flame. His scheme of Federation, if scheme it may be called, is somewhat aside from the general idea advocated by Canadian federationists; that is, if the newspaper reports correctly express their views. He is not in sympathy with the three or four plans most generally advocated, viz., Colonial representation in the House of Lords, in the House of Commons, in the Privy Council; or the more commercial idea, a Zollverein or Customs Union, by which the federating parties should be guarded by a protective system from the products of all other countries. His opinion is that the most practical, desirable, and advantageous union is one of which the Colonial Conference which met in London in 1887 furnishes a fitting type. He asks, "what was that conference?" That conference was composed of all the most eminent men available in the colonies. It discussed all the questions which concerned the common good of the Empire; and it brought forward recommendations in all these questions. If that was not Imperial Federation I do not know what was. "I have always felt," Earl Roseberry continues, "since that day that the question of what is called Imperial or National Federation depended upon the periodical continuance or renewal of these Conferences."

But in order that these conferences may not prove abortive, certain necessary conditions must be met. They must meet periodically and at stated intervals; they must be composed of the best men available at the moment; and they must not presume to legislate, but to suggest; not to produce statutes, but offer recommendations. Replying to the objection of those who might be disposed to regard such results as too neutral to be of any advantage, Earl Roseberry contended that "if any closer scheme of federation is to come about, it can only come about through the medium of such a conference, and not through the medium of any private organization. Whereas, on the other hand, if no closer scheme comes out of these conferences and, indeed, if these conferences themselves are found to be of no avail and come to nothing, then you may be perfectly certain that whatever your views may be or your exertions may be, Imperial Federation in any form is an impossible dream." To this scheme the London "Times" objects that while it "is eminently satisfactory, so far as it goes, it does not go very far. Between holding meetings in favor of the abstract idea of Imperial Federation and bringing Imperial Federation about in a practical form the distance is immense." It has a fear likewise that the time has not yet come when federation could be carried out. Local projects in the colonies, as for example, the intercolonial federation which is now to the front in Australia, would naturally prevent the colonies from giving the necessary attention to the more comprehensive scheme. Its counsel therefore to the friends of union is, to give their attention to the removal of obstacles and difficulties which might impair their work and wait for the results. Precipitancy might greatly retard the consummation they so ardently desire. Rome was not built in a day.

Wealth in Great Britain.

One ceases to wonder at the amount of British capital seeking investment in America after looking over a year's record of the money left by will in the United Kingdom. The "personalties" of dead Britain or of deceased residents of Great Britain sworn to in 1889 for purposes of probate and of succession duty reaching imposing sums. One dry goods jobber in Manchester died possessed of $12,500,000 of personal property; a Clyde ship builder comes next with $5,300,000, and a member of the great banking house of the Barings folows hard upon with $4,500,000. A scion of the House of Orleans, Count Greffulhe, died possessed of $3,300,000, in England; and a Scottish peer, the Earl of Leven and Melville, left for division among his heirs $2,600,000. What we call millionaires—nobody there with less than $5,000,000 being so denominated—were numerous. Manchester alone had ten of them ranging from $2,100,000 of "personalty" to $1,000,000. James Jameson, the great Dublin distiller, left $2,400,000 of hard cash, or what may be called its portable equivalent, and in England Brewer Dan Thwaites left $2,300,000. A Cork brewer, W. H. Crawford, had a sworn "personalty" of $1,600,000, and there were eight other deceased brewers whose estates were liable to succession duty on $6,000,000. It is figures like these that impress on the English mind the idea that there is in beer, as there was in Dr. Johnson's day, "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dream of avarice." Even the railroad magnates left a less impressive aggregate, though one of them—Sir Daniel Gooch, Chairman of the Great Western—died, possessed of $3,250,000, and of two mere railroad engineers, one was worth $800,000 and another $440,000. The richest representative of the iron industry, who died in 1889, was a manufacturer of plows, worth $1,100,000—a sum exceeded by the "personalty" of a London gas-fitter, whose heirs divided the snug little sum of $1,200,000. But even he does not come up to John Nevill, baker—who ever heard of a millionaire baker on this side of the Atlantic?—whose "personalty" is sworn at $1,400,000. It must be remembered that all this is in personal or movable property, and that real estate does not count in the enumeration, not being liable to succession duty.

The Provincial Board of Health, having ascertained the existence of two cases of glanders in Quebec and in Lorette, has called the attention of the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa to the fact, asking him to immediately enforce the law respecting contagious diseases affecting animals enacted in the Federal Government in 1886.

AGRICULTURAL.

Fast and Slow Milking.

It is generally understood that fast milking has the advantage of securing more milk than slow milking. But we are not aware of any scientific experiments to determine the fact. Mr. Ralph Allen, of Delavan, Ill., however, gives to the "Jersey Bulletin" a little experience that well illustrates the difference. His boy was learning to milk, and took two and a half times more time than a fast milker, who got from the cow at each milking, 9 to 12½ pounds of milk. The boy could get only 7 to 9 pounds. The evidence in favor of fast milking was pretty conclusive—provided the time in milking was all the difference that affected the flow. The fast milker may have been more agreeable to the cow, and his manner of milking may have been more agreeable. The bungling of the boy may have been positively annoying to the cow. This would affect her "giving down," as it is called. It may have quite as much to do with the variation in the yield as the difference in time of drawing the milk had. You must please the cow if you want her to do her best. More or less milk is secreted during milking—as saliva is secreted during eating. If the cow is annoyed, it checks the secretion of milk; if pleased, it stimulates it. For these reasons, it is important to have fast milkers who are good natured and agreeable to the cows.

Fattening Chicks.

Several recommended the practice of confining chickens in a coop and fattening them. For market purposes it is necessary. Some people like to have fowls very fat; these will have recourse to fattening but we consider a chicken allowed to run over a quiet lawn, well fed on good food till fit for table, perfection, and, like turkeys similarly treated, they are usually fat enough. To those who wish to confine their chickens and fatten, we say: Be sure to have them well fed from the very first, so that they will have plenty of flesh on them before they are put up. Put them in a nice clean coop, so constructed that each bird, or at most each pair of birds, will have a seperate apartment. Attend to the ordinary rules of health, keep them scrupulously clean, give a little grit and almost no grain, as their digestive organs will not be in a proper state to digest it. It is a good plan to feed on oatmeal, Indian meal and rice meal. Some like buckwheat. We like to mix whatever meal is given with warm milk, and give the feed warm. They cannot be confined more than three weeks. For the first week they fail, then they improve for the next two weeks, after which they again decline, and would continue to fail till death would ensue from enlarged liver or bowel derangement. Great care must be taken that their coops are very clean, for, if neglected, their flesh will have a most offensive taste when it comes to table.

Applying Wood Ashes.

Leached wood ashes contain about 5 per cent of phosphoric acid and 2½ per cent of potash—two valuable fertilizers for a number of crops—and about 24 per cent of lime, which, when applied to the soil, has the effect of rendering available plant food that is already in the soil. On land that has been cropped until at least some of the elements of plant food have decreased, so that full average crops cannot be made, wood ashes are worth all the way from fifteen to twenty-five cents per bushel.

They can be applied to nearly all kinds of fruit with profit. With potatoes they are especially valuable, either applied in the hill or scattered broadcast and worked well into the soil. Onions are another crop that can in many cases be largely benefited by an application of wood ashes.

If applied in the orchard, a good plan is to stir the soil thoroughly and then apply broadcast and work well in. The soil can be stirred as far out as the branches extend.

With onions one of the best plans of applying is to prepare the soil in a good tilth ready for the seed or bottons, and then scatter the ashes as evenly as possible over the surface, and then, with a good rake, work well into the soil; then mark out the rows and plant; or the seed can be planted and then the ashes scattered over the surface; the necessary cultivation will work sufficiently into the soil. The roots of the onion grow very near the surface and their is no necessity for working the fertilizer deep into the soil.

When there is a good supply of ashes they can be applied broadcast for potatoes, working well into the soil. Very good results can also be obtained by applying in the hill. Mark out the rows the proper distance apart and then put a small quantity of ashes where each hill is to grow; eighteen inches apart in the row is a good distance. Stir into the soil well, and then plant the seed and cover. This places the fertilizer in a position where it can be readily reached by the roots of the plants. It is not a good plan to have the ashes come in direct contact with the tubers; hence good care should be taken to incorporate well with the soil before planting.

Ashes aid to make a stiff soil more friable, and can be profitably used with nearly all garden or truck crops.

The Silo.

The intelligent observer must acknowledge, if he is a man open to conviction, that the use of the silo is rapidly extending. That the men who are loudest in its praise are not wealthy gentlemen whose farms are managed by a foreman for the owner's amusement; but are hard-working farmers who have earned their money by rigid economy and hard labor.

It is idle for such theorists as Prof J. W. Sanborn to assert that ensilage wastes some 33 per cent. in the silo. Such waste, if it occurs, only proves gross carelessness or incompetence in the man in charge; the fact is that ensilage handled with good, ordinary care wastes very little, less than 5 per cent., and that this waste is far more than compensated by the great convenience which the silo affords us in being able to cut and save the corn, clover or any other forage crop, such as late barley or rowen, without regard to the weather, which is apt to be very uncertain in the autumn.

Then how comfortable and safe a farmer feels, when his winter supply of fodder is all snugly stored where it will keep without risk and is ready for feeding whenever wanted.

The cheap silos made of two thicknesses of matched boards with tarred paper between are giving good satisfaction thus far; time only will prove how long they will last, and whether it will be cheaper in the long run to build of wood or of masonry. If the wooden silo will last ten years it will no doubt be preferred to masonry.

Wooden silos built of cheap rough lumber, holding 100 to 200 tons cost about 60 to 75 cents per ton capacity.

If built inside a barn the expense need not be over 50 cents per ton capacity.

Corn has been and will continue to be the favorite crop for ensilage in this country. It suits our soil and climate and its magnificent yield of fifteen to twenty tons per acre is not approached by any other crop. But clover is a crop which is a sort of chemical supplement for corn, that is the two when fed together form a nearly complete ration, and we believe that farmers will in the near future find their account in growing clover as well as corn for ensilage. One of the chief obsticles to the increase of clover growing is the great difficulty of curing it in a wet season—especially the second crop. The silo removes at once this difficulty and makes it an easy and safe crop to grow.

Perhaps late grown barley may also prove useful for a silage crop to be cut in Octobter, but of this we do not feel so sure, experience is needed to prove its value.—[Mass. Ploughman.

Start the Compost Heap.

Next month will be found the best time of the year for starting a fresh supply of manure We should get together the materials and lay the foundation for a heavy crop, to be used in our farming operations this year. I am satisfied that if absorbents were provided for the yard, stables, houses and pens, the supply of manure upon the average farm might be doubled in quality, in value, and also greatly increased in quantity. Without these absorbents the most valuable portion of farm manure goes to waste. Of course there is considerable labor involved in this work, but the recompense in the way of increased yields is also ample. How to increase the supply of fertilizers on the farm is getting to be the absorbing question in American agriculture. The sooner we face the question in the field of practical work, the sooner we will master the situation, and render ourselves independent of the dealer in manufactured fertilizers. There is a great deal of random talk about increasing the stock on the farm, thereby making a greater quantity of manure. The amount of stock must be governed by the amount of fodder produced upon the farm. There can be no economy or profit in keeping twenty head of cattle through the winter when fifteen will easily consume the amount of fodder produced.

No; we must aim rather to save what we do make. If we provide shelter and absorbents for our stable manures, we can save a third or half there, and then we can add immensely to the value of the manure crop by keeping a compost constantly in full blast. To do this properly, some preparation must be made in the fall by providing suitable absorbents.

Muck, if well cured, is no doubt the best, but if this is not at hand, dry earth is good, and there is little excuse for not providing it in liberal quantities for use at all times. It might be stored in a small shed adjoining the hennery, where much of it should be used. Once a week it should be sprinkled under the roosts, and after accumulating there to a depth of a few inches, it should be removed to the compost heap. Nearly the same treatment may be adopted for the piggery; for there, too, is an enormous waste each year. A supply should also be provided convenient to the privy, where it should be used liberally and often. Decaying vegetables will help to swell the heap, and had much better be there than in the cellar. In summer waste slops should also be conveyed there, where its purities will be absorbed. This heap should be kept under shelter, and enough space given so that it can be worked over occasionally. Look well to the compost heap, brother farmer, for there's millions in it.—[W. D. B., in the Epitomist.

Study of Nature.

Horticulture offers a field in which many lessons of value in the future may be taught. In the garden we can not only teach our boys and girls how to grow fruits, flowers and vegetables, but we may lay the foundation of knowledge and a thirst for more, which may prove of estimable value in later years. Study of Nature leads to the development of knowledge. Youth seeks to know the whys and wherefores of what is going on around us, and as we learn the glories and beauties of Nature we become better fitted to perform our life work, whatever that may be.—[American Garden.

The Coming Comet.

It is fancied by a grateful patron that the next comet will appear in the form of a huge bottle, having "Golden Medical Discovery" inscribed upon it in bold characters. Whether this conceit and *high* compliment will be verified, remains to be *seen*, but Dr. Pierce will continue to send forth that wonderful vegetable compound, and potent eradicator of disease. It has no equal in medicinal and health-giving properties, for imparting vigor and tone to the liver and kidneys in purifying the blood and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors, and consumption, or lung scrofula, in its early stages, it is a positive specific. Druggists.

A letter containing $90,000 was stolen in transit between Pesth and Vienna. It was "the letter that never came."

A General Tie-up

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employes, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

It is true economy to buy soap for the laundry by the box. Not only do you get more for your money, but you have a chance to dry out the bars and so make them last twice as long. Place one on the other (on their sides, leaving open spaces between) in a dry place and let harden.

Woman's Work

There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a successful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping if she be suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

An old lady was made to cry bitterly the other day because some bad boys stoned her cats. She said they hurt her felines.

Only truth is consistent with itself. He who tells a lie has all nature opposed to him; for nature is truthful, and its disclosures are in the direction of truth.

All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to isanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Fron St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A proposal has been made to erect a monument to the memory of Searle, to be placed on the Brothers Point, at the finish of the champion course on the Paramatta river.

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent or indiscreet use of it. If thunder itself was to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

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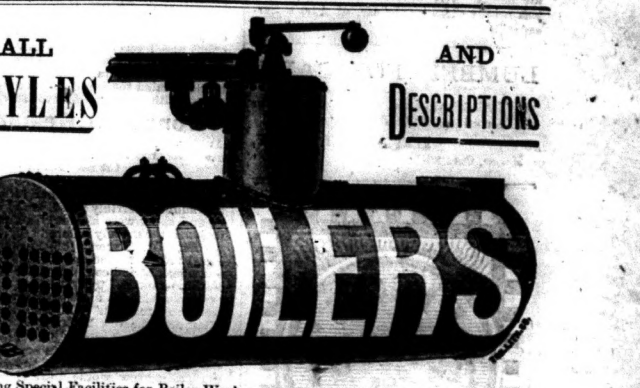
This offer is good for 60 days and is made to enable us in selecting good agents to introduce our Watches and Jewelry. We require everyone ordering, to cut this advertisement out and send with their order, agreeing to try and make sales from our mammoth catalogue which is sent free with every watch. On receipt of 87 cents in postage stamps, as a guarantee of good faith, we will send the watch to you by express, C.O.D. subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented you can pay the balance, $5.87, and take the watch, otherwise you pay nothing. The watch is warranted solid Goldoid, a composition metal which can not be told from pure gold, except by experts; it is richly engraved, with solid gold hands, solid hour and crown, imported French crystal and is warranted for 20 years. The movement is a genuine imported expansion balance, quick train, handsomely fitted, adjusted and regulated, fully warranted, with full value will last a lifetime. This is your last chance to get a $20 watch for $5.87 and once you sell it, CANADIAN WATCH & JEWELRY Co., 60 & 62 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, CAN. Whenever goods are to be sent by mail, cash in full must accompany the order, as no goods can be sent by mail, C.O.D. Where cash in full accompanies the order, we send free a fine gold plated chain.
"Remember, this ad. will not appear after April the 1st."

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

Confederation Life
ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
REMEMBER AFTER THREE YEARS
POLICIES ARE INCONTESTABLE
Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation
Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender Value Guaranteed in each Policy
THE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY
AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST
-:- EARLY -:- DEATH -:-
Provides an INCOME in old age, and is a good INVESTMENT.
Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums.
Profits, which are unexcelled by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured.
Profits so Allocated are Absolute and not liable to be reduced or recalled at any future time under any circumstances.
Participating Policy Holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in the class, and for the past seven years *have actually received 95 per cent. of the profits so earned.*
W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

ALL STYLES AND DESCRIPTIONS


Having Special Facilities for Boiler Work we are prepared to tender for anything in that line—Tanks, Burners etc. AUTOMATIC ENGINE, new design, economy and regular speed guaranteed.
Waterous Engine Works Co., Ltd., Brantford, Canada.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED
TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Our Business Bazoo

Must not be permitted to get rusty for want of exercise. So here's a blast of the

BIG BAZOO

The tune is

THE LAST ROWS OF WINTER

And we propose to play it for every note there is in it.

BANK NOTES

are what we propose to blow out and blow in.

The Last Rows of Winter Goods

that linger on our shelves must go with the season.

AWAY WITH 'EM

Our Goods at Your Prices!

The Choice we offer is Excellent.

The Chance for you is Extraordinary.

B. O'Hara.

Marmora and Lake Council

Town Hall, Marmora, Jan. 20th, 1890.

Meeting held according to statute.

Present J. W. Pearce, Reeve; Wm. Hilton, Deputy Reeve; Messrs. Nihill and Warren, councillors.

Members were duly sworn and took their seats.

The following resolutions were passed:—

That the council go into committee on By-laws, Mr. Nihill, chairman.

That the By-law appointing certain officers be read a first time.

That it be read a second time and blanks filled in.

That Dr. Jones be township Clerk.

That Geo. W. Bleecker be Treasurer.

That E. Maloney be Assessor at same salary as last year.

That T. N. Webster be township Auditor.

Reeve appointed J. D. McNeil for council.

That Mrs. A. Thompkins be caretaker.

That the By-law be read a third time, signed, sealed, and numbered as By-law No. 238.

That the committee rise, report, and resume council business.

Report on Demars road, received and laid over to the next meeting.

That the returning officer's election expenses be paid and Reeve give order.

That Mr. Hilton go and examine McShae bridge and upon his certificate that the Reeve give order for the amount of Tender

That the account of W. E. Gladney & Co. for lamps for the Town Hall amounting to eighteen dollars and sixteen cents be paid and Reeve give order for same.

That the Collector's time be extended to next stated meeting of the council.

That the Clerk correspond with Charles English, Jas. H. Brown, and Wm. Brown in reference to concession line between 10th and 11th concession opposite lot 20 of Marmora, in case no satisfactory reply is received, to serve said parties with notices to appear at next council meeting.

That Wesley Watt receive a rebate of one dollar statute labor charged on roll, he having performed the work.

That the paupers be paid at same rate as last year and Reeve give order for the same.

That the Clerk be authorized to ask for Tenders for Printing from the Madoc, Stirling and Belleville newspapers as per furnished schedule and Reeve and Clerk accept lowest Tender.

That the Reeve be authorized to buy four cords of stove wood for Town Hall.

Tender on McShae Bridge having been accepted by the Reeve of 1889 was received and filed.

Moved, seconded, carried, that the council adjourn to Monday, March 10th, 1890.

H. M. JONES, M. D.
Tp. Clerk.

We have one of the finest stocks of Groceries in Madoc, you can get what you want at D. W. Wright's.

Avoid Appearances.—A worthy gentlemen, having an unusually red nose, was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperate habits. His unfortunate disfigurement was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

A LARGE quantity of dry pine lumber for sale at the G. T. R. station.

30 JEFFERSON CAVERLY.
Madoc, Oct. 23.

MADOC HIGH SCHOOL.

MADOC High School will be open for the admission of students, September 2nd. Prospectus of school may be had by application to

A. B. ROSS,
Chairman H. S. Board.

Madoc, August 6th, 1889. 19

JOHN HUFF

Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Hastings

MADOC, - ONT.

All orders promptly attended to, and terms reasonable. 39

Notice to Creditors.

IN the goods of James Davidson, deceased, notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, that all persons having claims upon or or against the estate of James Davidson, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, shoemaker, who died on or about the 26th January, 1889, are, on or before the first day of April, 1890, to send by post prepaid or delivered to the undersigned, solicitor for Mary Ann Davidson, the executrix for the said deceased, a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of all securities (if any) held by them. And notice is hereby given that after the said last mentioned date the said executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the said executrix will not be responsible for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution.

F. E O'FLYNN,
No. 2 Graham Block, Belleville, Ont.
Solicitor for Executrix.

Dated this 19th February, 1890. 47-4w

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a **radical change** in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, **the result is certain.** Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, of Pensacola, Fla., recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Having done business in Canada for the past 30 years, our reputation and responsibility are well known. We pay salary and expenses from the start, if everything is satisfactory. No previous experience required. Write us for terms, which are very liberal, before engaging with any other firm.

REFERENCES.—Bradstreet's or Dun Wiman & Co's Commercial Agencies, well known to business men; or Standard Bank, Colborne, Ont.

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
Nurserymen,
COLBORNE, - ONT.

100,000 Bushels

of all kinds of Grain wanted,

delivered at the

ELDORADO ELEVATOR.

As I have made arrangements to buy for a Toronto firm, I am prepared to pay

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

for all kinds of Grain. The Elevator will be opened on

The 10th of October.

Give me a call before going elsewhere.

C. A MILLER.

GRAIN! GRAIN!

HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for all kinds of grain delivered at the

North Hastings Warehouse, Madoc.

A STOCK OF

Flour, Salt, Pork, Timothy Seed,

and all kinds of feed will be kept on hand at the Warehouse, and will be sold cheaper for Cash than can be bought elsewhere

JEFF. CAVERLY.

Madoc, August 26th, 1889. 22-

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, MEMBER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES. } ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, it would take price in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 2, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SAINT WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bones, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Ring Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GEO. RITCHIE & Co.

—IMPORTERS OF—

House Furnishings

CARPETS,
FLOOR CLOTHS
& LINOLEUM,

MATTING, RUGS, MATS.

Curtains of all Kinds!

Curtain Poles, Window Blinds, &c.

ART DECORATIONS.

(Reliable goods at the lowest prices.)

GEO. RITCHIE & Co.,
Belleville.

Fall Millinery.

MISS ELLIOTT'S

Fall Stock of the newest designs of

Millinery,
Flowers,
Feathers, &c.,

Is now ready for the inspection of the public.

The finest display for years. Everybody invited.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Com'y

Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
Total Assets, $8,700,000

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased No Commission. No Delay. Expenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Man. aging Director, Toronto.

Or to E. D. O'FLYNN,
Appraiser at Madoc.

Dominion Express Co'y

Have opened an Agency in the town of

MADOC, - ONT.

All merchants and private individuals when ordering goods by express should direct same to be shipped by Dominion Express Co, to secure

Quick Despatch,
Low Rates, and
Careful Handling.

Goods delivered to and collected from all persons

Free of Extra Charge.

Special Rates on Merchandise.
Special Rates on Produce.
Special Rates on Balance of Orders.
Special Rates on Money Shipments.
Special Rates on Printed Matter.

Information gladly furnished by

R. R. CASEMENT, Agent.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

N.B. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 533, Oxford, London, they are spurious.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XIII., No 50. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, March 13, 1890. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MADOC LODGE No. 179 I.O.O.F.

MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

G. A. ROLLINS, Secretary. A. MORRICE, Jr., Noble Grand.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer, also for the city of Belleville. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

Orders may be left at the REVIEW Office.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates

ALEX. A. McDONALD,

SOLICITOR of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer and Notary Public. Agent for the "National Investment Loaning Society," of Toronto. Office in the Victoria Block, Madoc. Branch office in the village of Tweed. 427

F. E. O'FLYNN,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Notary Public, &c. HEAD OFFICE—Over Dominion Bank, Front St., Belleville.

BRANCH OFFICE—Over O'Flynn's Bank, Madoc.

Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office Monday evening and Tuesday of each week, and at any time by appointment; can be addressed by telephone from Madoc. Telephone No. 197.

DOUGALL & STEWART,

BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

Ashley Block, Belleville.

A. R. DOUGALL, Q.C. | D. E. K. STEWART

Money to Loan.

COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

D. E. K. STEWART, Solicitor, Madoc

507

A. F. WOOD,

Land, Loan, Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

D. M. SMELLIE, M. D., C.M.,

GRADUATE of Queen's University, Kingston, also Graduate of Trinity University College, Toronto, member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.

Office and night call in the drug store lately occupied by Mrs. Deans, Madoc.

Diseases of women and children a specialty. Calls in town or country promptly attended to

DENTISTRY.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S., of 23 years practice in the Town of Trenton, Ont., will be at the Windsor House, Madoc, Every Tuesday from 9.30 a. m. until next meeting. The most successful and satisfactory operations performed with vitalized air that can be obtained in Central Ontario.

Best fit of teeth, filling, &c.

J. R IRISH

DR. ELIZABETH EMBURY,

GRADUATE of Queen's University, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office—Front St., Belleville, 3 doors south of the *Intelligencer* office. Diseases of women and children a specialty. 11

MY OWN MAKE. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have used them 4 to 8 years, and are now successfully using. Agents don't pay big wages, there is a reason; I sell direct to User at one profit. Every machine warranted. Given with each machine by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Also manufacturer of Drag-saw Machines. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Send for circular with prices, testimonials, &c. Address plainly, write your name and address plain. DELLAR CO., 216 to 224 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

C. Fraser Aylsworth, Jr.

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor Civil Engineer, Draughtsman, &c.,

MADOC - P.O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and *character* of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and *former Surveys*, his extensive field notes of sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Emerson, and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving *time* and *expense* in securing *correctness* of Surveys.

JOHN DALE,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE on reasonable terms, lots 11 and 12, 7th concession of Wollaston. Good building on place, and convenient to Eagle Lake. For further particulars apply to

MRS. E. J. PATTISON, Granville, Washington Co., N. Y., U.S.A., or at the law office of

ALEX. A. McDONALD.

Madoc, Jan. 16th, 1889. 43-3m

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fulleloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th, 1888. 6-3m

GEO. W. WALKER.

DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.

Directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, and next door to the Bank of Commerce.

Dr. Walker will visit

Madoc on the 20th and 21st

of Every Month, Only.

Don't Ask for Credit.

ROOMS AT MOON'S HOTEL

NEW LIVERY.

The Undersigned has opened a New Livery Stable in Madoc, and will keep for hire

FIRST-CASS HORSES AND RIGS

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Rigs Supplied at all Hours.

Give me a trial.

JOHN HUFF.

Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

25 SALESMEN

WANTED

In your State. Good Salary and Expenses paid to the right men. I want men 25 to 50 years of age to sell a full line of first class Nursery Stock. All stock guaranteed. Apply at once, stating age and references.

C. L. BOOTHBY, Rochester, N. Y.

37-12w

Notice to Creditors.

IN the goods of Julia McGowan, deceased, notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, that all persons having claims upon or against the estate of Julia McGowan, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, widow of William McGowan, who died on or about the 15th December, 1889, are, on or before the first day of April, 1890, to send by post prepaid or delivered to the undersigned, solicitor for James C. Dale and Adam McGowan, the executors for the said deceased, a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of all securities (if any) held by them. And notice is hereby given that after the said last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the said executors will not be responsible for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
No. 2 Graham Block, Belleville, Ont.
Solicitor for Executors.

Dated this 19th February, 1890. 47-4w

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not necessarily endorse the opinions of our correspondents. Our columns are open to all responsible persons.—ED. REVIEW.]

MOOSOMIN.

To the Editor of THE REVIEW

DEAR SIR,—I forward you fifty of Brownlee's beautiful maps of the great fertile district (future Province) of Assiniboia, an area of 575 miles from east to west, and 260 from north to south, lying along the international boundary, and west of Manitoba. This region is well adapted for mixed farming, with the best fertile soil on earth, where a man or boy can ride sulkey-plough, seeder, or binder with ease. Those maps were purchased by the Moosomin Agricultural Society and given to the Directors to distribute. And, I not forgetting my old friends in Madoc, trust you will give the maps to those who call, or, write you for them, a considerable useful information will be found on the back of the maps. I will try and give you a description of the lands and Souris coal region. A 300 mile trip, for the information of those who wish to gain more knowledge of this vast North West Territory of our great Dominion. And now Mr, Editor, as advice is cheap and more pleasant to give than to receive, I would advise those who have a good farm there and are out of debt, or with a good business to stay there. But, I feel there are many who might better themselves by coming here. Those who are on poor farms, mortgaged farms, rented farms, or a large family of boys or girls to settle, or those anxious to quit their business for farming, to those we would say come and see this country for yourself, under the old flag, in preference to any other, say that will call on me will be made welcome and I will do what I can to show them the country and get them a farm should they wish to homestead or purchase, but in purchasing look out for sharks, for they have got here as well as drones, which the country would be better without. In two months more I shall have been eight years in this country, and I can candidly say that I like the climate as well, and don't know but I can conscientiously say I prefer it to Madoc. We seldom get sleighing here until Christmas, and we very seldom get a thaw before it breaks up in March, and we then generally have dry, clear weather until the last of May. Your readers would be surprised to see how dry the snow is, (still it makes a lot of water when melted) and by giving the snow a little scrape to one side we expose the dry dust. The thermometer averaging at zero, we can go about our work dry and comfortable in buckskin mocassins, pants, coat and mittens, as light and free as a colt, never getting wet like when working in the snow in Madoc. If my family could have been contented and happy here, I don't know that I would be anxious to change my situation here for even as good a business as I once had in Madoc.

I Remain

W. BRISTOL.

Moosomin, March 1st, 1890.

Ask For Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and be sure you get it, when you want the best blood-purifier.

With its forty years of unexampled success in the cure of Blood Diseases, you can make no mistake in preferring Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far excel those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. 'There is nothing so good for the youthful blood' as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun, Monmouth, Kansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Sabbath School Association.

As announced in our last week's issue a S. S. Convention for North Hastings and Hungerford was held in the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 4th and 5th inst. A large number of delegates from the various Sabbath Schools of the riding were present. The opening session was held on Tuesday afternoon, when a suggestive paper on the "Use and abuse of Lesson Helps," by the Rev. J. M. Gray, was read by L. Meiklejohn, of Stirling. The Rev. W. C. Beer delivered a practical address on the "Relation of the Home to the S. S." A very interesting and forcible address on "The true Source of the Teachers' Power" was delivered by Mr. Alfred Day, of Toronto, and the Rev. Mr. Wishart gave a vigorous address on "The Cultivation of Christian Beneficence."

In the evening a large gathering assembled in the body of the church, and listened to most stirring and practical addresses by Jos. Reid, M. A., and Revs. John McEwen and Wm. Limbert; after which answers to the questions in the "Drawer" were given by Messrs. Day and McEwen.

On Wednesday morning a "Model Teachers' Meeting" was conducted by Rev. John McEwen, and a most interesting and instructive address on "The best Methods of Teaching the Bible" was given by Mr. Day. The mass-meeting of the S. S. Scholars in the afternoon was largely attended, when Messrs. Day and McEwen by their excellent "talks to the children" showed that they were equally attractive and instructive when addressing child-mind as when talking to those of older years. The singing by the choirs of the churches under the leadership of the Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., was most hearty and inspiring. The Chair was occupied at the respective sessions, by Messrs. J. C. Dale, Wm. Mackintosh, L. Meiklejohn, and Calvin Williams. The collections were liberal, amounting to $24.94, sufficient to defray all the expenses in connection with the convention, and leave two or three dollars in the Treasury.

The convention was very representative, there being delegates present from nearly every section in the Riding.

At the close of the Wednesday morning session a S. S. Association was formed for North Hastings and Hungerford with the following staff of officers:—President, Wm. Mackintosh, I. P. S.; Vice Presidents, Geo. Noble, Tweed, and L. Meiklejohn, Stirling; Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, W. Tucker, Madoc; Rec. Secretary, Jas. Reid, M. A. Stirling; Executive Committee, all clergymen in active work in North Hastings and Hungerford, together with the following gentlemen:—Rawdon, C. Williams, W. Meiklejohn, 9th Concession; Huntingdon, S. Vantassel; Hungerford, Geo. Clare, John Lennox; Elzevir, T. W. Jeffs, J. H. Roberts; Madoc, W. J. Allen, H. Rollins; Marmora, D. O. McArthur. The Committee was empowered to appoint additional members to to the Executive for the Northern townships.

The Committee desire to express their gratitude to all who have in any way contributed such an unqualified success. To Messrs. Day and McEwen they are especially grateful for their efficient services. And they are persuaded that all who were present will return to their Sunday Schools carrying with them an amount of information and of inspiration that will be greatly helpful in future work in this department of the church.

Carlow and Mayo Council.

SPECIAL MEETING.

Boulter, Feb. 10th, 1890.

Council met on call of the Reeve. Members present, the Reeve, and Councillors Wilson, Stringer, and Mather.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved by Mr. Wilson, seconded by Mr. Stringer, that the Auditors complete the audit and examine all the collector's rolls from 1887 to 1889 inclusive, and that the Clerk notify parties of this motion.

Moved by Mr. Stringer, seconded by Mr. Wilson, that Messrs. Wilson and Mather be appointed to call on the ex-reeve and demand all monies not expended in connection with the Mississippi branch bridge.

Moved by Mr. Wilson, seconded by Mr. Mather, that the Reeve be and is hereby authorized to receive report of commissioners on Mississippi bridge, and to take, if necessary, legal steps to recover amount of money not expended.

Moved by Mr. Wilson, seconded by Mr. Mather, that the time for the return of the collector's roll be extended until next meeting of Council, and that the Clerk notify the Collector to attend said meeting with his roll.

Moved and seconded that the Clerk furnish one cord of wood at Town Hall, and that the accounts of Division Registrar and Clerk, for postage and stationary, be paid.

Moved and seconded that the Council do adjourn.

REGULAR MEETING.

March 1st, 1890.

Council met; the Reeve, and Councillors Wilson and Stringer present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The Auditors handed in their report, which was read and adopted, and 100 copies of abstract ordered to be printed.

Mr. Wilson gave notice of By-law for appointing pathmasters and other officers for the year. The following township officers were appointed:

To be Pound Keepers—John Henderson, John Stewart, David Pritchard, sr., Wm. Bremner.

To be Pathmasters—John Stringer, D. Anderson, Wm. Allison, Thos. Wilson, sr., Archy Campbell, Albert Scales, Jno. Chatterton, H. Carmichael, John Carmichael, Jas. McKenzie, R. Bandy, C. McPherson, James Soanes, Thos. Bruce, John Belton, John Kirk, W. H. Wanamaker, Wm. Bremner, Wm. McChesney, John Kelley.

To be Road Surveyor—Robert Stringer.

Mayo pathmasters to act as fence viewers when required.

Mr. McArthur's application for new school section was laid over till next meeting.

The Reeve was authorized to take legal advice on the ex-Reeve's action in connection with the McArthur bridge.

McDonald re Combermere road matter laid over till next meeting.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—John Chatterton, pathmaster's fees, $1; John Stringer, work on road, $2; David Anderson, $1; Auditors, $14 each; Clerk, for wood and express charges, $1.50.

Moved by Mr. Stringer, seconded by Mr. Wilson, that the auditors' report of collector's roll of 1888 be printed with abstract of Auditors' Report

Moved by Mr. Wilson, seconded by Mr. Stringer, that the time for the return of the collector's roll be extended until next meeting, and that the Collector be empowered to collect 6 per cent. interest on all unpaid taxes after March 15th

By-law for appointing pathmasters and other officers was read, passed, and numbered 3 of 1890.

Moved and seconded that the Council adjourn to meet as a Court of Revision on the last Saturday in May, at 9 o'clock a. m., at Town Hall, Carlow.

W. D. PARKHURST, Tp. Clerk.

ELDORADO.

[Correspondence to THE REVIEW.]

At a special meeting of L. O. L. No. 517, held on the evening of the 3rd inst., the brethren took that opportunity of presenting a small token of their esteem to Bro. S. J. Fox, on the eve of his departure from among them. Bro. Fox was presented with a handsome gold breast-pin and an address, after which several of the brethren gave expression to their kindly feelings and best wishes for his prosperity in his new home. The following is the address:—

BRO. S. J. FOX,—

We cannot permit you to take your departure from amongst us without first conveying to you in some tangible way the feelings of confidence and esteem with which you are regarded by the brethren of this Lodge. For some ten years past you have held membership with us, and during that time you have shown yourself to be a true and worthy Orangeman, always found at your post and ready, sometimes under most unfavourable circumstances, to serve the interests of our Order and to enforce those principles which that Order is designed to uphold. As you take your departure we wish you God-speed, and shall ever pray that those glorious principles which are embodied in our noble Order may characterize your life, and that in the future as in the past you may prove yourself worthy of that confidence and respect which are due to every true Orangeman. We ask you to accept this gold pin as a small token of the esteem in which you are held by the brethren here; and as your eye may fall upon this little memento in days to come may it remind you of old 517 and the brethren who assemble there from time to time, who will, no doubt, in turn, remember the pleasant associations of days gone by, and will always be most glad to welcome to their circle one who was always at his post and faithful to perform the duties imposed upon him.

Bro. Fox made a suitable reply, after which the Lodge closed in due form.

Born.

PALMATEER.—In Madoc, on March 9th, the wife of Addison Palmateer, of a son.

WEIR.—In Madoc, on the 11th inst, the wife of Armour Weir, of a daughter.

Bad blood causes dyspepsia and dyspepsia reacts by causing bad blood. So both go on growing worse, until the whole system is poisoned. The surest means of relief for the victim is a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Holloway's Pills.—Liver, Lungs, and Kidneys.—Most diseases of these depurative organs arise from obstructions, over the removal of which these celebrated Pills exercise the most perfect control. A course of them is strongly recommended as a remedy for such chronic affections as liver enlargements, congestion of the lungs, torpidity of the kidneys, and other functional disorders which cause much present suffering, and if neglected lay the foundation of organic disease. Holloway's Pills are specially adapted for the young and delicate; their gentle and unifying action ranks them above all other medicines. In indigestion, nervous affections, gout and rheumatism these Pills have achieved for themselves universal fame. They expel all impurities from the blood, and thus restore cheerfulness and vigour.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Chatham council has decided to abolish market fees.

The next Dominion census will be taken April 4th, 1891.

John R. Fraser, father of Hon. C. F. Fraser, died at Brockville on Tuesday, aged 86.

It is proposed to supply St. Catharines with natural gas, piped from Port Colburn.

Southwestern Manitoba farmers buy coal from the Turtle Mountain mines for $1 a ton.

The lumber business has an unprecedented boom at Rat Portage and Keewatin this season.

The Club National, of Montreal, last week passed a resolution favoring Canadian independence.

Hon. William Cayley, formerly Inspector General of Canada, died on Sunday in Toronto, aged 83.

A verdict of murder has been found by the Coroner's jury against Henry Smith, London, Ont., for killing his wife.

Miss Fowler, who is on her way to nurse the Sandwich Island lepers, has a brother on a farm near Winnipeg.

The Duke of Connaught and his party will leave Yokohama by s.s. Abyssinia for Victoria, B.C., on May 8th.

Valmor Sauve, a pretty little page of the Dominion House of Commons was killed the other day while tobogganing.

Fifteen families from New York State passed through Montreal on Saturday en route for British Columbia to settle.

Mr. R. A. Lucas, the well-known wholesale grocer, of Hamilton, will succeed the late Mr. Plumb in the Senate.

Northwest stockmen are wishing a change in the weather to clear the ground of the tremendous fall of snow on the ranges.

It is reported at Boston that the steamer Dominion from that port for Nova Scotia has been lost, and that all on board perished.

Aldermen Eden and McCarron, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., are serving sentences in jail for third offences under the Scott Act.

Lieut-Governor Royal proposes to go to the Mormon settlement in the Northwest to inquire in to alleged polygamous practices.

A young Englishman named Harvey W. G. Philpot, was instantly killed by the electric light wires in Quebec last week.

Two young Englishmen in Winnipeg uttered a forged cheque for $150 and struck for Dakota, where they were promptly arrested.

An association for the preservation of places of historical interest or beauty throughout Ontario was organized in Toronto yesterday.

The Montreal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is proceeding against a wealthy Quebec farmer for dishorning cattle.

Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone are interested in a movement in London to send over to Toronto University gifts of books for the library.

The telephone cable laid by the Canadian Government between Pelee Island and Point Pelee earned 32 cents more than running expenses last year.

Mr. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, left Ottawa Monday afternoon for Washington, to represent Canada in the fisheries negotiations.

Frederick A. Walton, the Dallas, Texas, boodler who skipped to Canada with $35,000 of other people's money, was arrested in St. John, N. B., on Saturday night.

The annual report of the Department of Marine says the Georgian Bay survey, which is still progressing, and will not be finished for three years, has so far cost $123,906.

Samuel Scarlett, a prominent Orangeman and well-to-do farmer of the Township of Mc Killop, County Huron, was trampled to death by a steer in his own yard on Saturday.

The International Law and Order League of America brought its annual meeting to a close in Toronto on Monday evening. The next annual assembly will be held in Pittsburg on November 20.

Mr. Chas. Brenner, of Bresaylor, N. W. T., threatens to sue Gen. Sir Fred Middleton, Hayter Reed, and Sam [Bedson for $5,000, the value of furs looted from him during the North-West rebellion.

Major-General Strange, who has returned to Ottawa from his Australian trip, says that colony seeks closer trade relations with Canada, and is strongly supporting the Imperial Federation scheme.

Lieutenant-Governor McLelan opened the Nova Scotia Provincial Legislature on the 19th inst. The speech from the throne stated that the business of the Crown Lands department was unusually large last year.

According to the Railway report laid on the table of the House of Commons last week, there are 12,162 miles of railway now in operation in the Dominion, which last year yielded a profit over expenses of $30,032,046. The total loss on the Government railways was $345,521.

Major McGibbon, inspector of Agencies and Reserves in the North-West, at present in Ottawa, reports a great improvement on the Indian reserves in the matter of better dwellings and advancement in farming, and as a consequence of the former the health of the Indians is much better than formerly.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Scotch and Welsh Home Rulers have agreed to co-operate.

Mr. Gladstone is rapidly recovering from his catarrhal trouble.

Russia has promised to be represented at the Berlin labor conference.

It is stated that fifty curates are about to be superseded from Scotland.

Sir Wilfrid Vernon Harcourt will contest the seat of the Marquis of Hartington at the general election.

Lord Tennyson is suffering from a severe attack of influenza, and his condition is considered very serious.

Le Temps says that if England joins the labor conference proposed by the emperor of Germany it will be held, but if she refuses it will go to Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Socialists in London, Eng., held a public meeting last week, and passed a vote of thanks to the emperor of Germany for the imperial rescripts.

Mr. Joseph G. Biggar, the well-known Home Ruler and member of the Imperial House of Commons for West Cavan, died on Feb. 19th.

Mr. Henry Campbell, M. P., Mr. Parnell's private secretary, has received an apology and £500 for a libel contained in the Belfast *News Letter*.

It is stated that the Duke of Cambridge will resign the command of the army but will not be succeeded by any member of the Royal family.

Seventy arrests were made on Friday at Newbridge, county Kildare, of persons engaged in re-erecting the houses of evicted tenants on the Clangory estate. The police dispersed the crowds.

The election on Wednesday to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for Middle Glamorganshire, caused by the death of Mr. Talbot, resulted in the return of Mr. Evans (Liberal), who was unopposed.

A cablegram makes the very improbable statement that Lord Salisbury has protested to M. Waddington against French intrigues in Canada, the object of which is the separation of this country from Great Britain.

There is considerable excitement in Imperial Parliamentary circles over an allegation by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., that the Gladstonians have made a compact with the Parnellites to the prejudice of undenominational education.

The amendments made in the extradition treaty between Great Britain and the United States are of such an important character that they will have to be submitted to the English Government for ratification before the treaty goes into force.

After a debate on the labor question, in which Mr. Bradlaugh opposed an amendment favoring the shortening of the hours of labor as premature, the address in reply to the Queen's speech was adopted in the Imperial Parliament on Thursday.

UNITED STATES.

The Montana Legislature has adjourned after sitting ninety days, and not passing a single bill.

Malignant diphtheria is epidemic ave lington, Ohio, and the public schools h been closed.

The breaking of a dam in Arizona caused a flood in which forty persons are known to have been drowned.

The American donations to the Land League in Ireland received during the last fortnight sum up $50,000.

There is starvation among the miners of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, who have been thrown out of work by the closing of the mines.

The Jung and Crescent breweries at Cincinnati have passed into the hands of an English syndicate for nearly one million dollars cash.

Rev. Henry Duncan, a white minister of the Freewill Baptist denomination, was hanged at Ozark, Ala., on Friday for poisoning his wife.

A Boston, Massachusetts statistician, calculates that 64,000,000 drinks of Bostonmade rum are annually exported for African consumption.

Jeremiah O'Donnell, found guilty of attempting to bribe the Cronin jury, at Chicago, was sentenced on Saturday to three years in the penitentiary.

John Jacob Astor, who died in New York on Saturday, left wealth estimated at $150,000,000, the bulk of which will go to his son William W. Astor.

A shipment of mackerel, caught on the shores of Africa, has just reached Provincetown, Mass. The fish are said to be fully as good as American mackerel.

William Cameron, formerly of London, Ont., who a couple of years ago stole $40,000 from the Union Bank in Winnipeg, died in Sioux City, Minn., recently.

A Russian, thinking himself about to die, at Pierre, S.D., confessed that he was a Russian exile, and was implicated in an attempt to blow up the Czar.

Washington's birthday, Feb. 22nd, was generally observed in the States on Saturday, and in Paris the United States Consul-General gave a grand reception.

Mr. John Dillon and Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, Home Rulers, arrived in San Francisco from their Australian tour on Friday evening, and were accorded a hearty welcome.

John F. Seymour died at Utica, N. Y., on Saturday, aged 76. He was a brother of the Hon. Horatio Seymour, and acted as his private secretary during his term as governor of the state.

Dr. J. T. Blackburn and Dr. W. E. Grant, prominent physicians of Louisville, Ky., were the other night captured, along with two negroes, in the act of robbing graves at New Albany cemetery.

Miss Regina Rothschild will leave Port Townsend, Washington, on March 17 in an attempt to beat Nellie Bly's time in a race around the globe. She will take the Canadian Pacific railway eastward.

The manufacturers of lard in their testimony in Washington admitted that the lard exported is compounded and not genuine lard, but they claim that it is of pure material, and that they now label it as compounded.

A Washington despatch indicates that New England farmers are agitating for more protection against Canadian competition in garden produce; and a special effort is urged against the industrious Canadian hen. Canadian eggs are at present on the free list.

IN GENERAL.

The influenza has been very severe among the British troops in Egypt.

The French finance minister wants $140,000,000 to balance his budget.

Secret negotiations to induce Portugal to propose the Pope as arbitrator of her dispute with Great Britain failed.

Agents of the East African Lakes Co. are said to have provoked the Makololo to make reprisals on the Portuguese.

A terrible famine is feared in Japan. By the abnormal advance in the price of rice dire distress has been caused.

The Kaiser has ordered the preparation of reports on the Labor situation in England and America for comparison.

King Charles of Wurtemburg, who will be 67 on the 6th of March next, is dying. He ascended the throne in 1864.

The Spaniards are alarmed at the intentions of the British Government to build a dry-dock in Port of Gibraltar.

The pope has written the Emperor William a letter of thanks for the law exempting Catholic priests from conscription.

There is said to be an outcry throughout Italy against the expenditure on the army and for a return to the Pope's temporal reign.

It is stated that Russia and the United States have declined to take part in the Emperor of Germany's proposed labor conference.

Lord Knutsford, Colonial Secretary in London, has advised that the royal assent be given to the Victoria (Australia) divorce bill.

A Belgian senator proposes that at the Berlin labor conference a motion should be made recommending a general disarmament by the nations of Europe.

Russia has demanded 3,000,000 roubles from Bulgaria, being the amount due for maintenance of troops during occupation under the Berlin treaty.

Yellow fever is reported to be playing havoc in the province of Para, Brazil. At Cometa one-third of the population has been carried off within six weeks.

The trial of a journalistic blackmailer in Berlin has led to some terrible scandals, in which prominent society people at the German capital are the principals.

Louise Michel, the noted intransigeante, has announced her intention of going out to New Caledonia to nurse the lepers, of whom there are three thousand in the penal colony.

It is stated that the Emperor of Germany has resolved to introduce a complete system of physical culture in addition to mental training in the German system of education.

Emin Pasha writes that he has declined the khedive's offer of the governorship of Eastern Soudan, and that he is resolved to return to Wadelai and reconquer that country for Germany.

The elections for members of the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies have been fixed for March 27. Serpa Pinto and other Portuguese African explorers are favorite candidates of the progressist party.

Undesirable Emigrants.

A kind heart is not always accompanied by a wise head. This statement is borne out by many facts and in particular, by the action of a society of English ladies, who have organized themselves together for the purpose of interviewing criminals, on their release from prison with the view to persuading them to go out to the colonies and lead a life of honesty and usefulness. That they do persuade many to leave the old country is manifest, but that any great proportion of these jail birds keep their promise in the matter of honest work is very doubtful. Only the other day the Montreal authorities had to deal with a trio of these young scoundrels. On pronouncing sentence Judge Dugas referred to the fact of the increasing number of young lads who are sent out to Canada from the old country only to jump into the meshes of the law as soon as they reach the shores of the Dominion. He questioned the wisdom of the so-called philanthropy and remarked, that while it was the means of relieving the old country of its worst criminals it simply foisted them upon us. Canada welcomes any and all good citizens who may feel disposed to make their home among us, but she has scum enough of her own without taking the filth of any other country.

Imperial Federation.

Members of the Imperial Federation League in Canada will be especially interested in a resolution recently passed in the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. At a meeting in December the circular addressed by the Council of the League to the various Chambers of Commerce was considered by the Council of the Birmingham Chamber, and the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That whilst the Council approve of the objects of the Imperial Federation League as set forth in their circular of November 13th last, they are of opinion that the primary essential condition of Imperial Federation is a Customs union of the Empire." This view expressed by such a body confirms and gives an added significance to the strong opinion on the subject expressed in the resolution of the Council of the League in this Country, which went so far as to regret the holding of any Conference "at which the question of inter-Imperial and Colonial trade would not be deemed a question of first-class importance." However prickly a subject, it looks as if there was no likelihood that it would be left untouched in the next Conference for ack of some one bold enough to grasp the nettle.

A Christian Housewife.

"I wonder who lived last in this house," said a gentleman to his better half as they took a survey in company of the house they had just moved into.

"I don't know," replied she; "but the lady, whoever she was, must have been a Christian."

"What makes you think so?" asked he.

"Why," was the reply, "she left no rubbish in the cellar!"

Not a bad guess; for that housewife evidently practiced the Golden Rule.

The slot machine to test your wegiht is one of the weights of the world.

Gilloy's metropolitans, his cream rolls and his brandy snaps are noted for their excellence. The trade at 281 Gerrard east is steadily increasing, owing to the high quality of the goods manufactured. The home-made candy also grown steadily in favor and well deserves such appreciation.

Exasperated by the repeated and flagrant violation of the liquor laws on the part of the saloon keepers of Lathrop, Missouri, some of the women of that little town have taken the law into their own hands and have instituted a crusade against the distributors of their peace and of their homes. The plan of campaign which they have adopted is to enter the saloons and, seizing the vessels containing liquor, to empty them in the streets. They are said to be backed by a considerable portion of the male population, and are setting the officers of the law at defiance. Though the provocation has no doubt been great for what can be more crazing than to see a son dragged down to ruin before his mother's eyes—it is unfortunate that these crusaders should have disregarded the right of protection against house-breaking and stealing which these violators of the liquor laws undoubtedly have. Such illegal proceedings are calculated to do the cause of Temperance more harm than good. No cause is ever permanently advanced or benefitted by unconstitutional and illegitimate methods.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A Novelist for Every Day, Date and Place.

The subject of this sketch was born in England in 1812. His father intended that he should follow the profession of law, but finding after a short trial that the work was distasteful to him, he soon left it for the more interesting duties of reporter on a London newspaper. This position bringing him into daily contact with a large mass of humanity, each individual of which possessed some distinguishing peculiarity, his great power of observation and his rich vein of humor soon suggested to him the idea of contributing to the journal upon which he was employed some of the more prominent traits and eccentricities of people whom he met, under the title of Sketches of Life and Character.

These, written in the free and easy manner so natural to Dickens, attracted considerable attention, and when, a short time after, his Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club came out, it was received with unbounded delight. Everybody was soon talking and laughing over the adventures of Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick. The success this work attained led him to continue his writings, and soon Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Old Curiosity Shop, and Barnaby Rudge followed in rapid succession from his pen. His keen sense of humor, his caricature of all that was eccentric and peculiar, his tender sympathy with all the suffering of the poverty-stricken classes with whom he daily came in contact, and his broad, humane nature, which enabled him to interpret at a glance all the emotions of joy or pathos which filled the human breast, as well as the causes which led thereto, combined at once to make him the most able writer of fiction who had yet appeared before the reading public.

He was an earnest and industrious worker, and volume followed volume with great rapidity from his pen, each succeeding volume seeming better than the last. After completing the above-mentioned works he made a visit to this country where his popularity had preceded him, and upon his return home wrote his remaining books. Martin Chuzzlewit has been regarded as a caricature of Americans and American institutions, holding up as it does against a strong light, many of our national follies and vices. That he exaggerates our follies probably no one will doubt; but it is only in keeping with his general style, for all of his characters are exaggerations. He sets forth prominently the peculiar traits of character and dwarfs into comparative insignificance all that is more common and natural.

Although his humor is of the drollest and bubbles up continually all though his works, it is not to it alone that he is indebted for his great popularity. His plots are all well drawn and his pathos is fully equal if not superior to his humor. Where, in the whole realm of fiction can be found a more touching scene than the death bed of "Little Paul" in Dombey and Son? We do not read of it—we are there in person. We see Floy place her head beside him on the pillow, and we hear him tell her in weak, gentle accents, about the river which flows so rapidly, and which seems bearing him away; we see the sunlight glancing on the walls, we see the heavy silent form lying motionless at the foot of the bed, and we hear the constant tread of footsteps in the street, listening to their echoes as they die away in the distance in an imagination so strong as to seem reality.

The character of Mr. Pegotty in David Copperfield is also a strong one, and the heart of the reader which does not thrill with sympathy for that honest man in his weary wanderings and desolation, should be made of stern stuff indeed. Many other characters are strongly drawn, for instance, Betsey Trotwood, Dr. Strong and James Steerforth, in the same volume. We have all met just such characters in real life, and it is the fact of their resembling so great a degree human beings of the present day which gives to the works of this gifted author their chief charm. We do not feel that they are imaginary characters, they are real persons with whom we have met and been on the most friendly terms.

The broad, kindly, humane character of Charles Dickens is shadowed forth through his works, and we recognize him at once as a friend. We admit him through his works to our fireside circle, happy indeed that so genial a companion should consent to enter our humble dwellings.

LUCIA C. WOODS.

Slavery in Africa.

One suggestion has been made, whih is worth mentioning as coming from an able writer, who, as a negro *pursang*, and acquainted with West Africa, has a special right to be heard on the question. Dr. Blyden suggests the establishment of black regiments with native officers, under, as we understand him, the British flag, to be stationed at important trading centres in the interior. We have been so accustomed by writers like the author of the biography before us to connect slavery and all the miseries of Africa with Islam alone, that we are apt to forget what a large portion of African slavery is carried on among the heathen negro tribes who have nothing to do with Islam at all. It seems, indeed, an inherent propensity of the race.

Prof. Henry Drummond says that you cannot send three negroes with a message but two of them will seize the third man and sell him. And the main object of this domestic slave trade makes it more horrible still, for a large proportion of the victims are purchased for the purpose of sacrifice, not less than half a million of lives, it is said, being thus consumed yearly. It is sometimes suggested that the practice of selling prisoners of war at all events saves them from being massacred, but there does not seem to be much in this argument, since most of the wars are probably undertaken for the sake of capturing slaves.

It is obvious, firstly from the vast extent of the regions involved, that the internal slave trade could never be counteracted by such means as the armed headquarters suggested. The best hope, probably, lies in the gradual operation of the great chartered companies, as the British East African and the Niger Company, who will encourage legitimate industry and, especially if backed up when needful by our own Government, will make war more difficult for the tribes under their control.

Everything is twice as large, measured on a 3-year-old's 3-feet scale as on a 30-year-old's 6-feet scale.—[O. W. Holmes.

The very consciousness of trying for real excellence in anything is a great support. It takes the sting from failure and doubles the joy of success.

LORD AND LADY.

A Romance of the British Peerage.

A London special says: The young Countess Russell has recovered from the results of her fall downstairs and the happy pair have proceeded on their honeymoon. There is a romantic story connected with their marriage, which reads thus: Earl Russell is a partner in the electrical works at Teddington, near the house in which Lady Scott lives, and is an enthusiastic worker in the business, which he constantly supervises. Lady Scott ordered some electrical fittings at the works and Lord Russell took a gang of men over to the house and set to work, dressed in ordinary mechanic fashion, as foreman of the gang. When lunch time came the men were set down to refresh themselves in the servant's hall and his lordship sat down quietly with the rest to eat. However, "Baby" Scott, as the young heiress of the house was called, had noticed the superior bearing and manners of the supposed young foreman and begged her mother to ask him to lunch in the parlor. At first the old lady was indignant at the idea of bringing a mere paid foreman into a position of temporary equality, but in the end gave way to "Baby's pleadings, and the supposed workman was promoted to the upper chamber, where he made himself so much at home that he won the heart of the young lady, who, in a romantic mood, suffered the handsome young mechanic to whisper in her ear while she blushed responsively. Clandestine meetings followed with the usual result. The young couple met, loved and were plighted before Lady Scott was aware of her daughter's rash folly. When a rumor of the state of things reached the maternal ear, her ladyship hurried off to the electrical works on vengeance bent and enquired of the first man she met for the audacious young foreman. "Foreman, my lady," answered the workman. "Bless your heart, my lady. That w-want no foreman, that's our master." "Then your master is a very impudent, presuming fellow," cried her ladyship in a rage. "What's his name?" "Hearl Russell, my lady, and a right down good one he is, too, and knows his trade as if he weren't no lord at all, but a real knight of labor." The old lady was thunderstruck, and the next time the earl met his loved one he was reproached with his stratagem. The earl excused himself on the old plea that he wanted to be loved for himself alone, without the glamor of rank and riches. The maiden asked him if he was convinced of her truth. He answered in the legitimate manner, and together they faced the mother, who received them graciously, protesting that she had seen his native nobility through the coarse disguise of a fustian jacket. Then came a formal betrothal, then the wedding, afterwards the accident, and now the honeymoon. Lady Russell is a very pretty blonde and only 21.

A Dog's Value to a Railroad.

A valuable railroad "hand," who, in spite of his services, probably receives no salary, is thus described in the *Scientific American*. He resides at Salida, Col., and belongs to an engineer of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad:

"Napoleon has been engaged for the last two and a half years in helping his master run locomotive No. 86. His apprenticeship began at the age of 6 months, and he can now go into the round-house, where twenty-eight engines are kept, single out and mount his own machine, and, in the absence of his master and the fireman, defend it against all intruders. He rides on the fireman's side of the cab, with both his front paws and his head hanging out of the window, intently watching the track.

"He often scents cattle at a long distance. When they appear in sight he becomes greatly excited and looks first at them and then at his master, as though trying to make the latter understand the gravity of the situation.

"On a nearer approach to them he gives a cry similar to that of a human being. If it is necessary to come to a full stop he bounds out of the cab, runs ahead, and drives the trespassers out of harm's way.

"When it is desirable to communicate with the pumping-stations, frequently at long distances from the track, a note is written and given to the dog, who delivers it and speedily returns with a reply.

"He readily interprets signals to start from his own engine, but pays no more attention to the whistles and bells of other locomotives than to the cattle which are safely grazing by the roadside. If accidentally left at any of the stations he returns to Salida by the next train."

Little Things of Importance.

If you are a moderate drinker never take a cocktail before breakfast to brace up on. Liquor on an empty stomach acts as slow poison to the digestive organs.

If you are a literary man, always place your name and address legibly on one of the upper corners of the first page of your MS. Your accompanying note may readily become lost or mislaid, especially in handling a large mail; but if necessary directions be placed on MS. itself, the editor will never be a loss how to communicate with you.

If you are a dog-owner, don't give your dog sulphur in his water, with the idea that you will do him any good; though, if you disobey this injunction, you may comfort yourself with the reflection that you have done him no harm. Brimstone is insoluble in water, and passes through the system without any medicinal effect what ever.

If you are a nervous man, don't borrow trouble. People are rarely driven insane by actual sorrows, but the anticipation of them. The greatest calamity is not so maddening as the undefined. I have had a great deal of trouble in this life" said a wise man, "and most of it never came." Wait until it comes, and maybe it won't come at all.

If you are a smoker and don't own a cigar case, carry your cigars in your upper waistcoat pocket, on the left, with the mouth-end down. The constant motion of the right arm (presuming you are right-handed) is sure to crush the tobacco or loosen the wrapper, if the cigar be on the the right side, and the same result is more readily attained with the unlighted end. If you have to let a cigar go out, *do not spit* in the last puff, but blow it through the burning end. This expels the nicotine that would otherwise gather at the mouth, and prevents the cigar from having a rank taste. Indeed, smokers question whether a cigar is not improved by this method of reducing it to an "old soldier."

JUST BY CHANCE.

A day and night in Isaac Rawson were drawing to a close together. The rays of the setting sun crept into the room where the dying man lay, and he watched them intently until they faded away. He knew he would never see them again.

Death had confronted the old lawyer suddenly. His energies, overtaxed through a long life devoted to ceaseless money-getting, had collapsed in an instant almost, and left that which we call life without the support necessary for its further continuance.

"He cannot live through the night, probably the end is not more than a few hours distant," the old family physician had said but a few minutes before, when the son who now sat by his father's bedside asked what the chances were.

The son sat with bowed head. His features were composed in an expression of decorous grief; his hands were folded upon his lap, and at almost regular intervals he sighed. Had he raised his head, it would have appeared that there was not the suspicion of a tear in his eyes, and that there lingered in their depths a look of quiet satisfaction which the lines of sorrow that were set upon his face could not entirely hide.

Perhaps the fact that he knew himself to be the sole heir to his father's wealth had something to do with shaping the younger man's inner feelings. Some hearts are ruled by the desire for personal gain rather than by affection.

"Robert."

Scarcely above a whisper the single word came from the colourless lips of the old man. The man at the bedside started slightly, as one who is suddenly aroused from thought that has carried him far away from present surroundings.

Then he turned and answered—

"Yes, father; what do you wish?"

"I have been thinking of your brother, Robert. I fear that after all I should not have treated him as I did."

The old man paused, exhausted by the effort which the words had cost him. An expression that was unpleasant to see flitted across the younger man's features, but in an instant it was gone again.

"I know that I have but a short time to live," resumed the old man, "and things appear to me in a different light. It was heartless in me to disinherit and disown Jack because he married according to his own wishes instead of my dictates. I shall change my will; there is enough for you both. Each shall have half, and I shall die happier."

"Yes, father."

The words came gently from the son's lips; the look on his face would have surprised the father could he have seen it. But the gloom was thickening, and his half-closed eyes did not see.

"Draw up the will as I wish it, quickly, while I have yet the strength left me to sign," directed the dying man.

Robert went to a table near by, lit a gas jet and began to write, not at all hastily.

"Why are you so long about it? A few words will certainly be enough," impatiently exclaimed the old man after the son had been busy what seemed to be a very long time.

"I shall be done directly. There, I am through," replied the son, as he rose and handed what he had written to his father.

"That is right," was all the latter said after he had read the will. Then he took the pen from his son's hand and with a great effort signed his name.

"Now call Hannah and Jane, and let them bear witness to my signature."

He called the housekeeper and cook, and they also signed.

"Now go to my desk and take the old will and burn it. You will find it in the little drawer to the right."

Robert went to the desk, took a folded paper from the drawer indicated, held it in the gas flame until it was well ablaze and threw it upon the open fireplace, where it lay a moment later a charred mass.

"There; it is not so hard to die now," whispered the dying man. "I feel that I cannot live until Jack could be sent for; but I want you, Robert, to go to him this very night and tell him that my heart was not steeled against him to the end. Tell him of the will which——"

Isaac Rawson ceased speaking and lay motionless. He was dead.

* * * * * *

It is not yet midnight when Robert enters a train that will take him to the city where his brother Jack lives; for has not his father with his dying breath told him to go to his brother this very night? Who would fail to respect the last wishes of one now dead? Surely not a son.

The city where Jack lives is not far distant; but there is a river to cross on the way. As the train rumbles slowly across the bridge, Robert pauses in the task of trimming his finger nails in which he is apparently deeply engrossed, and looks out of the window down upon the dark waters below in which the stars, reflected, gleam.

A thought comes to him, which, though spontaneous in itself, is but the culmination of what has been passing in his mind ever since his father's death.

He takes from his breast pocket a folded paper on which the writing is but a few hours old. This he wraps about the handle of the knife he holds in his hand. Then he shuts the blade so that the paper is held firmly. With a careless movement he lays the hand holding the knife upon the edge of the window. When he withdraws the hand a moment later, it is empty. The knife is a heavy one, and will go straight to the bottom, and with it the paper wrapped about it. The waters often give up their dead, but inanimate objects of value they hold within their depths for ever.

* * * * * *

It is a week later. The will of Isaac Rawson is to be read in the presence of those interested. It is a mere formality, of course, for other than his two sons the testator left no kin. The sons both know what they will hear. Robert at least knows, and Jack may surmise. And yet, who knows what may happen during the few hours that must elapse before the will is opened and read?

"You are early. Mr. Drew will not be here for half an hour yet," are Robert's first words to his brother Jack as the latter enters the house of which Robert already considers himself the sole owner.

"I thought it best to have a few words with you before Mr. Drew arrives," is Jack's reply.

Mr. Drew is the lawyer to whom the necessary legal transactions in connection with the will have been entrusted.

"You told me that father had said something about a new will just before he died; but that none but the old one, made fifteen years ago, could be found," remarks Jack to his brother when they are seated a moment later.

The remark is made with an interrogative inflection, so that Robert feels impelled to reply.

"Yes; no other will was found, though I searched everywhere. Father's mind must have been wandering when he spoke of another will."

"Possibly; still you probably didn't think of searching the river," is Jack's next remark.

Robert turns pale; then the blood surges back and his face becomes almost purple.

"What are you driving at?" he asks.

The words come like gasps.

"Only this. On the night when you came to tell me of father's death, some young men were returning from a fishing trip on the river. Just as they were rowing under the bridge, a missile thrown from above struck one of them on the back and fell to the bottom of the boat. See, this is quite a heavy knife, and if a piece of paper hadn't been wraped about it, it might have hurt the young man it struck quite severely. The young man happens to be an acquaintance of mine. He thinks the knife was dropped by some one in a train that was crossing the bridge just then. Now I merely wish to suggest that, when Mr. Drew comes, we give into his hands this document which fell into my friend's boat, and that we say nothing about the old will at all. How does the proposition suit you?"

Free Education in England.

The proposal to establish free education in England, which Lord Salisbury favors, is not proving to be very acceptable in some quarters, and especially among the Wesleyans. This denomination has three or four normal schools for training teachers in the country, and at one of their annual meetings held a few days ago the projected free education scheme was very strongly opposed. The principal of one of the normal schools, Rev. Dr. Greeves, took the ground that the tone of national education would be lowered by the operation of the system of free schools, that parental responsibility would be lessened, and that there would be strikes and demonstrations on the part of the children. As to its probable effects upon the Wesleyans, he believed that it would destroy many of their schools, lower the standing of the scholar and the tone of education in all the best voluntary schools, and reduce enormously the large amount now received in those schools for the express purpose of keeping them independent of local control. When Mr. Forster's Elementary Education Act was passed in 1870 the Methodists came to two conclusions, this reverend doctor said, the first of which was to stand resolutely to their own Wesleyan day schools, and the other to seek to establish undenominational schools within a reasonable distance of each family in the country. It would have been folly, he said, to part with their schools in 1870; it would be madness to do so now. The principal of another of those training schools, Rev. Dr. Rigg, was not less outspoken in his opposition to free education, partly because of its effect on the schools of the denomination, but chiefly because in his opinion it would be a retrograde step. And in support of this view he quoted a few exceptional extracts from a recent report of the Commissioner of Education at Washington. The President of the Conference also joined in condemnation of the proposed free system and declared that as Wesleyans "they were strongly pledged to the maintenance of voluntary schools and to the support especially of their own Wesleyan schools." What a pity that on a subject of this importance the Wesleyans of England could not have the benefit of the advice of their brethren in Ontario, where for many years the people have enjoyed a system of free education, established under the direction of an able Methodist minister. Another view of the matter is taken by Dr. Perceval, head master at Rugby, who stated his conviction to be that the truly Conservative policy was not to resist the democratic wave, but so to meet it as to ride upon it safely rather than be overwhelmed. He felt that if the system of free education was to be adopted, undenominational schools should be placed within the reach of all parents, and he expressed a hope that the clergy and other supporters of church schools might see the advisability of adopting a conciliatory policy on the point.

THE CONGO RAILROAD.

Two Thousand Workmen Will Be Digging as Soon as the Favorable Season Opens.

Work on the Congo Railroad will be pushed vigorously as soon as the favorable season opens, when there will be gathered at Matadi and its environs about 2,000 workmen under the direction of forty to sixty white men. *Le Mouvement Geographique* says that the railroad company has already selected its type of rails, switches, locomotives, and other equipment for the road. Several months ago the well-known Zanzibar trader, Swea-Hadji, arrived in Brussels at the request of the railroad company, and signed a contract to supply a large number of workmen for the road. Since then he has engaged 1,200 freemen of Zanzibar for the company, and they have already started for the Congo by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The rest of the force will soon be on the way to the river.

There are now 250 laborers on the ground who are engaged on the first section of the route under the direction of the first party of engineers that left Belgium over two months ago. Some of the workmen are native Congoese, and the others were engaged in Sierra Leone and Liberia. The second brigade of engineers, with a force of white assistants, including a dozen miners, sailed for the Congo a few days ago.

Why They Don't Speak Now.

"Why Lizzie, where have you kept yourself so long?"

"We haven't seen each other for a long while."

"No. I was inquiring about you the other day and I was told you were married, but, of course that's nonsense."

"It's the truth, my dear."

"Gracious me!"

"Yes, dear, and my husband is very rich."

"Very rich! Then he must be very old."

A community is in a hopeless condition when its dead men refuse to be buried.

Death of an Ex-Vizier.

Turkey has lost a distinguished statesman by the death of Khereddin Pasha, who held the seals of office of Grand Vizier in the troubled period of the Russo-Turkish war. His life was one of those romances only possible in the land of the "Arabian Nights." Khereddin was born a slave, about sixty-six years ago, and, after a series of remarkable adventures and struggles entered the Tunisian civil service, and eventually became Minister of Marine. From 1873 to 1877 he officiated as prime Minister, and then he transferred his services to the Porte, where he soon received high preferment. Towards the end of 1878 he became Grand Vizier, and retained office for over a year.

A Little Off.

Smith—Ah, one moment!

Jones—What is it, Smith?

Smith—Yesterday I took off my hat to a young lady whom I took to be your sistah. If—ah—if it was some body else, please express my regets to your sistah.

Famous Women.

It is a significant fact that most women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs," have enjoyed vigorous health. This shows that the mind is never capable of the severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The woman who aspires to fill an exalted place among her associates, must be free from nervous debiliy and female weakness. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescripton will banish these, and it is warranted to restore those functional harnonies which are indispensable to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women it is unequaled.

Dime museums that advertise for midgets are in mitey small business.

Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recall many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge, old-fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

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There is a time no voice can teach,
There is a chain no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later that time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in helpless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands every year go untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days by heedful, timely care. For the failing strength the weakening organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, thereby fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

When a man's ignorance bears testimony he believes that which contradicts it to be a lie.

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young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to isanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Fron St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A.P. 492

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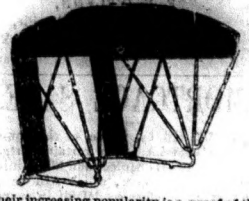

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Time Table.

Leave Trenton for Picton	7:35 a m	1:00 p m
Arrive at Picton	9:44 a m	3:10 p m
Leave Picton for Trenton	9:50 a m	3:45 p m
Arrive at Trenton	10:10 a m	5:15 p m
Leave Trenton for Coe Hill	9:30 a m	3:30 p m
Leave Agnes (Mid. Ry Junction)	10:30 a m	5:30 p m
Arrive C P R Junction		6:00 p m
Leave C P R Junction	11:00 a m	6:35 p m
Arrive at Coe Hill	1 30 p m	8 p m
Leave Coe Hill for Trenton	8:30 a m	3:30 p m
Arrive C P R Junction	5 a m	4 30 p m
Leave C P R Junction	8 10 a m	4 30 p m.
Leave Agnes, Mid. Ry Junction	8 45 a m	4 57 p m
Arrive Trenton	9 35 a m	5 45 p m

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MADOC, MARCH 13, 1890.

TWO-ROWED BARLEY.

The following circular below printed, copies of which we have received from the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, from Hon. M. Bowell, and also from Hon. Senator Flint, will be of unusual interest to our farmer readers, and, we think, fully explains itself. This barley is universally recommended, and the Dominion Government is to be commended in thus placing it within the reach of the farmers of Canada at the lowest possible cost. We would advise our farmer friends to send for a bag, and we think all who do so will find it a more profitable investment, and certainly more honest and honorable, than encouraging such schemes as the hull-less oat swindle. The following gives full particulars:—

The Government of Canada, on the recommendation of the Minister of Agriculture has agreed to place in the estimates a sum to provide for the purchase and distribution of two-rowed barley for seed, to be supplied to the farmers of the Dominion at cost.

In furtherance of this object the Minister of Agriculture has purchased 10,000 bushels of "Carter's Prize Prolific" barley from the well-known seed establishment of James Carter and Co., of London, England. This variety of two-rowed barley—a recently improved strain of the Chevalier type—ranks high in Great Britian for malting purposes, and has been pronounced by experts as one of the best sorts obtainable. It has been awarded many prizes and was given the first prize at the Windsor Royal Agricultural Show last year. It is very prolific, has stout, bright straw and long, heavy heads, usually averaging under good cultivation, about forty grains per head. It may be sown thinner than less vigorous growing sorts, one and a half bushels per acre is considered sufficient. This variety was grown from samples distributed from the Central Experimental Farm, in the barley districts of Ontario, and in other parts of the Dominion, during the past somewhat unfavourable season, weighing from 54 to 56 lbs. per bushel; samples of which have been submitted to experts in England, who have pronounced them to be good, marketable specimens of malting barley, which would command at present from 38s. to 40s. per quarter of 448 lbs., in the English market, equal to 99 cts. to $1.04 respectively for the Canadian bushel of 48 lbs.

This "Prize Prolific" barley—for which Carter's catalogue price is 10s. 6d. stg. per bushel, of 56 lbs.—will be offered to the farmers of Canada in bags of two English bushels (112 lbs.), one bag to each individual, at four dollars per bag. At this price the barley will be delivered to the nearest railway station so that farmers in every province may obtain it at a uniform rate.

Those who desire to participate in this distribution should send their applications at once, with four dollars enclosed, to the undersigned, giving the name and Post Office address plainly, and the name of the nearest railway station. The names of those who remit will be entered in the order in which they are received, and the distribution made in the same order as far as possible, having regard to the requirements of the several provinces. Should the applications exceed the supply, those who apply last will have their money refunded, but if the quantity imported should be greater than the demand, on the basis of a two bushel distribution, then the applications of those who may has asked for larger quantities will be considered, and the remaining stock apportioned among such applicants.

WM. SAUNDERS.
Director Experimental Farms,
Ottawa.

Horse thieves are operating in many portions of Eastern Ontario.

There are fourteen patients in the Belleville hospital, and nine in the "home for the friendless."

Lumber camps in North Hastings are breaking up on account of so much water in the swamps. There is very little snow.

A great many auction sales are occurring in the surrounding district; the hard times are compelling farmers to part with their stock and other property.

Miss Bessie H Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED, A FARM.

ABOUT 100 acres, near the Village of Madoc, on lease for a term of years, with option of purchase at expiration of term. Apply with particulars, by letter, to

"REVIEW OFFICE,"
50-3w Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE N. W. ¼ of lot No. 4, 5th concession of Madoc, known as the old O'Hara homestead, containing 50 acres, all of which is in a first-class state of cultivation, within sight of Madoc village. Will be sold cheap for cash.

Also for sale, 1 horse, 6 years old; 1 mare, 7 years old; 1 two-year-old Percheron stallion. Apply to

H. S. O'HARA.
50-2mos. On the premises.

Village Taxes!

NOTICE.

ALL taxes due the Village of Madoc must be paid to the undersigned on or before Tuesday, April 1st, 1890, or costs will be added in every instance.

ALEX. WRIGHT,
50-3w Collector.

RARE OPPORTUNITY!

FOR SALE.

THAT Beautiful Chestnut Stallion "Young Extra," 8 years old, lately owned by Stephen Fulton. The horse may be seen at the Gibson House stables. For terms and other information apply to

F. E. O'FLYNN,
Barrister, Belleville, or to
A. ROBERTSON,
50-2w Bailiff.

MORTGAGE SALE.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, made by James H. Kinloch and Effie Kinloch, his wife, to the vendor, which will be produced at time of sale, default in payment having been made, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the

Continental Hotel, Madoc Village

in the County of Hastings, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., on

SATURDAY, 12th APRIL, '90

the following farm property, namely:—

North range or north half of lot No. 18 in the 3rd concession of the Township of Tyendinaga, in the County of Hastings, subject to two prior encumbrances.

The above is one of the best farms in Tyendinaga, and is well improved.

Terms of sale, 10 per cent. cash at time of sale, balance within 30 days unless otherwise arranged.

Dated at Madoc, this 10th day of March, '90.

D. E. K. STEWART,
50-5w Vendor's Solicitor.

Notice of Assignment.

IN THE MATTER OF

Willis W. Hudgins, of the Village of Madoc,

in the County of Hastings, Grocer.

NOTICE is hereby given that the above named Willis W. Hudgins has made an assignment to me under the provisions of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 124, of all his estate and effects, in trust for the benefit of all his creditors.

A meeting of the creditors of the said estate is hereby convened and will be held at the office of my Solicitor, O'Flynn's Block, Madoc, on

Tuesday the 18th of March, instant,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purposes of appointing inspectors and the giving of directions as to the disposal of the said estate.

All creditors are hereby requested to file their claims with my Solicitor as directed by the said Statute on or before the day of said meeting; and notice is also given that on the 1st of April, 1890, I will proceed to distribute all the said assets among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims which shall have been duly proved, and that I will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim I have not then have had notice.

Dated this 6th day of March, A.D. 1890.

JAMES C. DALE,
Assignee, Madoc, Ont.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
Solicitor for Assignee,
No. 2, Graham Block, Belleville.

Farm for Sale or Rent.

THE East Half of Lot No. 19, in the 9th Concession of Madoc.

For particulars apply to

R. R. CASEMENT,
49-tf Madoc, Ont.

H. C. BROWN,

—AGENT FOR—

Manufacturers' Life and Accident

INSURANCE Co.

Fire Insurance Association.

NORWICH UNION

—AND—

CITY OF LONDON

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

OFFICE—Next to Peter Sinclair's harness shop 49-1y

MORTGAGE SALE!

UNDER and by virtue of certain powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage made by John Powers (which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale) there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserved bid, at

STANLICK'S HOTEL, ORMSBY

(Rathbun Station) in the Township of Limerick, in the County of Hastings, on

FRIDAY, the 28th day of MARCH

A. D., 1890, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Lots number 29 and 30 in the 10th concession of the Township of Dungannon, and Lots number 48 and 49 east of the Hastings Road, in the said Township of Dungannon. The said lots contain 300 acres more or less. This farm is said to contain 360 acres. The property is known as the Powers farm, and has a frame house, with barns, on the premises. This is one of the best farms in the north part of the County.

Terms of payment are liberal, 10 per cent. to be paid in cash at the time of purchase and the balance, unless otherwise arranged for, within 30 days. For further particulars apply to

F. E. O'FLYNN,
No. 2 Graham Block, Belleville,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated at Belleville this 27th day of February, A. D., 1890. 49-4w

OF COURSE NOT!

You don't expect to borrow money and be paid for the borrowing. You pay interest when you borrow.

BUT, LOOK AT THIS!

A merchant's money is locked up in his goods, his actual invested capital, without interest.

IN OTHER WORDS

Can you buy on credit without paying more for the goods, by way of interest?

NO, YOU CAN'T.

If you want to get the actual worth of cash spent, you must buy at

A STRAIGHT CASH STORE.

The credit busines must get it out of you, in higher prices, in less quantity, or inferior quality.

The best goods for the lowest cash prices, is our motto.

GRAY & McGREGOR.

NEW GOODS!

New Goods in great variety at

Wilson's Drug and Book Store,

Miscellaneous books suitable for presents or school prizes.

PLUSH AND LEATHER

FANCY GOODS and TOYS.

The Largest Assortment in Madoc of Photo and Autograph Albums, Children's Books, &c.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

School Books and School Supplies at Publishers prices, as usual.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

No trouble to show goods.

WILSON'S

Durham Street, Madoc.

Clearing Out Sale!

Selling off without reserve!

Everything marked down!

At the "People's Store," Eldorado.

S. F. WEAVER.

Full particulars next week.

WALL P-A-P-E-R-S

We have pleasure in again announcing the arrival of our new stock of Wall Paper and Borderings for spring, in all the latest designs.

5,000 ROLLS.

100 Different Patterns to Select from.

PRICES VERY LOW!

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, March 4, 1890. **POST OFFICE BLOCK.**

W. S. LEACH

(Successor to Dr. Loomis)

Is prepared to bear sympathy with the public in general for hard times.

Therefore you can get

GREAT BARGAINS!

in all kinds of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES

SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
COAL OIL,

PERFUMERIES, &c., AT

W. S. LEACH'S,

Victoria Block.—Loomis' Old Stand,
MADOC.

N. B.—We are sole agents in Madoc for Balsam Tulu and Lightning Pain Reliever, the best remedies known for the grip.

Madoc Roller Mills

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

See the great reduction in the price of flour and feed at the Madoc Roller Mills.

No. 1 straight roller flour,	$2.25 per cwt
Cracked Peas or Oats,	1.00 "
Bran	65 "
Shorts	80 "

These are close prices, and are for cash only.

Highest Price paid for Wheat.

Flour given in exchange for wheat.

Cracking done on shortest notice.

FRED. ROLLINS.

FARMS FOR SALE.

LOT No. 2, 11th con. of Madoc, containing 123 acres, and west half of lot 3, 1st concession of Elzevir, containing 100 acres. Both situated on the gravel road, distant from Madoc 4½ miles; from Bridgewater 3 miles. On Madoc lot is a good frame house and frame barn, with cow stable attached for 15 head; sixty acres cleared, the balance well timbered with hard and soft wood. On the Elzevir lot about 65 acres are cleared, balance well timbered, good soil, and in a good state of cultivation; unfinished frame house. These lots will be sold together or separately, to suit purchaser. Part of purchase money can remain on mortgage for a term of years as may be agreed upon. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to the undersigned, on the premises, or to Madoc post office.

JOHN DUGGAN.
Madoc, January 20th, 1890. 43-tf

E. HILL

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,

DRY GOODS

—AT—

AWAY DOWN PRICES.

TERMS CASH.

Eggs, Butter, &c., taken in Exchange.

October, 1889.

NOTICE.

AT the next meeting of the Municipal Council of the Township of Wollaston to be held at Coe Hill, April 28th, a By-law will be brought forward to open and establish a public road in the above township, as follows:—Commencing at the north west corner of Lot 29 in the 4th concession, there leaving the concession line between 4th and 5th concessions, and running southward for a distance of 56 rods along the side line between lots 29 and 30, it there connects with the present traveled road running eastward across lot 29 in the 4th concession.

A. HERBERT WANE,
Township Clerk.
The Ridge, Feb. 15th, 1890. 47-4

MEN wanted to travel, post and distribute circulars, samples, etc., for reliable firm; local or travelling; $75 per month and expenses paid; no extra charge for outfit. Permanent employment to the right men. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. GUYOT FRERE, 389 Commerce street, Philadelphia, Pa. We guarantee what we advertise. Write Rochester Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. (This house is reliable.)

Important Announcement.

$18,000.00

Eighteen Thousand Dollars worth of Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, Boot and Shoes, Groceries, &c., to be sold at Cost and less.

We have decided to go out of business, and will offer our whole stock at cost until it is sold. This is a chance that cash buyers do not often get, to purchase goods at wholesale prices at retail.

OUR STOCK IS WELL ASSORTED!

We had placed our orders for spring goods before we decided to close up the business. We have all the novelties for spring.

THE SALE WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY MARCH 8th, 1890.

☞ It will be to buyers interest to call early, before stock is broken.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Latest Local News.

☞ Finnan Haddie at D. W. Wright's.

—O'Hara has another "cut" for the benefit of his customers. See new advt. this week.

—Mr. Henry S. O'Hara offers his farm for sale, also some stock. See advt. in this issue.

—An advertiser wants to rent a farm, near this village. Send particulars to this office.

—The Feeney mill property, at Moira lake, will be sold by auction on the 28th March.

—F. E. O'Flynn, barrister, advertises a fine horse for sale. See advt. in another column.

—Mr. John Lynch, of Madoc township, had a leg broken on Tuesday while hauling logs to a sawing machine.

—More rain this week. It was expected, because a few days ago we had some of the coldest weather of the winter.

☞ Groceries, crockery, boots and shoes at prices that beat them all, at D. W. Wright's.

—Mr. W. W. Hudgins, of this village, has made an assignment to J. C. Dale, assignee, for the general benefit of his creditors.

—Miss Nellie, eldest daughter of G. W. Easterbrook, Esq., of Tweed, was married to Mr. G. C. Martin, merchant, of that village, on the 26th ult.

—Burglars broke open the window of Mr. Thos. Tucker's watchmaking establishment on Tuesday night, but did not succeed in getting any valuables.

☞ We have a few more pair of those overshoes which we are selling at $1.25 per pair. —D. W. Wright.

—Dale's "Closing Out Sale" has struck the public where it is most susceptible—the pocket. The sale is genuine, and all goods will be found reduced.

—An interesting letter from our former townsman, Mr. Wellington Bristol, describing a section of the North West Territory, where he is located, will be found in this issue.

—Miss Elliott's dog, "Dandy," was poisoned by some person on Sunday last. He died that evening. It will not be well for the party to have Miss Elliott find out their name.

☞ Sugar cured hams, sugar cured roll bacon, short cut pork, at D. W. Wright's.

—"*Grip*," Canada's only funny paper, came to hand last week in a handsome new cover and improved appearance generally. It well deserves the support it apparently recieves from the Canadian public.

—The Kingston *Whig* complains of money letters addressed to that office going astray. A money letter has little chance of passing Kingston. There is need of a complete upheaval in the management of postal affairs in the Kingston district.

—Mr. William Cross, book-keeper for Watson's agricultural works, of Ayr, is in the village this week, visiting friends. He has just spent a couple of months at the Dansville, N. Y., Sanitorium, and is much improved in health.

—Mr. Kirkconnell, assistant High School teacher, leaves Madoc this week for Port Hope, where he will take a similar position, but with a much higher salary. His successor here will be selected from a large number of first-class applicants for the position.

—The village Collector, Mr. Alex. Wright, gives notice in our advertising columns this week that all taxes remaining unpaid after the 1st of April will have costs added in every instance. This is right; taxes should be paid in before that date if they are to be paid at all.

—Mr. J. B. Church, the future Mayor of Maynooth, was in the village this week. He entertained his friends to some rare stories of that northern country, one of which was the thrilling account of a trip down the York Branch on an iceberg. Mr. Church's appearance would indicate that that country agrees with him.

☞ Fur cape left in the Presbytetian church, at S. S. Convention. Owner may have same by applying to R. McGee.

A Great Sale.

Mr. S. F. Weaver, of "The People's Store," Eldorado, announces a great sale of staple goods now going on at the above establishment. Fuller particulars next week.

Crowded Out.

A sudden rush of new advertisements this week has crowded out some correspondence and other reading matter. The advertisements will, however, be found of importance.

New Grocery.

Messrs. F. G. Sherwood & Co. announce the opening of their "Wonderful Cheap Grocery Store," in this issue. They will be found first door south of M. Pope & Co.'s Wonderful Cheap Dry Goods Store, next to the Victoria Block.

Bargain Days.

Miss. Elliott has introduced a new departure in her business in Madoc, by adopting the "special bargain day" feature, so popular in large cities. Commencing on the 18th instant., Tuesdays and Fridays of each week will be special bargain days in her establishment, and on these days all goods will be sold at a great reduction from regular prices. New advertisement next week.

Burned Out.

On Thursday last Mr. Robert Kineer, an old man who has resided alone in the Allen Settlement for some years, under the care of the Council, had his home entirely consumed by fire, saving only the clothes which were on his back. The fire caught by some means from the stove, early in the morning, and the old man had not even time to put on his boots, in consequence of which his feet were frozen when he made his way to a neighbors. Mr. W. J. Allen brought him to the village on Saturday, and had him sent to the Hospital at Belleville, for care and treatment.

Church Dedication.

Methodism is steadily advancing on the Madoc District. On the first day of December, 1889, a beautiful church was dedicated to the worship of God in Coe Hill. This was the first church of any denomination erected in the township of Wollaston. On the first Sabbath in the present month, the second church in the township, located at the "Nugents" appointment on the Coe Hill mission, was dedicated. The Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., preached and conducted the dedicatory services. This edifice, so far as the interior is concerned is a perfect little gem. The pulpit, pews and wainscotting are of native woods, ash and birch, oiled and varnished, which with papered walls and tinted ceiling give it a very chaste and beautiful appearance. On Monday evening, the 3rd inst., a most successful dedicatory tea was held. The church was crowded to its uttermost capacity. The bill of fare provided by the ladies of the congregation was of the choicest quality and more than ample in quantity. The pastor, Rev. J. X. Moran, through whose untiring zeal and persevering efforts both of these churches have been built during the present conference year, occupied the chair. Excellent music was furnished by the choir, Miss Bunton presiding at the organ. A couple of recitations were rendered in admirable style by the Rev. Geo. Nickle, of Chandos mission, and appropriate addresses were given by several gentlemen of Coe Hill, the Rev. Mr. Seaborn, and the District Chairman, Rev. Mr. Lambly. The cash proceeds of these services were $70.00, completely covering the cost of the church, and leaving a few dollars in the hands of the Treasurer. Coe Hill Methodism has now an excellent parsonage, and two as beautiful and comfortable churches as can be found anywhere north of Madoc.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

LUMBER FOR SALE.

A LARGE quantity of dry pine lumber for sale at the G. T. R. station.

30 JEFFERSON CAVERLY.
Madoc, Oct. 23.

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP GROCERY STORE!

F. C. SHERWOOD & Co., MADOC.

Wish to announce to the public of Madoc and surrounding country that they have opened a well-assorted stock of new fresh Groceries, one door south of M. Pope & Co.'s Wonderful Cheap Dry Goods Store, which they are offering to the public at extraordinary low prices. A cordial invitation is extended to all to call and inspect our stock, as we consider it a pleasurp to show our goods.

Our motto is to sell our goods for cash, quick sales and small profits, same price to old and young. Call early.

Respectfully yours,

F. C. SHERWOOD & Co.

The Wonderful Cheap Store!

MADOC, ONT.

The proprietors of the Wonderful Cheap Store wish to announce to their many friends, and the public in general, that in future the above-mentioned business will be carried on under the name and style of "M. Pope & Co." and they also wish to state that they intend to give even better bargains in the future than they have ever done in the past. Thanking our many friends and customers for their liberal patronage in the past, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

See new advertisement in a week or two.

M. POPE & Co.

STOCK-TAKING SALE!

—AT—

THE 4 BIG

MADOC.

This cheap sale will positively end the 1st Feb., and until then you can get the best bargains ever offered in the following lines of first-class goods, as they must be sold at any price. Take advatage of this sale and secure some cheap bargains. It is impossible to give you prices in this space or I would gladly do so, but I will give you a few of the lines in which the greatest slaughter will be made:—

Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Men's Overcoats, Boys' Overcoats, Full Cloth Pants, Cotton and Tweed Pants, Top Shirts, Undershirts and Drawers, Knitted Jackets, Caps, Socks, Shawls, Flannels, Dress Goods, Shirtings, Full Cloths, and Tweeds.

Come at Once and have First Choice.

T. McNAMARA.

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XIX.

My first impulse was to make at once for the Halfway House on the chance of finding Psyche there; but a moment's reflection convinced me that those who had had the cunning to devise this scheme of abduction would never have the folly to carry the girl to a place where she would certainly be sought. Would it not be better, I asked myself, to go at once to Bonport whither she would more probably be taken, and set the police to search for her.

As I stood by the open wicket irresolute as to which course it was advisable to take, I heard the sound of a heavy slouching step upon the road. I had listened to such a sound too recently to be mistaken. It was old Peter, and one part of my hypothesis was faulty—he had not lent a hand in carrying Psyche away. And what was more, it looked as if he doubted the success of that enterprise; for, coming in front of the house, he stopped and cast his eyes at the door and the upper windows, scratching his stubby jaw with his hooked fingers dubitatingly.

Standing by the wicket, at the side of the house, a shrub screened me, and a fir in the front garden threw a deep shadow on the narrow path. I scarcely breathed. He moved on slowly, and presently the rustling of corn told me that he had turned down by the edge of the field and was skirting the holly hedge. Stepping lightly along the garden path, I followed the rustling of the corn till it stopped. Then I heard him parting the holly with the attempt to see into the garden. He spent a few minutes in this endeavor, and then giving it up with a growled curse, he retraced his steps and got into the road. Once more that heavy flat footed step sounded upon the road, and as it receded I made up my mind to follow, concluding that he would make at once for the rendezvous where Psyche had been taken.

I watched him from the garden until the squat rolling figure was only just perceptible in the rapidly fading twilight, and then followed, keeping on the turf beside the standing corn. He kept steadily on along the road for about a quarter of a mile; suddenly he stopped, and then turning to the side he disappeared, and his steps became inaudible. Doubtful whether he had taken a path through the cornfield, or was simply standing still to make sure that he was not being followed, I redoubled the caution with which I stole onward. Shortly a grunt a little way ahead stopped me, and I dimly perceived the old man stretched out on the turf not more than half a dozen paces from me. He kicked off one boot and then the other, muttering curses all the while upon me, and the blisters on his feet, and things in general.

I was puzzled; not a word of exultation or triumph brightened up his monologue such as a man in his condition might have tried to console himself with. Was I at fault again? Had I jumped to the wrong conclusion? After all might I have overlooked Psyche in some nook or corner of the garden? While these questions were running through my mind old Peter had rolled over, and, making a pillow of his arms, laid his head upon them with a grunt. The next grunt terminated in a snore.

His heavy boots lay temptingly between his blistered feet and me; the means of checking pursuit by him lay almost within reach. I crept forward, picked them up, and retreating cautiously hurled the trophy into the midst of the corn when I was a hundred yards back on my way to the cottage.

At the gate I heard the distant murmur of a voice, and peering quickly through the alley at the side of the house, I saw Psyche in the garden seat facing the lawn, but to my utter astonishment Miss Duncan was seated beside her.

"He is here—come back to me—my brother!" cried Psyche as she sprung to her feet and ran to meet me.

Miss Duncan recognising me as I approached seemed even more amazed than I by this unlooked for meeting.

What had happened? Simply this: Psyche, as I imagined, finding me not in the house had sought me in the garden, and thence extending her search, had wandered along the road. The park gates which she had seen shut when we passed in the night were wide open. Who could have opened them but I who did everything. She passed through and was found in the avenue by Miss Duncan, looking in the twilight like a spirit with her pale face and her large dark eyes and their expression of childish fearlessness.

I can only tell what followed as Ethel described it to me this morning.

"After the first shock—for indeed I was frightened at first—her silence and the vague way in which she looked about her after regarding me for a few moments, giving additional weirdness to her spiritual appearance—I summoned up courage to falter, "Who are you?"

"I am Psyche," she answered, with sweet, low articulation.

"Psyche—is that your only name?"

"Yes, why should I have two names? I am only one, Psyche, that is all."

"Her strange answer seemed in character with her spiritual appearance. But there was nothing in her dress unreal, and surely nothing in her manner to make me fear the gentle creature, so, gathering my wits together a little I said:

"Do you want to see anyone up in the house, dear?"

"No, I am looking for my brother he has gone away from me; but he will come back, because he knows I could not live without him. He has only gone away to look at the great world, to see the sun touch the sea, and the clouds lie on the hills. Do you know, I think he loves the great world better than I do, that is why he did not take me, that is so strange to me—a world without walls, because it is so new to me."

"How long have you been here, dear?"

"Only some nights—I cannot count—not many."

"And where have you come from?"

"I came from the caves where I have lived always—the caves under the sea. My brother found me there and brought me away when the sea went down."

"Who is your brother?"

Psyche rubbed her hands caressingly, and her face lit up with a beautiful smile.

"I will tell you about my brother," she said, "I think about him always. I should like to talk about him. You are the first person I have ever talked to except him."

"There was a seat at the border of the drive. I led her to it, and we sat down side by side. I slipped my hand under her arm, and almost with surprise found she was warm and human. She lifted my hand and caressed it with her cheek, and could see she was thinking of her brother. "Tell me about him," I said.

"He is everything to me. All that I see and hear is lovely, (this word and the swallows, and the little golden cups, the flowers and the bushes, this dress and my shoes all make me happy. But I could do without them all. I should be just as happy in the cave with my eyes shut and not a sound if only I could feel my brother's hand in mine. Have you got a brother?"

"No dear."

"Poor one, poor soul," said she in tender pity, "You do not know what it is to be happy. But you will when a brother comes to find you. I think we must all have brothers, though we don't know it till they come to us. Long, long, long years—longer than I can recollect—I had no brother, and my life was nothing; but since he has come to me it has been all joy."

"When did he find you dear?"

"Not long ago, not when I think of the days that went before. Ah! they were long, those days, when I saw nothing but the rocks and sand, and had no friend but my black caw, when I heard no sound but his voice and the whistle up above when my food was sent down, and my own voice when I sang. Sometimes I slept because I didn't know what to do; and sometimes I cried because I could not sleep. I wanted to sleep for ever. So those days seemed very long, and since then the nights have been too short. For I cannot see in the day, you know, like my brother, and he sleeps when the sun shines so that he may be with me in the night."

"You cannot see in the day!"

"No, because I always lived in the dark. There is no light in the caves. But I can bear the light better and better every day. I can wait till the blue flowers have untwisted and show the beautiful tints within. My brother knows their names, and tells me all about them. He taught me to speak. I could not say a word when he first came to me. I could not understand what he said. I knew nothing but what I thought. But he taught me patiently till I could understand what he said and make him understand me. Then I wanted no more in the cave but just to sit and listen to all he said about the world; but now when there is so much to understand I talk all night. But still the greatest happiness is to sit quite still by his side and listen to him talk."

"Were you long together in the cave?"

"Only a little while it seems; but when I remember how many times we went down into the wet sand under the rock making the hole that let us out into this world and how many marks my brother cut in the wall to show the days we had worked, I think it must have been a long while. I must look for him," she said rising abruptly—"I want him; oh! I want my brother; where is he?"

"Can you tell me where you live now, dear?"

"Yes, I will show you. It is quite near. Come with me, and when we find him you shall hear him speak; you shall look at him, and know what it is to have a brother."

Ethel suffered herself to be guided, Psyche taking her hand, out into the road and along it to the cottage. She knew that Mrs. Benham lived there, and that I had lodged there, but she had heard nothing of my old landlady's departure, and believed that I was in America, for her father had not spoken to her of our meeting.

As Psyche led the way without hesitation through the side wicket into the garden, she conceived that the poor girl was a patient placed under the charge of the old lady, and that her malady was a form of mental hallucination. If that were the case it was her duty to return Psyche to her guardian, and she willingly helped to look for the "brother" who she thought existed only in the girl's romantic imagination. When they found no one in the house or in the garden she conclued that Mrs. Benham had been called away, and though it was getting late she resolved to stay with Psyche until her return.

Psyche grew apprehensive and silent; but her new friend soothed her by assuring her that the brother would soon return, and led her on to talk about the past. Psyche could go no further back in her history than the eventless life in the cave, for that perpetual monotony had effaced all memories of the period before her illness. Ethel was struck by the consistent thread of the wonderful story; nothing was contradictory. Psyche never wandered from the subject to wonder where I was. "He will come back to me," she repeated with positive insistance.

"He must come. He would not leave you, knowing how you love him," Ethel replied, yet doubting still if the brother existed—so incredible was the story of Psyche's life. Her perplexity was doubled when she recognised me, and Psyche cried again: "My brother has come back."

"Can I believe the story I have heard?" she asked me.

"It must be true," I answered, "for Psyche has not yet learned what falsehood means."

"And you are that brother whose love has given her life?"

"Yes, in the wide sense that those are brothers whose love is brotherly."

Ethel put her hand into mine, and a star lit the tear that fell from her cheek.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Waterous Engine Works Co. of Brantford have just completed for Duncan McCormack of Montreal, at Casselman, Ont., one of the most complete saw mills in Eastern Ontario. It consists of a 70 horse power engine, two large boilers, circular saw irons, with improved carriage, consisting of five log seats with rope feed, heavy three saw double edger, double trimmers, swing saw, friction bull wheel, shingle machine, combined planer and matcher, sawdust carrier, live rolls, &c. Their men are now at work constructing a similar mill at Lachute, Quebec, for Messrs. McGibbon & Co., which will be started in a few days. In both of these mills can be seen at work their new friction grip pulley, which is sufficiently strong to stop and start with ease the heaviest circular or gang mill without stopping the power. This pulley will be a great acquisition to mill men and from its strength and effectiveness is sure to have a large sale. We would advise anyone troubled with the old style of friction clutch pulley, or who desires to stop and start heavy machinery without interference with the power, to write them for information. Their friction grip can be attached to old pulleys as well as new.

PERSONALS.

The duke of Palmella, a Portuguese nobleman, has offered the whole of the money derived from his property during the year for the purpose of establishing coast defences for his country.

Stepniak, the exiled Russian nihilist, lives quietly in London with his gifted wife, and the two spend much time in the British Museum, ransacking books and making many notes. Stepniak is an industrious writer, and is rarely seen at the clubs or in society, although he has a host of friends.

Count Gleichen of London has been writing his impressions of New York. He found only one thing which London could copy to advantage, and that is the cab-driver's fashion of blanketing his horse when the animal is standing in the cold. In other things he thinks New York much behind European cities.

There is a great deal of laughter in Europe just now at the expense of M. Trivier, the French explorer, who went through all sorts of dangers in central Africa and, coming home with his travels all written out in manuscript, lost the valise containing them and his notes at the depot at which he arrived in Paris.

An amateur artist of the gentler sex sent as a birthday present to William E. Gladstone a pretty sketch of the g. o. m. sitting on the log of a tree which he had just felled, with Ariel, clothed as a female sprite, hovering over him. Mr. Gladstone sent the following acknowledgment: "DEAR MADAME: Many thanks for your most pleasing drawing. I had always considered Ariel as masculine, but probably you are right," etc.

Prince Joseph Sulkowski, who married the well-known actress Ida Jager, and a year ago was shut up by her in an insane asylum, from which he made a sensational escape and was afterward pronounced sane, has began a suit for divorce against his wife, upon the ground that he was insane at the time he married her. To defend the bill she will have to bring evidence to show that he was sane up to a short time before she had him sent to the asylum.

Samuel James Wood, the Harry Howard of London, has recently died. He was for thirty years a member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire and of its successor, the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, and wore the society's medal for life-saving with six extra bars on it. He claimed a total of 183 lives saved. A Royal academician had painted a picture representing one of his deeds, and stories of many more had been included in a book on London firemen. Formerly he was famous also for his wonderful dog Bill, known as the "Fire Brigade dog," a character celebrated all over London. Bill died of poison, and an indignant public offered, unsuccessfully, a reward of $100 for the author of his untimely taking off. Wood had been retired for the last ten years.

Major Serpa Pinto, whose impetuous and unauthorized methods of territorial aggrandizement in Africa were so vigorously resisted by England, has always been more or less of a source of anxiety to his country. He is forty-four years old, and entered the army while still a youth. Having distinguished himself in war and exploration—his principal feat being his journey across Africa, from Benguela on the west coast to Durban on the east—he was welcomed back to Portugal with marked distinction, and received honors from many of the governments and learned societies of Europe. His restless and roaming disposition would not permit him to remain at home, however, although he had been elected to the Chamber of Deputies, so he was appointed Consul-General at Zanzibar, where he soon became embroiled with the English and German authorities, and finally declared unwarranted war against the Sultan. Then he was given a roving commission to develop and extend the Portuguese settlements on the Zambesi, an expansion of power which succeeding events have apparently proved to have been unwise. Now the Major is in apparent disgrace with his home government, although his rashness has endeared him to the radical hot heads, by whom he is already hailed as the "first President of the Portuguese Republic." Serpa Pinto is small in stature, but lithe and muscular. He wears his hair and beard long, his dress is foppish, and he has the yellow complexion of a tropical explorer. He is a thorough man of the world, and an eloquent speaker.

Did it Mean an Evasion?

Quite a sensation has been created by the statement made by Governor Foraker in a speech the other evening, to the effect that in 1887 when Canada and the United States were wrangling over the fisheries question, the War Department at Washington took steps to ascertain how long it would require to throw a given number of troops on the Canadian frontier. That the department did send out circulars asking for information concerning the National Guard or militia is not denied, though the circular itself does not on the face of it imply any hostile intention on the part of the authorities at Washington. This must be read into it by the light of the times in which the information was sought. Of course the circumstance that the U. S. government should be seeking information at such a time is suggestive, if not suspicious. That it was a mere coincidence, however, is not inconceivable. It should count for something, too, that the circular itself opens with the statement that "for some time past this department, under the authority and sanction of the secretary of war, has been engaged in the collection of military information of a general character, relating not only to our own country, but to the armies, fortifications, etc., of foreign powers, and a division styled 'The Division of Powers,' and a division styled 'The Division of Military Information,' has been created at this office where such information is compiled and filed for future reference." Moreover, an explanation by the war department has been published, stating that the authorities simply wished to ascertain, for their own satisfaction, the actual condition of the National Guard or militia and the actual time it would take to concentrate their forces at any point in the State or Union. Subjoined is the question from which Governor Foraker's inference has been drawn. "What is the least time required by divisions, brigades and regiments for concentration within the state at Cleveland, in case of emergency by the most rapid means of transportation, etc?" How far the Governor was justified in making the statement he did, must be left to the unprejudiced reader to decide for himself.

Imperial Federation League.

Tis well the patriot's pulse should tingle keen
When gazing on the glory that has been.
A thousand years of war for human good
Crowned Albion's cause, till like a healing flood
Her peaceful rule has down the ages rolled,
A heritage still broadening from of old.
As on a lake mon launch a goodly barge,
The wake extends, the circling waves enlarge,
So on Time's sea wise projects launched of yore
Leave floods of light that flash from shore to shore,
Where England's squadrons opulently glide
With glory's sunburst on her outward tide,
While from her prows and prayers Armadas toss
Below the surges they in vain would cross.
Her six decisive battles of the world
Saw o'er their smoke her flag for peace unfurled,
Stronger than spears of fierce Thermopylea,
Of whose three hundred we have also three,
Montcalm and Drummond, Wolfe and brave McGee.
What are our enemies compared to these?
Yea, we have more, the ship of State thro' seas,
Adverse to helm, right on o'er many a snag,
And vindicate the old imperial flag
That floats forever in a rising sun
For deeds more glorious than have yet been done:
To wreath with emblems of Colonial power
The rose, the thistle, and the shamrock flower,
In one confederate league, and prove at last
True peace shall triumph and surpass the past.
'Twas emblemed by the union of this land,
And by the highway that our Statesmen planned,
Who hyphened oceans with a steely track,
To all the nations, neath the Zodiac.
With all the trade of ships they shall control,
A safe commercial union—and the sole,
To wed the Neptune, nurtured isles afar,
And Continents, for traffic—or for war.
Should there be alien, Empires who design
To frustrate projects unto them benign.
Should Gaul refuse our fleets to rule the blue?
Go Ciudad Rodrigo and Waterloo;
Will Russia rage? the land of Gog defy,
South from Stamboul their eagles dare not fly;

Unless to aid this League for gain of grace,
To which the world's old wonders all give place,
What use is Dian's Fame, or China's wall?
Down on their dead foundations let them fall.
In Palmyrena's halls the reptiles hiss;
Foul jackals lair in waste Persipolis;
Weird Tadmor and walled Tyre are overthrown,
There was no wisdom in their gods of stone.
Our age requires an aim; ah, never should
One nation draw another's breath thro, blood!
Then let our aim be truth; the time is now
That heathen hosts in Freedom's fanes should bow.
Aid us, ye sister isles that grace the sea,
And thou, Australia, here's a hand to thee!
Thy people 'neath the bright ausonian cross,
Whose palms to other stars their plumage toss,
Where nature to necessity upyields
The affluent products of auriferous fields,
"By the long swash of Australasian seas,"
By golden glebes, and bowery banyan trees,
Wherein the bulbul sings her plaintive strains,
And flocks of flossy fleece adorn the plains,
Thy rule and ours that are of Albion's cause
Th' effect sublime must vindicate her laws:
Ye isles of morn whose fragrant lintels glow,
Zealand, Sumatra, shell-shored Borneo,
Thy merchantmen from silken Samercand,
Spiced Madagascar, sable Caffreland,
Hindu's Golconda gems, Sofala's gold,
Shall argosy thy ships, thy wealth unfold,
With fortune goodlier still than golden store,
The eternal revenue of living lore.
This let us broadcast far o'er land and sea,
Throw to the east, and to the westward we.
One Empire belting earth as with a zone,
One faith for compass, one Imperial throne,
One sacrament to every tribe and tongue,
One anthem by confederation sung,
For mutual march in excellence allied;
A peace so bastioned must perforce abide.
And ye who launch this League, beware and sure
To plant its standard in a ship secure;
From stanchions firm let forth the ensign flow,
For ill-wrought deeds work deadlier than we know;
If wise, who onward roll truth's tidal wave,
Shall by its ark reach shores that have no grave.
And tribes and tongues unknown will rise and raise
Their song of adulation to thy praise.
'Tis time the world convened for its own weal,
'Tis time aggression sheathed its crimson steel,
'Tis time stern justice tried by plumb and square
Bilingual pessimists who breed despair.
Earth has too long been like a winevat trod
By the red feet of images of God.
The day will come—let us predate that day
When evil shall acknowledge wisdom's way.
To truth we owe our liberty of mind,
And 'tis but duty to refund in kind,
Above all pride the Gentile to befriend,
The low exalt in brotherhood to blend.
Striving to strew abroad more light than yet
This orb has had, this is our nation's debt.
As man owes man so nations nations owe,
That help which self on self can ne'er be sotw.

Then all to loftier motives may be drawn,
And hate be lost in a millennial dawn.
Then, flexile Science, wave thy lightning wand,
Seas rave no more, ye hills no more withstand;
Then peaceful fleets the firmament may fill,
And storms be stayed by magnetism's will;
A strife for good instead of war take place,
And mercy freight the commerce of the race,
In federation of imperial faith,
Diverse as life and undivorced by death.

ANDREW RAMSAY.

If thou art wise thou knowest thine own ignorance and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—[Luther.

The pig that gets into clover thinks the sword mightier than the pen.

OMTHER AND DAUGHTER REUNITED.

The Girl Kidnapped When a Child and Taken to Live With Indians in Maine.

A despatch from Providence says:—A mother and daughter were reunited to-day after a separation of twenty-two years. The daughter, when a mere baby, was abducted by Indians and carried to the northern part of Maine. Her captors belonged to a so-called civilized tribe, but their treatment of the girl was brutal in the extreme. The daughter's name at the time of the abduction was Julia A, Sampson. Now she is Mrs. Moon. Her story is strange and romantic.

Alonzo Sampson lived in South Providence twenty-three years ago. He had a brother William, who was a reckless fellow and who married a full-blooded Indian squaw from one of the Maine reservations. William went there to live and visited Providence occasionally. He had fallen out with his brother Alonzo, and when he came to Providence with a band of the men from the Indian reservation in Canada the child Julia was stolen and taken to Maine. Then the Indians commenced to abuse her. She was only half clothed, and was obliged to sleep on the ground with nothing but a single blanket as a covering. She had nothing to eat excepting what was left at the other table, which was little, and very often nothing at all. Occasionally some of the kind-hearted younger squaws would bring her something to eat, but if her aunt's mother knew of it she would seize the food and place it upon the table for the braves.

This went on until the outrages became so pronounced that the Selectmen determined to rescue the little girl. This was no easy task. The Indians fought for her and the Selectmen were compelled to resort to main force. At first she was taken to the county asylum, but later she was placed in the hands of the Rev. S. S. Cummins, who took her to the Baldwin Place Home. Her parents had in the mean time given her up as dead. Her father died and her mother married a Mr. Charles Smith, of Providence.

A few years ago the daughter also married. She supposed that her parents were dead. About a year ago she learned that her mother was still alive and began a search for her, which resulted in a reunion to-day.

Trying To Negotiate a Treaty.

There has been a game of "give and take" going on for some time over in Washington, the participants in the game being Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, and Hon. Jas. G. Blaine, Secretary of State. The play is concerned with the Canadian coast fisheries on the one hand, and the United States seal fisheries in Behring Sea, on the other. While the game was concerned with the eastern dispute, Sir Julian Pauncefote felt that he had the whip end, and insisted upon terms not by any means acceptable to his partner, who demanded that the same privileges should be accorded to American fishermen in Canadian waters as are afforded to Canadian fishermen in American waters. This, the worthy knight would not concede unless the United States grant important concessions to Canadian sealers in Behring Sea, and include both disputes within the same treaty. Mr. Blaine was not at first disposed to allow this arrangement but insisted upon the settlement of each dispute independently and by a separate treaty. It soon became evident to the players that both sides would have to make some concessions, and it is understood that the result is that Great Britain concedes rights to American fishermen in Canadian waters which might lead to serious objection to the treaty on the part of the Canadians were it not for the points which have been gained on the other side. This was that the United States shall permit British vessels to capture seals in Behring Sea under certain restrictions, and shall give to the fishermen of Canada and Great Britain all the rights which are to be given to American vessel-owners engaged in sealing. This is the outline of the principle points in the treaty as far as it can be ascertained up to the present time. That Canadians will be satisfied with such an arrangement is more than doubtful. In the first place the trade is too one-sided, Canada gives much and gains next to nothing. In the second place it is a virtual acknowledgement of the justice of the United States' claim to the sovereignty of the Behring Sea a claim which is denied by all the authorities on international law, all the eminent jurists, European and American, and even by the American journalists themselves, ever ready as they are to stand by the arrogant pretensions of their rulers. Says the *Globe* in its remarks upon the proposed treaty: "To release the States from the renunciations that they made in 1818, and for making which they received payment in the privilege of taking fish and landing to cure them along a great stretch of Canadian coast, is a great and humiliating surrender. To add to this the confession that Great Britain and Canada submit to have their rights on the high seas limited and defined by Washington, will be a most abject proceeding."

New York Boodler Captured.

A Toronto dispatch says:—Another youthful American boodler came to grief in this city the other day at the hands of Detective Burrows. Some weeks ago Henry D. Le Cato, of Philadelphia, agent for Messrs. Stanford & Cook, diamond brokers, No. 12 John street, New York, disappeared with about $30,000 worth of gems. The police of this city were notified of the theft and Detective Burrows spotted and arrested him about five o'clock in the afternoon on King street. He is a young man of about 22 years of age, dark complexioned, and rather good-looking. He was taken to the police station, and acknowledged the theft to Inspector of Detectives Stark. He had a lot of the diamonds with him when taken, and expressed a strong desire to go back to the United States at once. Detective John Cuddy offered to accompany him to Buffalo, where they will be met by a detective from New York.

What He Didn't Believe In.

She (sentimentally)—"I often think that the world is full of unsung songs."

He (practically)—"What's the use of them if we never hear them?"

She—"Ah! we can feel them. There is a song in the flower, in the flying cloud, the—"

He—"Well, the world may be full of unsung songs, but I am going to take care that it is not full of unkissed kisses."

Let the curtain be drawn.

JOANNA'S BRACELET.

The Burton Smiths are tolerably well known in London. Burton Smith himself is a barrister, with money and many relations—Irish landlords, Scotch members, Indian Judges, and the like. His wife is young, gracious, and fond of society. Their drawing rooms on the topmost flat of Onslow Mansions—rooms with sloping ceilings and a dozen quaint nooks and corners—are seldom empty during the regulation hours. A dinner party had been planned with some care. "Lady Linacre will come, no doubt," Mrs. Burton Smith had said one day at breakfast, conning a list she had in her hand, "and Mr. May."

But Burton Smith objected to May. "He will talk about nothing but India," he protested, "and the superiority of Calcutta over London. A little of these Bombay ducks goes a long way, my dear."

"Well, James," Mrs. Burton Smith replied placidly—the Hon. Vereker May is a son of Lord Hawthorn—"he will take me in, and I do not mind. Only I must have Mr. Ernest Wibberley on the other side to make conversation and keep me alive. Let me see—that will be three. And Joanna Burton—she comes that afternoon—four. Do you know, James, when we were at Temple Rothley for Christmas I thought there was something between your cousin and Mr. Wibberley?"

"Then, for goodness' sake, do not let them sit together!" Burton Smith cried, "or they will talk to one another and to no one else."

"Very well," Mrs. Smith assented. "They shall sit opposite to one another, and Mr. Wibberley shall take in Mrs. Galantine. She will be sure to flirt with him, and we can watch Joanna's face. I shall soon see if there is anything between them."

Mr. Wibberley was a young man of some importance, if only in his capacity of private secretary to a Minister. He had a thousand acquaintances, and certainly two friends—perhaps three. He might be something some day—was bound to be. He dressed well, looked well, and talked well. He was a little presumptuous, perhaps even a trifle conceited; but woman like these things in young men, and he had infinite tact. At any rate, he had never yet found himself in a place too strait for him.

This evening as he dressed for dinner—as he brushed his hair vigorously or paused to smile at some reflection—his own, but not in the glass—he was in his happiest mood. Everything seemed to be going well with him. He had no presentiment of evil. He was going to a house where he was appreciated. Mrs. Burton Smith was a great ally of his. And then there would be, as we know, some one else. Happy man!

"Lady Linacre," said his hostess as she introduced him to a stout personage with white hair, a double chin, and diamonds. Wibberley bowed, making up his mind that the dowager was one of those ladies with strong prejudices, who draw their skirts together if you prove a Home Ruler, and leave the room if you mention Sir Charles Dilke. "Mr. May, you have met before," Mrs. Smith continued, "and you know Miss Burton, I think?"

He murmured assent, while she—Joanna shook hands with him frankly and quietly with the ghost of a smile, perhaps. He played his part well, too, for a moment, but halted in his sentence as it flashed across his mind that this was their first meeting since she had said "Yes." He recovered from his momentary embarrassment, however, before even Mrs. Burton Smith could note it, and promptly offered Mrs. Galantine his arm.

She was an old friend of his—as friends goes society. He had taken her in to dinner, that is, half a dozen times. "Who is that girl?" she asked, when they were seated; and she raised her glasses and stared through them at her *vis-a-vis*. "I declare she would be pretty if her nose were not so short."

He seized the excuse to put up his glass too, and take a look. "It is rather short," he admitted, gazing with a whimsical sense of property at the deficient organ. "But some people like short noses, you know, Mrs. Galantine."

"Ah! And theatres in August!" she replied incredulously. "And drawing-room games! And conundrums! But, seriously, she would be pretty if it were not for that."

"Would she?" he questioned gravely.

"Well, I think she would, do you know?"

And certainly Joanna was pretty, though her forehead was to large, and her nose too small, and her lips too full. For her eyes were bright and her complexion perfect, and her face told of wit, and good temper and freshness. She had beautiful arms, too, for a chit of nineteen. Mrs. Galantine said nothing about the arms—not out of modesty, but because her own did not form one of her strong points. Wibberley, however, was thinking of them, and whether a certain bracelet he had by him would fit them. He saw Joanna wore a bracelet—a sketchy gold thing. He wondered whether he should beg it for a pattern, or whether it might not be more pleasant to measure the wrist for himself.

But Mrs. Galantine returned to the charge. "She is a cousin, is she not?" she said, speaking so loudly that Joanna looked across and smiled. "I have never met her before. Tell me all about her."

Tell her all about her? Wibberly gasped. He saw a difficulty in telling her "all about her," the more as the general conversation at the moment was not brisk, and Joanna could hear every word. For an instant, indeed, his presence of mind failed him, and he cast an appalled glance round the table. But then he bent to his task.

Mrs. Burton Smith, seeing him so absorbed in his companion, grew puzzled. Look as often as she might at Joanna, she saw no sign of jealously or self-consciousness in the girl's face. Joanna seemed to be getting on perfectly with her partner; to be enjoying herself to the full, and to be as much interested as any one at the table. Mrs. Burton Smith sighed, if the truth be known. She had the instinct of matchmaking. And she saw clearly now that there was nothing between the two; that if there had been any philandering at Temple Rothley neither of the young people had put out a hand—or a heart—beyond recovery.

But this success of Wibberley's with Mrs. Galantine had its consequences. After the ladies had withdrawn he grew just a trifle presumptuous. By ill-luck, too, the Hon. Vereker May had reached that period of the evening when India, as seen through the glasses of his memory—was accustomed to put on it rosiest tints, and the two facing one another fell to debating on a subject of which the returned civilian had seen much and thought little, and the private secretary had read more and thought not at all. They were therefore, about on a par as to information, and what the younger man lacked of obstinacy he made up by readiness. It was in vain the nabob blustered, asserted, contradicted—finally grew sulky, silent, stentorous. Wibberley pushed his little triumph, and soon, as we shall see, paid dearly for it.

It happened that he was the last to enter the drawing room. The evening was chilly. The ladies had grouped themselves about the fire, protected from assault, so to speak, by a couple of gypsy tables bearing shaded lamps. The incomers, one by one, passed through these outworks—all but Wibberley. He cast a glance of comic despair at Joanna, who was by the fireplace in the heart of the citadel; and then, resigning himself to separation, he took a low chair by one of the tables, and began indolently to turn over the books which lay on the latter. There were but half a dozen. He scanned them all, and then his eyes fell on a bracelet lying by them on the olive-green plush; a sketchy gold bracelet, with one big boss—Joanna's.

He looked up at the party—himself sitting a little aside, as we have said—with a stealthy glance. There were none of them facing his way. They were discussing a photograph on the over-mantel, a photograph of children by Mendelssohn. He stretched his hand out softly and coveted the braclet. He would take it for a pattern, and to-morrow Joanna should ransom it. He tried as his fingers closed on it, to catch her eye. He would have liked to see her face change and her colour rise. It would have added to the faint charm he felt in the boyish, foolish act he was committing if she had been privy to it yet unable to prevent it.

But she would not look, and he was obliged to be content with his plunder. He slid the gold trifle deftly under the fringe of the table, and clasped it round his arm—not a very lusty one—thrusting it as high as it would go, that no movement of his shirt-cuff might disclose it. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and he would not for all the world that any one besides Joanna should know of the act; that doddering old fossil May, for instance, who, however, was safe enough—standing on the rug with his back turned, and his slow mind forming an opinion on the photograph.

Then—or within a few minutes, at any rate—Wibberley began to find the party dull. He saw small chance of a private word with Joanna. Lady Linacre, his nearest neighbor, was prosing on to Mrs. Burton Smith, his next nearest. And he himself, after shining at dinner, had fallen into the background. Hang it, he would go! It was ten o'clock.

He rose, and was stooping across the table, murmuring his excuses to Mrs. Burton Smith, when Lady Linacre uttered an exclamation. He was leaning across her between her head and the lamp at the moment, and he fancied he had touched her head-dress. "Pray pardon me, Lady Linacre!" he cried gayly. "I am just going—I have to leave early—so the encroachment will be but for a moment."

"It is not that, the old lady replied. "But where is my bracelet?" She was feeling about the table as she spoke, shifting with her white, podgy hands the half dozen volumes that lay on it.

No one on the instant, however, took in the situation; Mrs. Burton Smith had risen and was listening to Wibberley. The others were talking. But Lady Linacre was used to attention; and when she spoke again her voice was shrill, and almost indecently loud. "Where is my bracelet?" she repeated. "The one with the Agra diamond that I was showing you, Mrs. Burton Smith. It was here a moment ago, and it is gone! It is gone!"

Wibberley was still speaking to his hostess. He heard the old lady's words, but did not clearly apply them. He finished his leave-taking almost at his leisure, and only as he turned recollected himself, and said, with polite solicitude: "What is it, Lady Linacre? Have you dropped something? Can I find it for you?"

He stooped as he spoke, and she drew her skirt aside, and both peered at the floor while there was quite a chorus from those sitting nearest of, "What is it, Lady Linacre?" "Dear Lady Linacre, what have you lost?"

"My Agra diamond!" she replied fussily, her head quivering, her fingers groping about her dress.

"No!" some one said in surprise. "Why, it was here a moment ago. I saw it in your hand."

The old lady held out her wrists. "See"! she said feebly, "I have not got it!"

"But are you sure it is not in your lap?" suggested Burton Smith. Lady Linacre had rather an ample lap. By this time the attention of the whole party had been drawn to the loss, and one or two of the most prudent were looking slightly uncomfortable.

"No," she answered; "I am quite sure that I placed it on the table by my side. I am sure I saw it there. I was going to put it on when the gentlemen came in, and I laid it down just for a minute, and—it is gone!"

She was quite clear about it, and looked mildly at Wibberley for confirmation. The table had stood between them. She thought he must have seen it lying there, Mrs. Burton Smith being the only person close to the table.

Burton Smith saw that look. "I say, Wibberley," he said, appealing to him, half in fun, half in earnest, "you have not hidden it for a joke, old fellow, have you?"

"I? Certainly not."

To this day Ernest Wibberley wonders when he first made the disagreeable discovery of what he had done—that he had taken the wrong bracelet! It was not early. It was not until the aggrieved owner had twice proclaimed her loss that he felt himself redden, and awake to the consciousness that the bracelet was on his own arm. Even then, if he had had instant presence of mind he might have extricated himself. He might have said at once, "By Jove! I think I slipped it on by way of mistake in pure absence of mind," or made some other excuse for his possession of it which would have passed muster, though one or two might have thought him odd. But time was everything; such excuses to avail must be made at once and he hesitated. He hated to seem odd even to one or two, and he thought that presently he might find a chance of restoring the bracelet without being detected. So he hesitated, peering at the carpet, and the golden opportunity passed him by. Then each moment made the avowal more difficult and less possible, until, when his host appealed to him, "If you have hidden it for a joke, old, fellow, out with it!" he had no choice—or so it seemed to his uneasy conscience that he had no chance—but to answer as he did.

He looked up indeed with admirably acted surprise, and said his "I? Certainly not!" somewhat peremptorily.

Half a dozen of the guests were peering stupidly about as if they expected to find the lost article in a flower vase or within the globe of a lamp. Presently their hostess stayed these explorations. "Wait a moment!" she cried abruptly, raising her head. "I have it!"

"Well?" eagerly from several.

"John must have moved it when he brought in the tea. That must be it. Ring the bell, James, and we will ask him."

So it was done. John came in, and the question was put to him.

"Yes, Sir," he said readily; "I saw a bracelet. On this table, by the lamp." He indicated the table near Lady Linacre.

"Did you move it?"

"Move it, Sir!" the man repeated, surprised by the question, the silence, and the strained faces turned to him. "No, Sir; certainly not. I only saw it when I was handing the tea to—to Mr. Wibberly, I think it was."

"Ah, very well," his master answered. "That is all. You may go."

It was not possible, indeed, to doubt the man's face and manner. But when he had left the room an uncomfortable silence ensued. "It is very strange," Burton Smith said at last, looking from one to another, and then, for the twentieth time, groping under the table.

"It is very strange," Wibberly murmured. He felt bound to say something. He could not free himself from an idea that the others, and particularly the Indian Civilian, were casting special looks at him. He appeared calm enough, but he could not be sure of this. He felt rather as if he were each instant changing color and betraying himself to every eye. His very voice sounded forced to his ear as he repeated fussily, "It is very odd—very odd! Where can it be?"

"It cost," Lady Linacre quavered—irrelevantly, but by no means impertinently—"it cost fourteen thousand out there. Indeed it did. And that was before it was set."

A hush as of awe fell upon the room. "Fourteen thousand pounds!" Burton Smith said softly, his hair rising on end.

"No, no," said the old lady, who had not intended this mystification. "Not pounds; rupees."

"I understand," he replied, rubbing his head. "But that is a good sum."

"It is over a thousand pounds," the Indian Civilian put in stonily, "at the present rate of exchange."

"But, good gracious, James!" Mrs. Burton Smith said impatiently, "why are you valuing Lady Linacre's jewelry—instead of finding it for her? The question is, 'Where is it?' It must be here. It was on this table fifteen minutes ago. It cannot have been spirited away."

"If any one," her husband began seriously, "is doing this for a joke, I do hope—"

"For a joke!" the hostess cried sharply. "Impossible!"

"I say, my dear," he persisted, "if any one is doing this for a joke I hope he will own up. It seems to me that it has been carried far enough." There was a chorus of assent, half indignant, half exculpatory. But no one owned to the joke. No one produced the bracelet.

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Burton Smith exclaimed. And as the company looked at one another it seemed as if they also had never known anything quite so extraordinary as this.

"Really, Lady Linacre, I think that it must be somewhere about you," said the host at last. "Would you mind giving yourself a good shake?"

She rose and was solemnly preparing to agitate her skirts when a guest interfered. It was the Hon. Vereker May. "You need not trouble yourself, Lady Linacre," he said with a curious dryness. He was still standing by the fireplace. "It is not about you."

"Then where in the world is it?" retorted Mrs. Galantine. "Do you know?"

"If you do, for goodness sake speak out," Mrs. Burton Smith added indignantly; while every one turned and stared at the Civilian.

"You had better," he said, "ask Mr. Wibberley!"

That was all. But something in his tone produced an electrical effect on every one. Joanna, in her corner—remote, like the Indian, from the centre of the disturbance turned red and pale and flashed angry glances round her. For the rest, they wished themselves away. It was impossible to misunderstand the insinuation. The words, simple as they were, had in a moment put a graver complexion on the matter. Even Mrs. Burton Smith was silenced, looking to her husband. He looked furtively at Wibberley.

And Wibberley? Up to this moment he had merely thought himself in an unpleasant fix, from which he must escape as best he could, at the expense of a little embarrassment, a slight loss of self-respect. Even the latter he might regain to-morrow if he saw fit by telling the truth to Mrs Burton Smith; and in time the whole thing would become a subject for laughter, a stock dinner-party anecdote. But now! now at the first sound of the Indian's voice he recognized his danger and saw clearly in the hundredth part of a second that ruin, social damnation, perhaps worse, threatened him. His presence of mind seemed to fail him suddenly at sight of the pit opening at his feet. He felt himself reeling, choking, his head uncharged with blood. The room, the expectant faces all turned to him, all with that strange expression on them, swam round before him. He had to lay his hand on a chair to steady himself.

But he did steady himself, so far that those who marked his agitation did not know whether it proceeded from anger or fear. He drew himself up and looked straight at his accuser, holding the chair suspended in his hands. "What do you mean?" he said hoarsely.

"I should not have spoken," the Civilian continued, returning his gaze and speaking in cool measured accents, "if Mr. Burton Smith had not twice appealed to us—if any joke was being played—to confess to it."

"Well?"

"Well, only this," the old gentleman replied; "that I saw you yourself take Lady Linacre's bracelet from that table a few moments before it was missed, Mr. Wibberley."

"You saw me?" cried Wibberley. This time there was the ring of honest defiance, or indignant innocence, in the tone. For if he felt certain of one thing it was that no one had been looking at him when the unlucky deed was done.

"I did," replied the Civilian dispassionately. "My back was toward you, But my eyes were on this mirror"—he touched an oval glass in a Venetian frame which stood on the mantelpiece—"and I saw clearly. I am bound to say that, judging from the expression of your face, I was assured at the time that it was a trick you were playing—a jest only."

Ernest Wibberley tried to frame the words "And now?"—tried to force a smile. But he could not. The perspiration sprang out in great beads on his face. He shook all over. He felt himself—and this time it was no fancy—growing livid.

"To the best of my belief," added the Civilian quietly, "The bracelet is on your left arm now."

Wibberley tried to master but could not the impulse—the traitor impulse—which urged him to glance down at his wrist. The idea that the bracelet might be visible—that the damning evidence might be plain to every eye—overcame him. He looked down. Of course there was nothing to be seen: he might have known it, for he felt the hot clasp of the horrible thing burning his arm inches higher. But when he looked up again, fleeting as had been his glance, he found that something dreadful had happened to him. He faltered, and the chair dropped from his hands. He had never met looks like these before. He read in every face save one suspicion or condemnation. Thief and liar! He read the words in their eyes, the eyes of his quondam friends! Yet he would, he must, brazen it out; and though he could not utter a word he looked from them to—Joanna.

The girl's face was pale and scared. But her eyes—they answered his right eagerly—were ablaze with indignation. They held doubt, no suspicion. The moment his look fell on her she spoke. "Show them your arm!" she cried impulsively. "Show them you have not got it, Ernest!" with such scorn, such generous passion in her voice, that it did not need the name which fell too glibly from her lips to betray her secret—at least to every woman in the room.

"Show them your arm!" Ah but that was just what he could not do! And as he comprehended this he gnashed his teeth. He saw himself netted and entrapped, and his rage and misery were so written in his face that the best and most merciful of those about him turned from him in shame and pity. Even the girl who loved him shrank back, clutching the mantelpiece in the first spasm of doubt and fear and anguish. Her words, her suggestion, had taken from him his last chance. He saw it was so. He felt the Nemesis the more bitterly on that account; and with a wild gesture, and some wilder word, he turned abruptly and hurried from the room, blindly seized his hat, and went down to the street.

His feelings when he found himself outside were such as it is impossible to describe in smooth, passionless sentences. He had wrecked his honor and happiness in an hour. He had lost his place among men through a chance word. We talk and read of a thunderbolt from the blue; but still the thing is to us unnatural. Some law-abiding citizen whom a moment's passion has made a murderer, some strong man whom a stunning blow has left crushed and writhing on the ground, a twisted cripple—only these could fitly describe his misery and despair as he traversed the streets. It was misery he had brought on himself, and get how far the punishment exceeded the offense! How immensely the shame and exposure exceeded the guilt? He had lied, and the lie had made him a thief!

He went up to his rooms like one in a dream, and scarcely knowing what he did, tore the bauble from his arm and flung it on the mantel shelf. By his last act of bringing it away he had made his position a hundred times more serious, but he did not at once remember this. After he had sat awhile, however, with his head between his hands, wondering if this really were himself—if this really had happened to himself, this dreadful thing—he began to see things more clearly. Still, he could not at once make up his mind what to do. Beyond some hazy idea of returning the bracelet by the first post, and going on the Continent—of course, he must resign his employment—he had settled nothing, when a step outside made him start to his feet. Some one knocked at the door of his chambers. He stood pallid and listening, struck by a sudden fear.

"The police," he said to himself.

But a moment's thought satisfied him that it was improbable, if not impossible, that this summons should be theirs; and he went to the door listlessly and threw it open. On the mat stood Burton Smith, in a soft slouched hat, his hands thrust into the pockets of his overcoat. Wibberly just glanced at him, and saw that he was alone; and then, leaving him to shut the door, returned to his chair, and sat down in his old attitude, with his head between his hands. He looked already a broken man.

Burton Smith followed him in, and stood a moment looking down at him uncomfortably enough. It is bad to have had such a scene as has been described at your house, but it is worse, if a man be a man, to face a fellow-creature in his time of shame. At any rate, Burton Smith felt it so. Look here, Wibberly," he said at length, as much embarrassed as if he had been the thief, "Look here, it will be better to hush this up. Give me this confounded bracelet to hand back to Lady Linacre, and the thing shall go no further."

His tone was curiously suggestive both of old friendship and present contempt and pity. But when he had to repeat his question, when Wibberley gave him no answer, his voice grew harsher. Even then the man with the hidden face did not speak, but pointed with an impatient gesture to be the mantel shelf.

Burton Smith stepped briskly to the place indicated and looked. He was anxious to spare the culprit as far as possible. Yes, there was the bracelet. He seized it, anxious, if the truth be known, to escape from the place with all speed. But he laid it down the next instant as quickly as he had taken it up, and his brows came together as he turned sternly upon his companion.

"This is not the bracelet!" he said. There was no smack of old affection in his tone now: it was wholly hostile. His patience was exhausted. "Lady Linacre's was a diamond bracelet of great value, as you know. This is a plain gold thing worth two or three pounds. For heaven's sake man!" he added, with sudden vehemence, "for your own sake, do not play the fool now! Where is the bracelet?"

No doubt despair had partially benumbed Wibberley's mind, for still he did not speak, and Burton Smith had to put his question more than once before he got an answer. When Wibberley did at last look up it was with a dazed face. "What is it?" he muttered, avoiding the other's eyes.

"This is not Lady Linacre's bracelet."

"It is not?"

"No; certainly not."

Still confused, still avoiding the other's grave look, Wibberley rose and took the bracelet in his hand, and glanced askance at it. And then Burton Smith saw him start violently.

"It is of the same shape," repeated the barrister, ice in his voice; he thought the exchange a foolish, transparent artifice. "But Lady Linacre's has a large brilliant where that has a plain boss. That is not Lady Linacre's bracelet."

Wibberley turned away, the circlet in his hand, and went to the window, where he stood for quite a moment looking out into the darkness. The curtains were not drawn. As he stood there, otherwise motionless, his shoulders trembled so violently that a certain dreadful suspicion seized his late host; and the latter desisted from watching him and looked about, but in vain, for a vial or glass.

At the end of the minute Wibberley turned. For the first time he confronted his visitor. His eyes were strangely bright, his face very pale; but his mouth was set strong and firm. "I never said it was!" he answered grimly.

"Was what?"

"I never said it was Lady Linacre's. It was you who said that," he continued, his demeanor, an incisiveness almost harsh in his tone. "It was you—you who suspected me! I could not show you my arm because I had that bracelet on it."

"And whose bracelet is it?" Burton Smith murmured doubtfully, shaken as much by the sudden change in the man's demeanor as by his denial.

"It is your cousin's—Miss Burton's. We are engaged," replied Wibberley sternly—so entirely had the two changed places. "She intended to tell you to-morrow. I saw it on the table and secreted it when I thought that no one was looking. It was a foolish thing to do."

"And it was Joanna's bracelet that Vereker May saw you take?"

"Precisely."

Burton Smith said a word about the Civilian which we need not repeat. Then he added: "But why on earth, old fellow, did you not explain?"

"Firstly," Wibberley replied with force, "because I should have had to proclaim my engagement to all those fools, and I had not Joanna's permission to do that. And, secondly—well, I did not wish to confess to being such an idiot as I was."

"Umph!" said Burton Smith, slowly, an odd light in his eyes. "I think you were a fool, but—I suppose you will shake hands?"

"Certainly, old man." And they did so, warmly.

"Now, then," continued the barrister, his face becoming serious again, "the question is, where is Lady Linacre's bracelet?"

"That is hardly my business," Wibberley answered. "I am sure you will excuse me saying so. I have had trouble enough with it—I know that—and, if you don't mind I am off to bed."

But though his friend left him on the instant, Wibberley did not go to bed at once. Burton Smith hurrying homeward—to find when he reached Onslow Mansions that Lady Linacre's bracelet had been discovered in a flounce of her dress—would have been surprised, very much surprised indeed, could he have looked into the chamber a minute later—a minute after his own departure. He would have seen his friend cast down on his knees before a great chair, his face hidden, his form shaken by wild, hysterical sobbing. For Wibberley was moved for once to the inmost depths of his nature. It is given to all men to awake and find their doom a dream. Only in dreams, indeed, does the cripple get his strength again, and the murderer his old place among his fellow-men. Wibberley was fortunate.

And the lesson? Did he take it to heart? Well, lessons and morals are out of fashion. Or stay—ask Joanna. She should know.

Yankee Enterprise in Egypt.

If the scheme contemplated by a company of Worcester, Massachusetts, capitalists should not turn out a miserable fiasco, eyes that look out from under grey brows may yet see the immemorial caravan of eastern lands displaced by the iron horse, that symbol of western energy and enterprise. The word has gone abroad that some hundred citizens of Massachusetts have formed themselves into a corporation to be known as the New England Land Company of Egypt. The company, which has a paid up capital of $2,000,000, proposes to purchase a large tract of land in the vicinity of Alexandria, Port Said, and Damascus, connecting the two latter ones by an air-line, broad-gauge railroad on the American pattern. The company will then go into a general oriental notion and produce business, with a tourist annex. It is understood that they will go into the cultivation and exportation in a wholesale way of the natural products of the region, such as cotton, flax, dates, figs, olives, stone and building material, horses and cattle, with relics, excursionists, and mummies, as possible adjuncts. The incorporators, who count among their number such men as General Benj. F. Butler, Mr. Frank Jones, President of the Boston and Maine railroad; Geo. Godell, of New Hampshire; Senator Frye, of Maine; Hon. Joseph G. Healmer, of New Jersey, &c., are said to be serious, and believe that the regions which were once the gardens of the earth and supported nations can by judicious cultivation be reclaimed to their ancient productiveness. Many will watch this new venture with deep interest. Should it succeed it will not unlikely prove the dawn of a better day for those historic lands which have for generations been under the paralyzing yoke of their Mahommedan rulers.

The [illegible] treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which has been [illegible] for several months past, received final confirmation at Washington on the 15th inst. The correspondent announcing the fact of its ratification adds: Hereafter gentlemen who desire to lift the cash out of another person's cash drawer will have to buy tickets in some other direction than Canada. The scope of the treaty, while not as extensive as some might like it to be, is comprehensive enough to practically unite Canada and the United States in the matter of criminal jurisdiction over a class of thieves which has grown to great proportions in the past few years. Honest men in both countries have nothing but words of approval of the new arrangements.

ANOTHER CUT !

Never since the episode of George Washington and the cherry tree has there been a cut so likely to make a sensation as

OUR CUT IN LACE CURTAINS !

Having secured a large line at below manufacturers' prices we are offering them at less than wholesale prices.

Remember this when you are preparing to clean house, and see what we can do for you in the Lace Curtain line.

B. O'HARA.

SALE REGISTER.

On Thursday, March 13th, there will be sold by public auction on West half Lot 18, 5th concession of Madoc, a quantity of farm stock, implements, &c. Terms of sale, $10 and under cash, over that amount 8 months' credit, on furnishing approved joint notes, with interest at 7 per cent. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp. John Fox, proprietor; John Huff, auctioneer.

Goods at Your Own Prices.

Owing to the unfavourable season, I find that I have too large a stock in the following lines:—Prints, Dress Goods, Linens, Tweeds, and in order to make room for new importations, I have decided to sell all the above lines at what they will bring. Also a large quantity of remnants to be sold without regard to cost.

THOS. CROSS.

Cross-Cut Saws.

We have a large stock of Cross-Cut Saws on hand, and are selling the same at reduced rates.

Also a fine assortment of

Hanging and Stand Lamps!

which we are selling at low rates.

COAL OIL DELIVERED

Anywhere in the Village.

Skates Sharpened

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Fish of all kinds, both fresh and salt; also a full supply of

FLOUR, PORK, SALT,

And all kinds of grain kept constantly on hand, which I am selling close for cash. As I am over-stocked in all the above lines I will make a special run on the same for the next 30 days in order to reduce my stock. Parties requiring any of the above lines will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere. My stock in groceries always complete, as usual.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Fresh Beef kept constantly on hand and delivered free to any part of the village.

WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS,

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PISO'S CURE

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MADOC HIGH SCHOOL.

MADOC High School will be open for the admission of students, September 2nd. Prospectus of school may be had by application to

A. B. ROSS,
Chairman H. S. Board.

Madoc, August 6th, 1889. 19

JOHN HUFF

Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Hastings

MADOC, - ONT.

All orders promptly attended to, and terms reasonable. 39

Notice to Creditors.

IN the goods of James Davidson, deceased, notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, that all persons having claims upon or or against the estate of James Davidson, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, shoemaker, who died on or about the 26th January, 1889, are, on or before the first day of April, 1890, to send by post prepaid or delivered to the undersigned, solicitor for Mary Ann Davidson, the executrix for the said deceased, a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of all securities (if any) held by them. And notice is hereby given that after the said last mentioned date the said executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the said executrix will not be responsible for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution.

F. E O'FLYNN,
No. 2 Graham Block, Belleville, Ont.
Solicitor for Executrix.

Dated this 19th February, 1890. 47-4w

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. **The best remedy is Ayer's Pills.** Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

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"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

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"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

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"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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100,000 Bushels

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THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

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Give me a call before going elsewhere.

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Flour, Salt, Pork, Timothy Seed,

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Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottle. I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 2, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for lameness of my horses, and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

RADO, WYETOT COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

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Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured seven-five horses with it, which had Spavins, on of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Poll Evil and several of them were of long standing. I have had one of your books and I have followed its directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

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On the Most Reasonable Terms.

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Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

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A. B. ROSS, Chairman H. S. Board.

Madoc, August 6th, 1889. 19

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of all kinds of Grain wanted,

delivered at the

ELDORADO ELEVATOR.

As I have made arrangements to buy for a Toronto firm, I am prepared to pay

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

for all kinds of Grain. The Elevator will be opened on

The 10th of October.

Give me a call before going elsewhere.

C. A MILLER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not necessarily endorse the opinions of our correspondents. Our columns are open to all responsible persons.—ED. REVIEW.]

To the Editor of THE REVIEW:

SIR,—It appears that some of the English speaking members voted against the Orange Incorporation bill and the REVIEW is indignant at the "monstrous littleness" of their conduct. This indignation is perfectly right and natural within certain limits. If any Tory members voted against the bill they were certainly guilty of base ingratitude for the Orange Society in Ontario has been run for the last thirty years in the interest of the Tory party. This fact was clearly demonstrated by Mr. Blake when the last Orange Incorporation bill was before the House. He proved his case by quoting from the speeches of prominent members of the Order, some of whom were present in the House and could easily have exposed him if he had misrepresented them. Of course the Orange Society has a perfect right to support the Conservative party, and the Conservative wire-pullers have also a perfect right to work the Orange machine for all it is worth, but there does not appear to be any good reason why Reformers should vote for the incorporation of a society whose whole influence is exerted at every election against the Reform party.

J. P.

—J. R. Irish, Dentist, is punctual in visiting Madoc, being at the Windsor House every Tuesday.

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F. E. O'FLYNN, Barrister, Belleville, or to A. ROBERTSON, 50-2w Bailiff.

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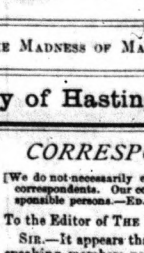
Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray,



Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."—R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

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From Madoc to Europe.

BY FRED. E. SEYMOUR.

DEAR EDITOR:

The manufacturing industries of Leipsic are numerous rather than extensive. The great staple manufactures of iron and textile fabrics not being here very largely carried on, but pianos and musical instruments are made in great quantities, so are cigars, scientific apparatus, spirits, chemicals and waxcloth, while artificial flowers, perfumes and etheric oils are specialities of the place. The population has quintupled within the present century, and Leipsic with its suburbs probably contains to-day 250,000 inhabitants. The annual increase is between three and four per cent., while the death-rate, owing to excellent drainage, is only 23 or 24 per 1000, which compared with other large German cities shows to great advantage. More than nine-tenths of the people belong to the Lutheran Church. Statistics show, however, one queer feature, namely, that there are more suicides in Leipsic, in proportion to its population, than in any other European town, the number averaging sixty-two per annum, or one out of every thirty deaths of grown up people.

The site of Leipsic was inhabited away back in the prehistoric stone age, but the history of the city begins with a little Slavonic fishing village on the banks of the Pleisse and the Parthe, near where they enter the Elster, and the three streams hasten together to add their slender waters to the Saale. The name Leipsic, or Lipsk, means the town of the lime trees. It was a fortified place at the beginning of the eleventh century, and its prosperity was aided by its situation being in the centre of a vast fertile plain where the highways of central Europe intersect, and at almost an equal distance from the Alps, the Rhine, the Oder and the Baltic. Here Luther had his famous discussion with Dr. Eck, in 1519, which gave an impetus to the Reformation, although for twenty years longer the city held out against Protestantism. It suffered much in the Thirty Years' War, being six times besieged and four times occupied by hostile troops. Its publishing trade took its rise in the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the censorship of the press in Frankfort-on-the-Main was exercised with such severity that many publishers emigrated hither. Leipsic is an important railway centre, and to this also much of its present prosperity is due. It has been now for eleven years the seat of the German Supreme Court, which adds to its dignity and importance. About the middle of the last century Leipsic was a centre of literary activity and the home of a large circle of literary men, over whom Gottsched ruled even as his contemporary Samuel Johnson, in England, over the circle around him. Goethe called the place a "Paris in miniature," and both he and Richter, and Fichte, and the Schlegels, and Klopstock, and Schelling, studied at the University. Lessing's first play was performed at this theatre. Hiller, Mendelssohn and Sebastian Bach all filled important musical positions here, and here were born in more recent times Leibnitz, the scholar, and Wagner, the musical composer. Two hundred and seventy newspapers and periodicals are published in Leipsic, some of which enjoy a wide circulation.

Again the morning shone bright and fair and we set off to view the city. The old fortifications have given place, as in all the cities we have so far seen, to beautiful boulevards and shady walks. Shade is grateful for the sun is hot. We pick our way through crooked streets to the Thomas Church, where a Lutheran service is going on. Lutheran services are generally quite ritualistic and high-churchy affairs, and this is no exception. The choral singing was good, of course, and the church, which is thoroughly modernized, is very pretty, though it doesn't strike one as a very ecclesiastical looking place, yet there is no lack of gilt crosses and crucifixes and oil paintings and all that sort of thing. Then we stray through the market place and study the shop windows, and come out on the Goethe street, where the new theatre is, a very fine building indeed, with its Corinthian portico and groups of sculptured allegorical figures. Behind it is a little sheet of water called the Swan-pond and in front of it stands the large Museum. Between them is a large square called the Augustus-Place and on the west side of the square is the Augusteum, a large building forming part of the University. To the south is the broad Rossplatz, which curves to the westward and enters a street that follows the course of the Pleisse, and if we traverse it to the north we shall pass the monument to Sebastian Bach, another to Hiller, another to Leibnitz beside the Thomas Church, the Reformed Church, the Central Hall, the Baths, the Church of St. Matthew, the old Theatre and its square, where stands the monument to Hahnemann the inventor of homeopathy. Here several streets lead away to the Zoological Gardens and the beautiful park called the Rosenthal, or the valley of roses. We explored it later on but now our course is eastward past the railway station where we first entered the city, past the Exchange to the Mueller monument and an obelisk known as the railway monument, erected in commemoration of the Leipsic and Dresden railway, the first iron road of any importance in Germany. This stands at the end of Goethe street just behind the New Theatre of which we have already spoken, and completes the circle of the old fortifications. Conscience, or some other inward monitor, notifies us that it is time for lunch, and we lunch accordingly, and then enter a carriage for a drive through the suburbs, and out to the scene of the celebrated battle, the most protracted and sanguinary in modern history, in which for four long days in October 1813 the great Napoleon with his 150,000 men withstood the Russians, Prussians and Austrians combined before he was compelled to take up his line of retreat to the Rhine, and when at last he turned his back on the bloody plain only 90,000 of his troops were left to follow him. The allies were 300,000 strong but left 50,000 dead on the field when they entered Leipsic. The natives are not a little proud of this battle, and even the poet, Arndt, seems to think it almost the crowning glory of the city. He says something like this about it:—

O Leipsic, crowned with pleasant linden trees
Like victor's garland won in dreadful fight
Long as the springs return and take their flight
Long as thy Elster to the ocean flees,
Long as suns rule the day and moons the night
Thy children's praises shall thy bravery requite.

MARMORA.

SURPRISE AND PRESENTATION.

On Friday evening, March 7, the Methodist parsonage, Marmora, was the scene of an agreeable surprise. Two sleigh loads of young people from Springbrook, bringing baskets of provisions quietly took possession of the parsonage, and when all were comfortably settled down, the pastor and his wife were called to the front, when Miss Grace Burkitt read the following address:—

To Rev. W. C. Beer:

DEAR SIR AND PASTOR.—We, a few of the members of the Young People's Christian Endeavor, from Springbrook, have assembled to spend this social evening with you and your beloved family. During the three years you have labored in our midst you and your excellent wife have won a very warm place in our affections. We rejoice to say that the more we are acquainted with you the more we appreciate your straightforward course as a christian minister. Our attachment to your beloved wife as a christian lady, and also to your affectionate children, we cannot express in words, and now as the time is drawing near when you will be removed to another field of labor, we can assure you that our kindest regards and prayers will follow you and your family through the future of life. As a slight token of the high esteem which you and your excellent wife are held by us we present to you both this easy chair and hanging lamp, which we trust you will accept, not for their value, but for the sake of the givers, sincerely hoping your lives may be spared many years to enjoy the comforts they may afford you. We also pray that the Divine Master may accompany you and your esteemed family to your next field of labor, and make you as great a blessing to those among whom your lot may be cast as you have been to us.

Signed, in behalf of the society.

GEORGE MCCONNELL.
GRACE BURKITT.

Rev. W. C. Beer, in feeling terms, replied to the above address, reciprocating the kindly feeling expressed towards him and his family and thanking the donors for their expression of their good will. He had always taken a deep interest in the welfare of the young people, and assured them that he should ever cherish pleasant reminiscences of his three years labors among them, and prayed that they might so live as to meet in the better land. After partaking of the good things provided the evening was spent in pleasant social intercourse, and the singing of appropriate pieces of music, and a season of prayer, in which all felt "how good and pleasant it is to dwell together in unity."

COM.

Born.

HAGERMAN.—In Huntingdon, on March 8, wife of Sydenham Hagerman, of a son

Married.

PLANE—ARTIS.—In Marmora, on the 17th inst., by Rev. W. C. Beer, Mr. Edward A Plane, of Madoc, to Miss Maggie Artis, of Belleville.

FARREL—DIAMOND.—At the Methodist parsonage, Stirling, on Monday, March 10, by Rev. T. H. McDonald, Mr. James Farrel and Miss Christina B. Diamond, both of Madoc.

That tired, debilitated feeling, so peculiar to Spring, indicates depraved blood. Now is the time to prove the beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the system, restores physical energy, and infuses new life and vigor into every fibre of the body

Holloway's Pills.—Weak Stomach. The wisest cannot enumerate one quarter of the distressing symptoms arising from indigestion or disordered digestion, all of which can be relieved by these admirable Pills. They remove cankery taste from the mouth, flatulency and constipation. Holloway's Pills rouse the stomach, liver, and every other organ, thereby bringing digestion to that healthy tone which fully enables it to convert all we eat and drink to the nourishment of our bodies. Hence these Pills are the surest strengtheners and the safest restoratives in nervousness, wasting, and chronic debility. Holloway's Pills are infallible remedies for impaired appetite, eructations, and a multitude of other disagreeable symptoms which render the lives of thousands miserable indeed. These Pills are approved by all classes.

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XX.

A servant from the house crossed the road as we came to the gate.

"Sir Henry has come home, miss, and has sent me to find you," he said.

Ethel kissed Psyche, promising to see her again and often, and left us. We returned to the garden.

Psyche was unusually quiet. The objects which before had excited her interest were passed over unnoticed.

"I am tired," she said, "I have talked so much. I want to feel that you have come back to me again."

We sat down in the garden seat, and nestling against my arm she said:

"Tell me about that other one, and let me only listen."

That was a pleasant subject to talk about, and I told all I knew about Ethel, letting my tongue run on thoughtlessly and with a lover's enthusiasm—forgetting that Psyche loved me and was neither a child nor an elf, but had a woman's heart and a woman's susceptibility.

For a long time she listened sitting as quiet as a mouse; then she took her hand from my arm and drew herself away from me a little distance. I checked myself abruptly, seeing that I had awakened her jealousy and pained her by my folly. It might be only the jealousy of a child, but I saw by the expression of her downcast face that she suffered; and now it occurred to me whether, having gone so far, I ought not to go farther and prepare her for the separation that must come if I married Ethel. She knew nothing of my hopes in that direction, for marriage was a subject I had studiously avoided; yet I felt that she ought to know. But before I could make up my mind to undertake the cruel task, she had come back to my side again, and was nestling her cheek against my shoulder.

"Do not tell me any more about her," she murmured. "It gives me a pain here," pressing her hand upon her breast, "and makes me feel as if you were no more my brother. I cannot bear to hear that she is so much to you, because it makes me think that I must be nothing, and I feel as if sharp knives were running into me. But though you have known her so long you have never lived in the same cave with her, and she has never worked with you scraping the sand away with her hands and fighting to get away from the water when it came in and stopped the hole, and after all you are not her brother as you are mine, are you dear?"

"No, that is true, Psyche," and thinking that perhaps Ethel might never be mine I resolved to be silent about it for the present.

"You will teach me to dance and sing," Psyche continued, coaxingly, "not a foolish song like mine, but one with words, like those you sing; and you will buy me something to wear on my head, like hers, and teach me to wear my hair so that it may not be seen."

"Yes, Psyche, all in good time."

"Yes, all in good time, dear," she echoed. "She called me 'dear'; it's a pretty word, isn't it?"

There was a tear running down her white cheek, but her voice quivered with joy in this reconciliation and spring of hope.

It was about two hours after the departure of Ethel. Psyche and I were at the bottom of the garden (where she had discovered a glowworm, and was marvelling over the little insect "who carried a star with him") when we were startled by hearing a knock at the front door. It was a feeble knock, but distinct enough in the night silence. It was nearly eleven o'clock. Who would call at such an hour? Clearly no one to see Mrs Benham. My suspicion pointed to a visit from old Peter, who on some pretext might have come to assure himself as to my being an inmate.

"Someone has come to the house," I said to Psyche, as the knock was repeated. "I must go and see who it is. Stay here."

"Yes, I will not go away again. You will find me here when you come back."

I went up to the house and, passing by the side, peered cautiously out into the front garden. A man was standing by the door in the full light of the moon, it was Sir Henry Duncan.

He came towards me holding out his hand when I showed myself.

I was too surprised to speak, but I took his hand. It was moist and cold, and trembled palpably as he put it into mine. For a moment he was silent; then he spoke in a quick unsteady voice.

"It is not the first time I have had to apologise to you, Mr. Thorne," he said; "you know my weakness too well to require an explanation. A weak man, a weak man, led by uncontrollable impulses into action that leads to mortification and regret. My daughter—Ethel—has told me a story so strange—he hesitated, passed his hand over his brow, and then clasped the lattice—"so strange that it would pass belief if it were not supported by something you told me when we last met—the story of a young girl. His voice sank so low that the last word was hardly audible. "Can I sit down, I feel faint."

I led him into the back garden, and as he sank in the rustic seat his eyes wandered in every direction.

"A feeble heart—the slightest emotion upsets me," you have seen that in the past."

I offered to fetch some water, knowing that he never drank anything stronger. He declined, still looking from side to side furtively.

"I am better. It is gone," he said, though his voice belied him. "I was saying, Mr. Thorne, I came to apologise to you. When you told me of having found a fortune I scouted it as the statement of a madman. Now that I know that you have been confined in those caves, and what has happened there, anything is possible. I know something of the history of those caves—the landslip that closed them and so on. I intended after hearing the strange story from Ethel to call upon you to-morrow, but I found it impossible to rest with this—this on my mind."

It seemed to me that here was much ado about nothing; but his character had always been so incomprehensible to me that I was scarcely surprised by this unnecessary act of self-humiliation.

"I had another motive in coming here," he pursued after a pause, "From what Ethel told me I thought that possibly I might be able to render you some assistance."

"Assistance?" I said, questioningly.

"Perhaps the version of the story that Ethel told me, and which she, I believe, learnt from the poor girl who calls herself Psyche, is misleading. May I ask you to tell me what really has happened?"

He spoke less coherently than I have written—with frequent hesitations and corrections, being still under the influence of powerful emotion.

I saw no reason for withholding the facts from him, and I told him briefly how I had found Psyche, and how we had escaped. He did not interrupt my narrative with a word, but sat with his eyes set on me as if he were transfixed. Only when I dwelt on the awful solitude of the caves, the dark prison in which Psyche had passed her youth, he drew his handkerchief out as if to wipe his face and, forgetting his purpose, sat fingering it, as the dying finger the sheets of their deathbed.

"And did she preserve her reason in this living death!" he asked uneasily when I ceased to speak.

"Yes. She is like one who is beginning to live; that is all."

At that moment he started to his feet. Psyche was on the lawn, her figure revealed by the light dress against the dark evergreen. She stood motionless, looking at him for a minute, and then, with a cry of fear that I had never heard before from her, she ran to my side for protection, looking across me at him with terror.

"You don't know me," he gasped, looking not less terrified than she.

"Was it you who put your arm through the hedge with a knife to cut me!" she asked.

"What does she mean?" he asked, speaking to me quickly in French.

I could not tell.

"No, no" said Psyche in a calmer tone, "it was not you. Your hand is white and thin, and long, that was like the roots of the hedge."

"Do you understand?" Sir Henry asked me in a low tone of pity that showed he doubted her sanity. I answered him in French as he spoke to me that Psyche might not comprehend:

"Yes, I understand it well enough." said I. I know that hand which she compares with the roots of the hedge. He knows she is here, and passed along on the other side of the hedge not three hours ago."

"He, who?" he asked sharply.

"Old Peter."

He started as if he had been struck; and as if the blow had roused his courage, he said to Psyche with a firmness of voice and manner contrasting strangely with his previous nervous utterance.

"That hand shall not frighten you again, my child." Then to me as he turned to leave the garden, he added, "I will return when I have got that wretch out of the way."

We heard him passing between the corn and the outside of the garden hedge. Trying to conceal my uneasiness I waited anxiously for the result. Old Peter I knew was not one to be frightened away by the rustling corn; he would wait down there, knife in hand, for whoever might come. If I had heard a death cry from Sir Henry it would have been no more than I expected. No such cry came; yet I fancied I heard old Peter's growling voice. Half an hour passed and Sir Henry had not returned.

When I proposed to Psyche that we should go and look at the glowworm she assented at once.

"You are not afraid now?" I asked.

She laughed.

"I could never fear anything when you are with me," she said.

We were at the bottom of the garden when I heard the sound of a shot, sounding as if it came from the park.

CHAPTER XXI.

PERPLEXITY.

Sir Henry did not return that night as he had promised. I could not conceive of old Peter carrying such a contemptible insignificant weapon as a modern revolver, otherwise I should have feared that the shot I heard had been fired by him, and that Sir Henry was hit. I attributed the shot rather to poachers in Sir Henry's preserves, and his absence to the pursuit of them. All doubts as to his safety were removed by his coming over to the cottage the following morning soon after Psyche had gone up to her room for the day.

He was quite self possessed; his manner, indeed, was almost apathetic as he gave me his hand and then dropped into the seat on the lawn. The only trace of that agitation which had unmanned him the previous night was in the haggered, worn, and old expression of his face; he looked like a gambler who has played long and lost all.

"There was a shot in the park last night," he began; you may have heard it. I thought my daughter might be alarmed, and went in. Quite as well, you will say, seeing that I was not more fit to be at large than a maniac. She knew what was the matter with me: and brought me round as only she can;" Then after a pause, he continued "One of these days, Mr Thorne, you may know the value of my daughter Ethel, then should you be threatened with the loss of her you will understand my feeling. Fancy if a man came insolently to you and said he loved your wife and meant to take her from you if he could, how you would feel towards that man; and if in addition to that your wife admitted the possibility of being taken from you, how you would feel towards the world."

"You are speaking now of the love of a man for his wife."

"Well, sir," he returned sharply, "may not the love of a father for his daughter be as deep and strong as that of a husband for his wife. The love I bore her mother is centered in my daughter—all the love of my heart."

He turned his back upon me for a moment, then glancing round the garden he asked:

"Where is she—that other unloved soul?"

I explained how she slept during the day, being unable to endure the light after living so long in darkness.

"Twelve years without light or love," he said, visibly moved; "A month would kill me. She loves you, Ethel tells me."

"That is only natural, as she knows no one but me."

"It never occurred to you that she might be your wife?"

"How could it occur to me, loving your daughter as I do?"

He knitted his brows as he buried his face in his hands, his elbows resting on his knee. Raising his head after a minute's silence, he said:

"It isn't right that the girl should live here with you. I am not speaking from any conventional consideration of propriety, but with regard to the girl's future. You are strengthening the tie of affection, which presently is to be snapped. You ought to weaken it, that when the shock comes it may not break her heart.

"I hope to find her family or friends, until then she *must* stay with me."

"Not necessarily" he said, his eyes brightening. "Let her come to us. Ethel is deeply interested in her. Let her dangerous affection for you be replaced by love for a sister."

"With all my heart, I can wish Psyche no greater happiness that to live with your daughter."

"It would be a healthier life for her," he continued with growing excitement. "She would get to know the world she is to live in." We could take her abroad *while you are looking for her friends.*"

He looked eagerly into my eyes as he made this proposition. There was a wonderful expression of his face, apathy had changed to keen interest. It was still a gambler's face, but it wore the look of one who sees his way to retrieve a fortune by plucking a pigeon. For the first time a doubt of his honesty rose in my mind. I believe he saw it, for his eye quailed before mine, and he rose muttering something in a deep self deprecatory tone that I could not catch.

He paced across the lawn with his head bent, and when he returned the evil look was gone from his face. As he seated himself again beside me, he said:

"It wouldn't do, Thorne. I understand and sympathise with the girl's feelings more than you can believe. She must not lose you at once like that. What have you done towards finding her family?"

I told him of the advertisement I had inserted, and the answer I had received.

"You had no other answer?" he asked.

"No."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"Advertise again—if I find no further notice taken of the last. There may be a letter at the Post Office now. I shall go over presently to see."

"Yes, it's unlikely. Some sharp lawyer may see his way to making money through it. The man who got rid of the child would be only too glad, one may suppose, to claim and put her out of the way more securely. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, I am not certain that I have not already played into the hands of that man or his agents."

"I daresay you have," he replied calmly, "at any rate you see the danger of advertising in that way. It would be far safer to put the affair into the hands of a good solicitor; do you know one?"

"Only your solicitor, Mr. Andrews, at Bonport."

"A good man, but not at all suited to an investigation of this kind. You had better leave it to me. I will see Andrews and ask him who is the best man in the profession to employ if you like."

I accepted the offer at once.

"Then you will take no further steps at present?"

"I shall be very happy to leave it entirely in your hands."

"Good."

He seemed pleased with my renewed confidence in him. He was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, looking on the ground. After a moment's pause, without raising his head, he said:

"Someone will be going up from the house to Towerbridge in the course of the morning, shall he inquire at the Post Office if there is any letter for you?"

I assented to this, giving him the name to which answers were to be addressed.

"Very well, that is settled," he said, drawing a long breath and rising to his feet. "Let us walk. There is something else I want to say to you."

We walked up and down the lawn. After a couple of turns he said:

"You told me you had found some sort of treasure in those caves. What do you value it at?"

"Roughly, I think about ten thousand pounds.

"More or less. The ground in which the caves are, and the cottage on the cliff are your freehold."

"Yes."

If I give you a cheque for twenty thousand pounds will you let me have the freehold and full possession of all that is to be found in the caves. Remember, you may have found but part of the treasure."

"You are welcome to the rest."

"Then that is a bargain, and I may have possession as soon as I choose after paying."

"Certainly."

"Why do you hesitate?"

"Because your offer seems too generous."

"It is not generous. I want those caves and would have paid twice as much to get them."

"My grandfather inhabits the cottage," I said.

"I know he does. He may live there as long as he pleases. I will arrange with him."

We took another turn in silence, for his strange contradictory manner bewildered me. Opposite the wicket he stopped.

"That is all I have to say now," he said, "come over this evening. That cheque shall be ready for you. Bring Psyche with you. There is no time to lose."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Sleep.

This from a physician: "In these day of innumerable hints for health and comeliness, let me tell Beauty how not to go to sleep. Let her take care that it is not with a frown or discontented expression, for such will be apt to leave its imprint during her sleeping hours and contribute just so much to permanent unbecoming lines. As she finds herself sinking into the arms of the drowsy god let her close her mouth easily, allow the eyelids to drop gently but fully over the eyes, and, just as she yields herself to his soothing embrace, summon some pleasant thought that shall set the seal of peaceful content upon her face. She should not lie with one hand under her cheek, a common habit with youthful sleepers, which wrinkles and slightly numbs the skin, and, of course, she should breathe always through the nose. This latter practice can be readily acquired if one is not addicted to it, unless there be some pronounced nasal impediment. Persons who have passed their first youth are apt at the moment of falling asleep to let their jaws drop slightly, and the lines of the mouth settle themselves in heavy curves—this is not necessary until the muscles relax with age, and a little watchfulness at the moment of losing consciousness will essen the tendency."

The new ginghams and zephyrs come in new and novel fancy as well as clan tartans and in stripes and broche figures on stripes and plain grounds.

HOW THEY SETTLE STRIKES IN RUSSIA.

Fifty Labor Revolters So Cruelly Used That They Kill Themselves.

A correspondent of the London *Times* says that a strike in Russia is in truth a revolt, and is so treated by the authorities. The reason is that Russian workmen are such ignorant, unreasonable beings that they would become utterly unmanageable without the vigorous action of the judiciary.

About a month ago a case occurred that illustrates the childish absurdity of the men and the efficacious action of the authorities. A falling off in trade caused the proprietors of certain large mills to reduce the production and discharge a number of the hands, whose services were no longer useful. As soon as this decision was known a crowd of semi-savage workmen surrounded the managers and insisted that work should be found for the usual number of hands, threatening personal violence if their demand was unheeded, while at the same time a quantity of machinery was destroyed by the riotera.

The police were called in and settled the matter very quickly. During the night fifty of the ringleaders were quietly spirited away, no one knew whither or how. The rest, left leaderless, whimpered like beaten children and prayed to their favorite saints. Not receiving any satisfactory answer from St. Vladimir, St. George of Cappadocia, and the army of martyrs, the strikers quietly gave in and went to work completely demoralized.

By and by it leaked out among the diplomats that the fifty poor fellows had been hurried off to the salt mines of Cracow, where they were scourged and ill used till they imitated the example of Mrs. Sihida, and sought death as a refuge from tyranny. All this horror was kept as quiet as possible, that the element of mystery might be added to the other atrocities. So that, while the Government got rid of fifty dangerous men, their former fellow laborers were awed by the incomprehensible disappearance of their leaders.

Not a Book of Rules.

A chief value of the Bible as a guide of human conduct is found in the fact that it is a book of vital principles, instead of being a book of rigid rules; that it indicates in its precepts the spirit that should influence us in all our actions, instead of declaring to us those principles in every immaginable case. Yet it is just at this point that the Bible is misunderstood by many, and that many are perplexed by what seems to them a lack of explicitness in the divinely inspired teachings of the Bible. The Bible declares it to be every man's duty to love God supremely, and to love every child of man as one dear to God himself. This commandment is "exceedingly broad." It represents a principle which can find its application at all times, in any and every relation of life. He who really wants to know and do just what is right in any given case, has the responsibility laid upon him of finding out for himself how this principle bears upon that case, and then of acting accordingly. But if a man is puzzled to know whether he shall take the right hand or the left when he meets a fellow-man on a narrow crossing in a muddy street, he will find no specific declaration on the subject in the pages of the entire Bible. The principles enunciated in the Bible ought to enable a man to see that it is his duty to conform to the well-defined current practice in such a matter, and to concede to his fellow-man that portion of the pathway which custom or law declares to be his. But unless a man is willing to study out from Bible principles a rule that should guide him in the case, he must be so far without a rule that has the Bible sanction. And thus it is in all the range of human duty; the Bible enunciates the principle that ought in every case to be a man's standard of action, while it does not propose to supply a man with a specific rule for every particular case before him for decision. Although this is unmistakably the truth concerning the Bible, it is by no means generally recognized as the truth; and because of the misconceptions of the purpose and methods of the Bible so far, men are constantly misleading themselves in courses of conduct through their conviction that the Bible does not specifically pass upon those courses of conduct for all time and for every person.

A New Ocean Cable.

Another cable is to be stretched acoss the Atlantic Ocean. The act to incorporate the Canadian Cable Company, says the Montreal *Herald*, has passed the Committee on Railways and Canals, &c., and, that journal adds, little time will probably be lost "in supplying that much-felt want, an independent Canadian cable." The promoters are stated to be "good and substantial men," and it is added that the money needed will be forthcoming without much urging. The cable is to be laid from Clew Bay, Irelanid, to a point not yet decided upon, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and will there be connected with other lines over the American continent. It does not appear, however, that the new cable will be safe from absorption by one or the other great American companies already in operation and which invariably seek to defeat competition by buying up every new line established. The act gives the company authority "to enter into arrangements with any other telegraph or telephone company for the exchange or transmission of messages a necessary power—or for working in whole or in part of the lines of the company or of any such other company or companies." This provision, as the *Herald* fears, may directly or by implication give the right to the corporation "to amalgamate with or sell out to either of the existieg American companies." These fears seem to be well founded, and should they so prove, the general public would not be likely to receive any benefit from the new line in the way of reduced rates. There would be an additional cable, but it is most probable that if its owners were so authorized, they would find it to their advantage either to amalgamate with or sell to one of the old established lines, which would by amalgamation or purchase remove the newcomer from the field of active competition. It is only a wholly independent, non-amalgamative, non-leasable and non-purchaseable line which would have any influence in reducing cable rates and benefit the business men of this country.

The reason why a hen lays an egg is because she can't stand it on end.

THREW HIMSELF FROM THE STEEPLE.

The Sexton Rang the Chimes and then Took a Fatal Leap.

A remarkable suicide is reported from Wicksville, Neb., Wicksville has a church with a set of chimes in the steeple. A young Englishman named John Hicks Dawson was sexton, and played the chimes. About six weeks ago he had a severe attack of influenza. He recovered sufficiently to go to work again, but has acted rather strangely and has seemed very despondent. The other morning during the service the congregation was startled upon hearing the lively strains of the "Devil's Dream" rattled off in the steeple, followed by a heavy fall, and Dawson was found lying on the ground groaning. He was carried into the church, and died in a few moments.

A Warning to Farmers.

To make two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a creditable achievement for any farmer who desires a good crop of hay. To raise 100 bushels of wheat on an acre of ground capable before of producing not more than 30 would be another desirable accomplishment for any tiller of the soil. To find a kind of oats which, being sowed would spring forth and yield 150 bushels of 40 pound oats to an acre would be an equally profitable discovery. But none of these things are likely to come to pass in Canada, in this or in any other day and generation. The miracle of planting and reaping has its limita. Nevertheless a seed company has been started in the States which represented to farmers of this country that it had a kind of oats which would make the purchasers rich in a few years, and make mortgages a thing of the past. The ground in which this seed was buried would yield a harvest of three times the usual quantity, and the quantity would be in proportion to the extraordinary yield. Many farmers gave credence to the story and bought of the wonderful oats. In order to sell these in large quantities, notes payable after harvest time were given. The farmers already perceive the mistake they have made as the notes are being pressed for collection and the oats which were to produce such wonderful tiings are not yet in the ground, and, if they were, most likely would prove about as good as any other variety Agriculture has made great strides within the past fifty years. It has advanced in this country as decidedly as either settlement or mechanical pursuits. Indeed in no other industry have there been more marked changes. Fifty years ago the scythe, the sickle, the flail, the hand-hoe and hand-rake were the universal farming implements. Now it is the machine for cutting down and binding wheat and oats, the thrashing machine, the horse rake and horse hoe that do the work. Machinery has taken the place of manual exertion in the planting and sowing, tilling and curing, gathering and preparing for use. Butter and cheese, too, are machine and factory made, and thus the housewife is relieved from these most laborious duties. Furthermore, during the past decade or two, silos and ensilage have entered the field and gained a permanent lodgment, obviating a vast amount of former hard, grinding labor. But, with all the progress made, ground and grain vary but little from their old capacities, the great transformation being in the utensils for doing the work. When strangers with plausible speech attempt to sell farmers cereals at big prices, which are to accomplish the impossible, the farmers will serve themselves best by showing their callers the road, and placing their reliance on the oats capable of yielding a crop of 50 bushels of 32 pounds weight to the acre, and in other grains sticking to what has been proved valuable.

War Prospects.

The approach of Spring is apt to bring more or less uneasiness in regard to war prospects in Europe, and occasionally this takes the form of direct alarms. So many campaigning seasons, however, have come and gone without disturbance of the peace of the Continent that perhaps only on the theory that "it is the unexpected that happens" need any anxiety on this score be felt for 1890. There are some signs of petty disturbance in the Balkans, where plotting against Prince Ferdinand seems to go on without much intermisson; and in the latest affair it is alleged that sundry Russian officials have been implicated. Russia is said to have made, also, a demand for the payment of 3,000,000 rubles, due her for expenses incurred in maintaining an armed force in Eastern Roumelia, after the treaty of Berlin and in accordance with that treaty. Still, to demand this payment of the Government at Sofia seems to imply assent to the political union of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria. The best sign of peace, perhaps, is the fact that the German Government has taken up the labor problem for the immediate future, which it would hardly do unless it expected 1890 to be a year of peace.

The acceptance by England of Germany's invitation to take part in the labor conference devised by Emperor William makes it look as if the movement might amount to something. The Emperor probably evolved the scheme as a sop to be thrown to the working-men just before the election, and it is very likely that he is angry enough now so withdraw it if he could. But he cannot, the invitations having gone out to other nations. What the conference can do does not appear, but there is a growing feeling among European governments that something must be done to allay the discontent among the laboring classes. There are scores of things which might be done if the governments were in a different position, but they are so hampered that they can do but little.

The Alaska Commercial Company loses its valuable exclusive privilege of taking fur seals upon the islands of St. Paul and St. George because of the competition excited by its large profits. The North American Commercial Company, of New York and San Francisco, which is to have the lease, is to pay more than three times as much per annum as was paid by the Alaska Company. On the basis of 100,000 seals per annum the Government will receive about $1,000,000 per annum, as against $300,000 required under the old lease. The exclusive privilege is to run for twenty years. The purchase of Alaska was a pretty good business speculation, as these figures show. The United States paid only $7,200,000 for the country, and it has immense undeveloped resources besides these seal fisheries. No wonder that the Washington Government contends that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum* or closed sea, and wishes to control the seal fisheries of the whole district.

MURDERED IN MASAILAND.

Two Hundred Female Slaves Shot by Arab Raiders When Food was Scarce.

The "Revue Française" has a letter from Zanzibar which says that over a year ago a caravan of Masai Arabs left the east coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned, and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavirondo, on the northeast shores of Victoria Nyanza, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory, and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were willing to do anything to make peace.

After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of 200 tusks of ivory and 200 young women. The natives were glad to get rid of the enemy even on these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivory and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masai country. There was a drought, and they almost perished of thirst. Their provisions became scarcer and scarcer, and the whole party was in danger of starvation. Finally the Arab chiefs decided that in order to save themselves and their ivory it would be necessary to sacrifice their female slaves, who were very weak from their deprivations and could march no further.

That night all of these 200 young women were shot to death, and their bodies were left in the camp for beasts of prey. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his victim, and the horrible crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the women made any outcry. With their force thus summarily reduced the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain life.

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but mentioned the massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifice of their 200 slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were greatly troubled in mind because their necessities had compelled them to eat rats and unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans on the march.

British Capital in Mexico.

Capitalists are very paradoxical. At one time they are extremely distrustful and suspicious; at another they are possessed of an excess of confidence. It is only a few years since a special committee of the Imperial House of Commons made an exhaustive investigation into what had been done with the money that had been lent to the South American Governments and Companies. The facts that were then elicited were sufficient to make all persons possessed of money chary of adventuring it in enterprises in that quarter of the globe. But the information appears to have been unheeded. In recent years there has been an amount that can only be counted by many millions sent to the territory of the Argentine Republic. Large though the outgoings of English capital to that quarter have been, those sent to Mexico have been proportionately larger. Three years ago British investments in Mexico amounted to only about two and a half millions. Now the investments amount to over fifteen millions. Englishmen are gradually getting possession of all the railways and public works in that Republic. They are buying land, not by hundreds, but by thousands of acres. English enterprise there has long since surpassed the Spanish and it is now surpassing the American. The sky-scraping politicians of the United States used to point to Mexico as the natural outlet for the energy of the country. But for some reason not apparent on the surface they are allowing Mexico to be exploited by Englishmen—we trust to the benefit both of the Mexicans and the English. It is impossible not to have some doubt as to the stability of some of the schemes that are being projected in all the South American States and by the much-vaunted Pan-American congress now in session at Washington.

Served Them Right.

For a bad man to be contronted with the results of his misdeeds is often very disconcerting and embarrassing. Thus a trio of Mormon missionaries found it in London, England, the other day. They had come to Great Britain to carry on their work of proselyting and persuading innocent young women to emigrate to America and were holding a meeting in East London for that purpose. For a while the missionaries were listened to with attention, but presently a member of the Anti-Mormon League appeared on the scene to offer opposition to the Latter Day Saints. He reminded the crowd that not very long ago a young woman, one of their own number, who had been induced to emigrate by Mormon missionaries, had returned to her mother's home shoeless and starving, with two little children, having tramped the whole distance from Liverpool. He concluded by producing the young woman in question and asking if they wanted more of their sisters to be served as she had been. This excited the crowd, who groaned and hooted. Mud and other refuse were thrown at the unlucky Mormons, who had their clothing torn, hats knocked in, and were otherwise maltreated by the outraged citizens. In view of the speaking facts they had before them one can hardly blame those people for the rough handling they gave these wolves in sheep's clothing. Their sin at any rate, even though they did violate the letter of British law, was only venal.

Now that our mysterious visitor, la grippe, has about ceased from his deadly work among us, the results of his visitation in the city may be approximately estimated. According to the official mortuary record the deaths for last December were only about one per thousand of the population, while according to the same authority the deaths for the month of January last, amounted to 1¾ per thousand, the difference being attributed in large degree to the unwelcome visitor. And yet, though the increase of deaths in Toronto is so marked, the city's record is more favorable than that of many other places in the Dominion, notably Montreal and St. Hyacinthe, in the former of which the deaths were 3 per thousand and in the latter, over 4. During 1889 the ratio of deaths per 1,000 of population did not reach 18. In January last, when la grippe and pulmonary affections were prevalent, it was only 1.74, while in Montreal it was 3. All of which goes to show that Toronto is not a bad place to live in.

Abhorring Evil Faintly.

A well-known journalist writes as follows: "One of the greatest evils of our times is that we abhor evil so faintly. Look at the evidences of this: Consider the comparative impunity of crime; how often it deludes detection; how often, when detected, it escapes judicial conviction; how rarely, when convicted, it receives due sentence; and how, at last, a mawkish sentimentalism obstructs the course of justice. A policeman prostitutes his uniform to the perpetration of repeated burglaries, and is justly sentenced to a long imprisonment; the foreman of the jury, who could not but convict him, hastens to assure him that after three or four years he would be the first to sign a petition for his pardon. A most deliberate, cowardly and brutal murder is committed because a gentleman speaks a few words to defend some ladies from shameful insult in a public conveyance. The murderer is condemned to die. And now the unseemly spectacle is presented of every possible influence being brought to bear to prevent the execution of the sentence; presented vainly, however, because the chief magistrate has the sense to see and the conscience to feel himself called to be 'the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.' These are actual and recent cases.

"Go into what is termed 'the best society,' and see what practices it tolerates. Men whose characters are blackened with known dishonesty, with drunkenness, and even with personal impurity, are welcomed and smiled upon in some of the sumptuous parlors of 'the very highest circles.' Fond parents give their fair daughters to splendid scoundrels, and the only explanation must be sought in that pagan wail which has been sounding down the ages for 2,000 years: 'Accursed lust of gold, to what iniquity dost thou not inspire the hearts of mortals!'

"Come into the Church of God. What do you find there? Multitudes of half-conversions, followed by negative characters; milk-and-water piety, addicted to worldly amusements and self-deceiving apologies for them; large numbers of well-meaning professors, who have little power and less disposition to grapple with the outlying world and subdue it to Christ. Many a church is a large battery filled with weak acid; a stupendous engine with hardly steam enough to turn its wheels. Our manifest want in such cases is a more effective sense of 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin.'"

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

So ran the dire warning which Dante read on the portals of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered"!! And the struggle against death is given up in despair. But while there is life, there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.

We are to remember that it is not so much by the words they speak, or by outwardly and apparently important actions, as by silent, unconscious influence, that friends help every moment to mar or make our characters.

After smoking use Adam' Tutti Frutti Gum, it will purify the breath, and is recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents.

Lose your head and lose the battle. Lose your heart and you have lost all.

All Men.

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East. Toronto, Ont.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

The Waterous Engine Works Co. of Brantford have just completed for Duncan McCormack of Montreal, at Casselman, Ont., one of the most complete saw mills in Eastern Ontario. It consists of a 70 horse power engine, two large boilers, circular saw irons, with improved carriage, consisting of five log seats with rope feed, heavy three saw double edger, double trimmers, swing saw, friction bull wheel, shingle machine, combined planer and matcher, sawdust carrier, live rolls, &c. Their men are now at work constructing a similar mill at Lachute, Quebec, for Messrs. McGibbon & Co., which will be started in a few days. In both of these mills can be seen at work their new friction grip pulley, which is sufficiently strong to stop and start with ease the heaviest circular or gang mill without stopping the power. This pulley will be a great acquisition to mill men and from its strength and effectiveness is sure to have a large sale. We would advise anyone troubled with the old style of friction clutch pulley, or who desires to stop and start heavy machinery without interference with the power, to write them for information. Their friction grip can be attached to old pulleys as well as new.

A Dream of Fair Women.

Tennyson in his exquisite poem, dreams of a long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laureate would have done the world a greater service if he had only told the women of the present how they could improve their health and enhance their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health of womankind and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Never be security for more than you are quite willing to lose.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by Dr. Sege's Catarrh Remedy.

A.P. 493.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION,
Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

WATCHES FREE. 1000 absolutely free to introduce our goods. Write and be convinced. Canadian Watch Co., Toronto, Can.

LADIES try OLIVE BRANCH, the best remedy known for all female complaints. Sample free. J. TROTTER, 5 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Can.

THE SMITH NEEDLE PACKAGE.

Best thing out. Agents make $5 per day. Sample by mail, 25c. CLEMENT & Co., 36 King St. E., Toronto.

WANTED A PARTNER.

For $2,000 cash I will sell a one-quarter interest in an old-established profitable city business. This is a rare chance. Investigation invited. References exchanged. Principals only. For particulars address

P.O. Box 296, Toronto P.O., Ont.

CANCER and TUMOR Specialist. Private Hospital. No knife. Book free. G. H. MCMICHAEL, M. D., No. 63 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ENGRAVING ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PRESS WORK
J. L. JONES WOOD ENGRAVER 9 KING STREET EAST TORONTO CANADA

$10.00 A DAY.—Easy and respectable work for men and women. Address T. M. SCRIPTURE, 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

The Great Ottoman Blood Remedy.

"Guaranteed to cure all diseases of the blood whether brought on by indiscretion and excess or arising from hereditary causes. Will remove pimples and blotches from the skin and by its invigorating action on the blood restores failing powers and builds up the system of those suffering from wasting disease. Price $1 per bottle. Address, Ottoman Medicine Co., Mail Building, Toronto.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
J. DOAN & SON.
For Circular Address,
Northcote Ave., Toronto

The Boiler Inspection AND INSURANCE CO., OF CANADA.

Established for the prevention of steam boiler explosion by proper inspections. Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Gov. of Ontario, President. Head Office, 2 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ont. Consulting Engineers and

SOLICITORS OF PATENTS

GEO. C. ROBB, Chief Engineer. A. FRASER, Sec

JOY FOR PAIN.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Pains in Breast and Kidneys, for years very bad. When I stooped I could scarcely straighten up, felt miserable. After three months' drinking St. Leon Water, I found rest and perfect relief. No pains or stifling sensation after eating. I recommend St. Leon daily. Others find it all I state.

W. HIGGINS,
Empire Laundry,
823 Queen St. W., Toronto.

PLATE GLASS

Delivered anywhere in Canada. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

McCausland & Son,
72 to 76 King Street West, Toronto.

— THE —
Cheapest and BEST PLACE
in America to buy Band and Musical Instruments, Music, &c.

Address WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 158 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

The Trusts Corporation OF ONTARIO.

CAPITAL, ... $1,000,000
Subscribed Capital, ... 600,000

Office and Vaults, 23 Toronto St., Toronto.
PRESIDENT, HON. J. C. AIKINS.
Vice Presidents { HON. SIR ADAM WILSON, Knt. HON. R. J. CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G.
MANAGER, A. E. PLUMMER.

This Company is approved by Order-in-Council of Lieut. Governor, and is accepted by the High Court of Justice for purposes of such Court.

This Company acts as **Executor, Administrator, Receiver, Guardian, Liquidator, Assignee, &c., Trustee** under Deeds, Wills by Appointment or Substitution, and acts as **Agent** in all Financial Business, Investment of Money, Collection of Rents Interest and Income, and Countersigns all Bonds, Securities, &c.

Thousands of Dyspeptics
HAVE USED
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF
WITH BENEFIT.
Easily Digested, Very Strengthening.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COY'S
TRANSPARENT
CARBOLIC ACID TOILET SOAP
Is pleasant to use.
It heals the skin, and destroys insects and germs on the hair of man & beast.

No. 3240
PRICE **$5.87**
Sample Free

Agents Wanted Everywhere

This offer is good for 60 days and is made to assist us in securing good agents to introduce our Watches and Jewelry. We require everyone ordering to cut this advertisement out and send with their order, money to try and make sales from our mammoth catalogue which is sent free with every watch. On receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps as a guarantee of good faith, we will send the sample to you C.O.D. subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance to the agent and take the watch, otherwise you are not obliged to buy anything. Ours is warranted solid Goldoid, a composition metal which can not be told from fine gold, stem wind and set, hunting case, beautifully engraved, with solid gold dial, and has the appearance of a $75 watch. Each one is carefully examined, timed and warranted for 20 years. The movement is a genuine imported expansion balance, patent pendant, stem winder and setter, adjusted and regulated, fully warranted, with fair usage will last a lifetime. This is your last chance to get a $75 watch for $5.87 and cost free if you sell C. CANADIAN WATCH & JEWELRY Co., 69 & 71 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, CAN. The money can also be sent by mail, cash in full must accompany the order, as no goods can be sent by mail, C.O.D. Where cash in full accompanies the order, we send free a fine gold plated chain.

"Remember, this ad. will not appear after April the 1st."

MOULDERS' Apprentices Wanted

Twenty-five young men who have had one or more years' experience at Iron Moulding in country foundries, as improvers. Application must be made at once by mail, accompanied by testimonials as to character, ability and general health, height and age. Wages paid to such as are accepted will be sufficient to meet reasonable living expenses for unmarried men.

The E. & C. Gurney Co.,
TORONTO, ONT.

ALLAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

THE PIONEER CANADIAN LINE, and still to the front in regard to the provision made for the safety and comfort of its customers. Weekly Sailings between Liverpool, Glasgow and the St. Lawrence, and for nightly Service from London during Summer Months.

Mail Steamers run between Liverpool and Portland via. Halifax during winter. Glasgow Steamers sail throughout the year to Boston and Philadelphia, calling at Irish ports and Halifax en route.

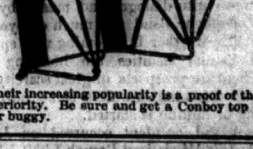
For rates of passage and other information apply to H. BOURLIER, cor. King and Yonge Sts., Toronto; H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, or to the local agents in your county.

POND'S EXTRACT

THE LADIES' FRIEND. THE PAIN DESTROYER.

THE WONDER OF HEALING!
CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, TWELVE CONSTANTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS.
Used Internally & Externally. Prices 50c., $1, $1.75
POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London.

THE CONBOY CARRIAGE TOPS ARE THE BEST KNOWN.



Their increasing popularity is a proof of their superiority. Be sure and get a Conboy top on your buggy.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

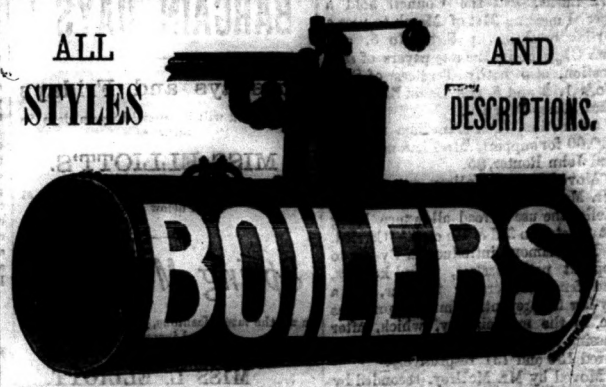
When I say Cured I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

Confederation Life
ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
REMEMBER, AFTER THREE YEARS
Policies are Incontestable.
Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation.
Paid-up Policy and Cash Surrender Value Guaranteed in each Policy.
THE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY.
AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST
:-: EARLY :-: DEATH. :-:
Provides an income in old age, and is a good investment.
Policies are non-forfeitable after the payment of two full annual Premiums.
Profits, which are unexcelled by any Company doing business in Canada, are allocated every five years from the issue of the policy, or at longer periods as may be selected by the insured.
Profits so Allocated are Absolute and not liable to be reduced or recalled at any future time under any circumstances.
Participating Policy Holders are entitled to not less than 90 per cent. of the profits earned in the class, and for the past seven years *have actually received 95 per cent. of the profits so earned.*
W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary. J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

ALL STYLES AND DESCRIPTIONS.



Having Special Facilities for boiler work we are prepared to tender for anything in that line—Tanks, Burners, etc. AUTOMATIC ENGINE, new design, economy and regular speed guaranteed.

WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., Ltd., Brantford, Canada.

Central Ontario Railway

Time Table.

Leav Trenton for Picton	7:35 a m	1:05 p m
Arrive at Picton	9:44 a m	3:30 p m
Leave Picton for Trenton	9:46 a m	3:45 p m
Arrive at Trenton	10:15 a m	4:15 p m
Leave Trenton for Coe Hill	7:35 a m	2:30 p m
Leave Actons (Mid Ry Junction)	10:30 a m	2:25 p m
Arrive C P R Junction		4:00 p m
Leave C P R Junction	11:00 a m	4:35 p m
Arrive at Coe Hill	1:30 p m	6 p m
Leave Coe Hill for Trenton	8:00 a m	2:30 p m
Arrive C P R Junction	9 a m	4:30 p m
Leave C P R Junction	9:10 a m	4:50 p m.
Leave Actons, Mid. Ry Junction	9:45 a m	4:37 p m
Arrive Trenton	9:50 a m	5:42 p m

ROBT. FRASER, Supt.

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

If paid in advance..... $1.00 per year.
" after 3 months..... 1.25 " "
" after 6 months..... 1.50 " "

We prefer the $1.00 in advance to the $1.50 a long credit. No successful paper can be run on any other terms, and we shall strictly adhere to the above prices in future, in every instance.

MADOC, MARCH 20, 1890.

BANCROFT.

The Band Concert last Friday night was excellent, although the attendance was not as large as was expected. The programme was well rendered and highly amusing, Prof. Seymour, of Madoc, in his Stump Speech beat anything we have heard since British Columbia discovered America. The most distressing thing in it was the pains on both sides of the audience from laughing at his imitation of the real darkey orator. The fact that he had to return twice and then leave the stage amid cries of "bring back the darkey again," and "another twenty-five cents to see the darkey again," will give some idea of how much his drolleries were enjoyed. The Band played six times and did very well, getting through without any breakdowns, although some of the music was quite difficult. The vocal music by Mrs. J. C. George, Mrs. R. C. Fair, Mrs. F. C. Humphries, and Mr. C. H. George, was well received, as was also a reading by Mr. W. J. Sargent, and a recitation by Mr. P. Simpson caused considerable merriment. Last but not least was an impromptu dialogue and music by the Vocophone Band was much enjoyed.

The weather is becoming very spring like, and shanties are breaking up. There are prospects of great scarcity of cash this summer unless some railroading or mining is started.

A sad accident occurred on J. R. Booth's Mississippi Branch Limit (about twenty miles east of here) last Wednesday. Wm. Adams, late of the firm of McArthur and Adams, Mayo, and formerly a resident of Admaston, in Renfrew County, was engaged in taking out sawlogs and in some way had a log roll on his head and shoulders, causing evidently instant death. Deceased leaves a young wife and many friends to mourn his loss. This is the second death on the same limit this season, a man by the name of Gorman being killed some time ago in a similar manner.

JAS. L. BRIT.

Bancroft, March 17th, 1890.

Elzevir Council.

TOWN HALL, BRIDGEWATER,
March 17th, 1890.

Council met pursuant to adjournment. Present, the Reeve, Messrs. Burns, Moore, McIlroy and Diamond.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved by F. O. Diamond, seconded by Mr. Burns, that the Council hear petitioners regarding "French Settlement" being set off from S. S. No. 1 and forming a S. S. by themselves. On being questioned the different petitioners did not want to be set off as a separate section, but Messrs. Joe Generaux, Nelson Generaux, Antoine Duyea, Antoine Payette, John Fobear, and Joe Baker wished to be set off from S. S. No. 1 and join S. S. No. 4. Prayer of the petitioners was granted.

Moved by Mr. Diamond, seconded by Mr. Burns, that the Council hold a special meeting 31st of March to pass a By-law breaking up S. S. No. 5, and that Clerk notify the rate-payers of said Section, also notify Trustees of S. S. No.'s 1, 2 and 5, and David Baker and Paul Akie.—Carried.

On motion, Juda Manemara received $10.00 for support, Mrs. Latonders $5, and John Ronter, $5.

Moved by Mr. McIlroy, seconded by Mr. Moore, that the Council grant Wm. Kellar the use of road allowance being lot 2 between 3rd & 4th cons.—Carried.

Mr. Diamond introduced a By-law to appoint path masters, pound keepers, and fence viewers for the year, also a By-law for preventing immoral practices &c. in the municipality, which, after passing the several readings, were numbered 130 and 131 respectively.

Moved by Mr. McIlroy, seconded by Mr. Moore, that Mrs. James, Mrs. Kellar's and James Mairs' requisition be laid over until next meeting of Council.—Carried.

The Clerk presented the Auditors' report.

Moved by Mr. Burns, seconded by Mr. Diamond, that the Auditors' report be received and adopted.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. McIlroy, seconded by Mr. Diamond, that the Auditors be paid $4 each for auditing accounts of 1889.—Carried.

The Collector returned his rolls.

Moved by Mr. Burns, seconded by Mr. McIlroy, that the rolls be returned to him to continue collecting until next regular meeting.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Diamond, seconded by Mr. McIlroy, that the Clerk advertise for sale by tender, the timber on road allowance on Lot 2, between 3rd and 4th cons.—Carried.

On motion Council adjourned until Monday, March 31st.

R. W. MILLER, Clerk.

"Ayer's Medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."—F. L. Morris, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

AUDITORS' REPORT.

For the Village of Madoc for the year ending December 31st, 1889.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from audit 1888		$ 594 63
John Dunn, collector's roll 1888.		1,259 73
do do 1889.		330 52
Alex Wright, do 1889.		1,822 62
License fund		328 06
Schools—		
Legislative Grant		151 00
Township of Madoc (taxes)		466 96
do Huntingdon (taxes)		105 27
County Grant		250 00
Notes discounted—		
Proceeds of Note ($1,500)		1,472 60
do do ($500)		496 75
do do ($350)		347 65
Loan from sinking fund		2,330 00
Rent of Town Hall		32 00
Concert License		5 00
Absentee Taxes		5 01
Fines (E. D. O'Flynn)		14 00
		$10,011 80

EXPENDITURE.

Paid Thos. Wills, County Treas.	$	770 91
do Interest		9 77
E. Hill, Model School		1,700 90
do Legislative Grant		151 00
do County Grant		250 00
R O'Riordan, work on streets		229 16
Interest on Debentures		3,600 44
Salaries		346 53
Lumber		236 62
J. R. Orr, printing and adv		68 58
Agricultural Association		100 00
Bank Notes Retired		2,000 00
Ewin, for horse		30 00
Maybee, for Fire Co		25 00
Miscellaneous		157 53
Cash in Bank		335 36
		$10,011 80

LIABILITIES NOW DUE.

Salaries for 1889 unpaid	$	52 00
County Requisition		718 69
Model School do		1,500 00
High School do		300 00
Assessment Rollins' Dam		193 40
		$2,764 09

OTHER LIABILITIES.

Railway Debentures	$	5,723 25
Public School do		7,500 00
Fire Engine do		1,300 00
High School do		7,600 00
Drainage do		511 60
		$22,634 85

ASSETS.

Uncollected taxes, 1889	$	2,992 70
Non-Resident " "		113 55
Cash on hand		335 36
		$3,441 61
Total Liabilities		$25,398 94
Total Assets		3,441 61
Liabilities unprovided for		$21,957 33

R. T. GRAY,
R. R. CASEMENT, } Auditors.

NEW FEATURE!

BARGAIN DAYS!

Tuesdays and Fridays

of each week will be special bargain days in future at

MISS ELLIOTT'S.

On the above days all goods will be sold at and below cost.

Spring Millinery!

in all the latest fashions, just to hand. Call and inspect.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

'90.—Spring Importations.—'90.

The great success that has attended our efforts to give buyers a good article at a reasonable price, by importing direct, saving thus the wholesale merchants' profit to the purchasers, at the same time giving them a better variety of patterns and colors, has induced us to import this Spring a great variety of seasonable goods, among which we beg to call special attention to Scotch Tweeds, Dress Goods, Carpets, Floor Oilcloths and Linens which for value and style cannot be surpassed. Our Spring Consignments have arrived, and as soon as passed the Customs at Belleville will be forwarded at once, which will be the end of this week or the first of next.

The fact that notwithstanding the dull times our sales are twenty five per cent. ahead of the same months a year ago, shows that our efforts to please are appreciated.

Close buyers are invited to inspect our stock.

THOS. CROSS.

Try G. A. Rollins for ready-mixed Paint, all colors.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. S. F. Weaver, of Eldorado, in this issue. He announces a clearing out sale of dry goods, boots and shoes, clothing, &c., at greatly reduced prices, and hints that it will be worth while getting his prices before purchasing.

Spring Opening!

— AT —

GEO. RITCHIE & CO'S

—ON—

WEDNESDAY, 26TH MARCH.

On Wednesday, 26th March, our Show Rooms will be opened for the exhibition of Imported Pattern Millinery and Mantles, together with other seasonable and fashionable goods in great variety.

Miss Irwin extends a cordial invitation to visit the show rooms.

GEO. RITCHIE & Co.
Belleville.

MORTGAGE SALE!

UNDER and by virtue of certain powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage made by John Powers (which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale) there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserved bid, at

STANLICK'S HOTEL, ORMSBY

(Rathbun Station) in the Township of Limerick, in the County of Hastings, on

FRIDAY, the 28th day of MARCH

A. D., 1890, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Lots number 29 and 30 in the 10th concession of the Township of Dungannon, and Lots number 48 and 49 east of the Hastings Road, in the said Township of Dungannon. The said lots contain 300 acres more or less. This farm is said to contain 360 acres. The property is known as the Powers farm, and has a frame house, with barns, on the premises. This is one of the best farms in the north part of the County.

Terms of payment are liberal, 10 per cent. to be paid in cash at the time of purchase and the balance, unless otherwise arranged for, within 30 days. For further particulars apply to

F. E. O'FLYNN,
No. 2 Graham Block, Belleville,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated at Belleville this 27th day of February, A. D., 1890. 49-4w

Notice of Assignment.

IN THE MATTER OF

Willis W. Hudgins, of the Village of Madoc,

in the County of Hastings, Grocer.

NOTICE is hereby given that the above named Willis W. Hudgins has made an assignment to me under the provisions of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 124, of all his estate and effects, in trust for the benefit of all his creditors.

A meeting of the creditors of the said estate is hereby convened and will be held at the office of my Solicitor, O'Flynn's Block, Madoc, on

Tuesday the 18th of March, instant,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purposes of appointing inspectors and the giving of directions as to the disposal of the said estate.

All creditors are hereby requested to file their claims with my Solicitor as directed by the said Statute on or before the day of said meeting; and notice is also given that on the 1st of April, 1890, I will proceed to distribute all the said assets among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims which shall have been duly proved, and that I will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim I have not then have had notice.

Dated this 6th day of March, A.D. 1890.

JAMES C. DALE,
Assignee, Madoc, Ont.

F. E. O'FLYNN,
Solicitor for Assignee,
No. 2, Graham Block, Belleville.

CLEARING OUT SALE!

Selling Off Without Reserve. Goods Marked Down.

Having decided to sell out my entire stock of Goods in ELDORADO, I have made a big reduction in prices for cash, Eggs and Butter accepted. Special cuts to the Trade. Goods are all new and in good condition, and consist of Staples which every farmer and his household must have, such as

Boots & Shoes, Dry Goods, Clothing, GROCERIES, &c.

Now is the time to secure a Bargain. This exceptional opportunity cannot last long.

I desire to thank my numerous customers for their very liberal patronage during the past two years; and would respectfully "whisper in their ears" that it will be to their interest to help in clearing out the stock, because of the bargains which will be offered.

Those whose accounts are standing are requested to make provision for the same before the first of April.

S. F. WEAVER.

Eldorado, March 11th, 1890.

WALL P-A-P-E-R-S

We have pleasure in again announcing the arrival of our new stock of Wall Paper and Borderings for spring, in all the latest designs.

5,000 ROLLS.

100 Different Patterns to Select from.

PRICES VERY LOW!

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, March 4, 1890

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

OF COURSE NOT!

You don't expect to borrow money and be paid for the borrowing. You pay interest when you borrow.

BUT, LOOK AT THIS!

A merchant's money is locked up in his goods, his actual invested capital, without interest.

IN OTHER WORDS

Can you buy on credit without paying more for the goods, by way of interest?

NO, YOU CAN'T.

If you want to get the actual worth of cash spent, you must buy at

A STRAIGHT CASH STORE.

The credit busines must get it out of you, in higher prices, in less quantity, or inferior quality.

The best goods for the lowest cash prices, is our motto.

GRAY & McGREGOR.

Madoc Roller Mills

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

See the great reduction in the price of flour and feed at the Madoc Roller Mills.

No. 1 straight roller flour,	$2.25 per cwt
Cracked Peas or Oats,	1.00 "
Bran	65 "
Shorts	80 "

These are close prices, and are for cash only.

Highest Price paid for Wheat.

Flour given in exchange for wheat.

Cracking done on shortest notice.

FRED. ROLLINS.

FARMS FOR SALE.

LOT No. 2, 11th con. of Madoc, containing 123 acres, and west half of lot 3, 1st concession of Elzevir, containing 100 acres. Both situated on the gravel road, distant from Madoc 4½ miles; from Bridgewater 3 miles. On Madoc lot is a good frame house and frame barn, with cow stable attached for 15 head; sixty acres cleared, the balance well timbered with hard and soft wood. On the Elzevir lot about 65 acres are cleared, balance well timbered, good soil, and in a good state of cultivation; unfinished frame house. These lots will be sold together or separately, to suit purchaser. Part of purchase money can remain on mortgage for a term of years as may be agreed upon. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to the undersigned, on the premises, or to Madoc post office.

JOHN DUGGAN.

Madoc, January 20th, 1890. 43-tf

E. HILL

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
DRY GOODS

—AT—

AWAY DOWN PRICES.

TERMS CASH.

Eggs, Butter, &c., taken in Exchange.

October, 1889.

H. C. BROWN,

—AGENT FOR—

Manufacturers' Life and Accident *INSURANCE Co.*
Fire Insurance Association.
NORWICH UNION
—AND—
CITY OF LONDON
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

OFFICE—Next to Peter Sinclair's harness shop. 49-1y

MEN WANTED IMMEDIATELY. Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Permanent position to Engineers. Stock complete, with fast-selling specialties. OUTFIT FREE. We guarantee what we advertise. Write ROSS WILLIAMS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. (This house is reliable.)

Important Announcement.

—o—

$18,000.00

Eighteen Thousand Dollars worth of Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, Boot and Shoes, Groceries, &c., to be sold at Cost and less.

We have decided to go out of business, and will offer our whole stock at cost until it is sold. This is a chance that cash buyers do not often get, to purchase goods at wholesale prices at retail.

OUR STOCK IS WELL ASSORTED!

We had placed our orders for spring goods before we decided to close up the business. We have all the novelties for spring.

THE SALE WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY MARCH 8th ,1890.

☞ It will be to buyers interest to call early, before stock is broken.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Latest Local News.

—Village Auditors' Report in this issue.

—Farmers are getting ready for sugar making.

—Try G. A. Rollins for Whiting, Paris White and Yellow Ochre.

—See Thos. Cross' special announcement in another column.

—See Miss Elliott's new advt. in this issue.

—Monday last, 17th inst., St. Patrick's Day, was quietly observed in this neighborhood.

—Geo. Ritchie & Co.'s spring opening will be held on the 26th inst. See advt. in another column.

—The Big 4 has just opened up a new stock of spring clothing and marked down the prices of the same. See new advt.

—Mr. Ireland, engaged as assistant High School teacher in the stead of Mr. Kirkconnell, entered upon his duties on Monday last.

—Mr. John M. Third, contractor of cheese factories, Maynooth, was in the village last week and gave the REVIEW a call and an "order."

—Who will be first to place on exhibition in the REVIEW office the nicest cake of maple sugar? Here is a chance for praiseworthy competition.

—Thomas Kelso, an old resident of Belleville, well known in Madoc, died on Monday, aged 55 years. He had been ailing for some months.

—The Eldorado stage has discontinued the early morning trip, and now only connects with the mail trains going North at 11.54 and South at 9.40.

—Dr. J. S. Sprague, of Stirling, James Tallach, of West Huntingdon, and Jefferson Caverly, of Madoc, have been re-appointed License Commissioners for North Hastings.

☞ Try G. A. Rollins for Boiled Oil, Raw Oil, Turpentine, Japan Dryer, and furniture Varnish.

—Mrs. Loomis is rapidly recovering her health, and is able to be around again as of old. She will spend the summer at her old home in Sidney.

—Mr. D. Mellroy, hotel-keeper, of Marmora, is endeavoring to make a compromise with his creditors. Liabilities about $3,000. We understand he offers 10 cents on the dollar.

—Mr. Edgar Canniff, harness maker, late of Madoc, has invented a car-coupler which is likely to bring him a fortune. He has been a resident of British Columbia for some time.

—Messrs. George Comerford and James Jackson, two members of No. 4 Company, will attend the Royal School of Infantry at Toronto next term, commencing April 4th, for a three months course.

—Mrs. P. Sinclair, of this village, has been elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, for the Kingston district.

—Mr. J. F. Davis, of Tweed, a former resident of Madoc, was in the village this week looking for a suitable stand to commence business here again. Tweed has evidently reached its limit.

—Our own Prof. E. A. Seymour was present at the Band concert at Bancroft last week, and it is needless to say he carried that northern metropolis by storm. An account is given by our correspondent in another column.

An article in the Detroit *Free Press* of last week referred to the late Madoc *Star*, published by Mr. Will. Wood some years ago, as among the smallest papers in the world, and one of the curiosities of journalism. The size was 2½ by 3½ inches.

Sudden Illness.

Yesterday morning while sitting at his breakfast at the Walker House, Toronto, Mr. Wm Coe, of this village, was seized with a stroke of paralysis which completely prostrated him. His friends here were apprised by telegraph, and went up to Toronto by the afternoon train. This is the first attack of this dread disease Mr. Coe has had. At latest accounts he was improving nicely.

Agricultural Society.

We are requested to announce a meeting to be held at the Continental Hotel tomorrow (Friday) evening, at 8 o'clock, to discuss the advisability of holding a celebration on 24th May next, in aid of the Agricultural Society debt. Let all interested in the Society attend.

Athletic Club Notice.

All members of the above Club are requested to be in attendance, at the Orange Hall, in the Weiss Block, at 8 o'clock sharp, to-night. Owing to the rapid increase of membership, new members will not be admitted after to-night, as it causes a delay in the progress of the others now in attendance.
H. S. PRICE, Instructor.

Missionary Anniversary.

The Rev. S. J. Shorey, of Peterboro, will preach Missionary sermons in the Methodist Church next Sabbath morning and evening, at 10.30 and 7 p. m. On the following evening a platform meeting will be held at which the chair will be taken by E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., and Missionary addresses delivered by S. P. Ford, M. D., of Norwood, and the Rev. Mr. Shorey. At all of these services collections will be taken in aid of the Missionary fund of the Methodist Church. The public are cordially invited.

Presbyterian Church.

Rev. John Wilkie, M. A., lately returned from the mission fields of India, delivered an interesting address on the missionary work in that country, in the Presbyterian Church Monday evening. It was a treat to those who attended.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Campbell gave an exhibition or panorama of the principal views of interest in and around the great city of Paris, by the aid of his lime-light apparatus. The basement was well filled, and the views were very satisfactory.

Public Wedding.

Staff-Capt. Wm. Parks, who has had charge of the Madoc corps of the American Salvation Army for the past winter, was publicly married to Capt. Jennie Page, at Windsor, on the 3rd inst. From a Windsor paper we learn that the Opera House in that town was crowded on the occasion. The bride was plainly, but neatly attired in a white dress, and answered the fatal question with a distinct "Yes." At the pronunciation of the words, "let no man put asunder," the groom gave the bride a kiss upon her lips and a loud cheer arose from the vast audience. After the conclusion of the meeting a wedding supper was held at the barracks, where a crowd assembled to offer their congratulations. A collection was taken up as a gift offering from the audience. Receipts of evening $100. Capt. Parks and wife go to Belleville, Ont., where they will open a new station.

Death of Mrs. Stone.

Her many friends and acquaintances in Madoc will be deeply grieved to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. E. B. Stone, sister of Mrs. W. H. O'Flynn, she having been at one time a resident of this village. The following from the Peterboro *Daily Review*, of the 14th inst., gives full particulars, and we therefore reproduce it entire:—

DEATH OF MRS. E. B. STONE.—It will be with deep regret and profound sorrow that her many friends will read of the death of Helen Gorman, wife of Mr. E. B. Stone, which sad event took place at her residence this morning about two o'clock. The deceased lady was ill only a few days, and her sudden demise is particularly sad. On Wednesday of last week she caught a severe cold, which developed into bronchitis and was followed on Monday by inflammation of the lungs, which, complicated by parturition, was the cause of death. The deceased lady was a daughter of Mr. James H. Gorman, a prominent Orangeman of Northumberland County. She was born at Warkworth and was about thirty years of age when she died. She was married to Mr. Stone two years ago last November, and came to Peterborough to reside. She was a sister of Mrs. Dr. Goldsmith. The friends of the deceased will have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad and sudden bereavement.

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP GROCERY STORE!

F. C. SHERWOOD & Co., MADOC.

ish to announce to the public of Madoc and surrounding country that they have opened a well-assorted stock of new fresh Groceries, one door south of M. Pope & Co.'s onderful Cheap Dry Goods Store, which they are offering to the public at extraordinary low prices. A cordial invitation is extended to all to call and inspect our stock, as we consider it a pleasure to show our goods.

Our motto is to sell our goods for cash, quick sales and small profits, same price to old and young. Call early.

Respectfully yours,

F. C. SHERWOOD & Co.

—THE WONDERFUL—

CHEAP STORE,

MADOC, ONT.

The proprietors of the Wonderful Cheap Store wish to announce to their many friends, and the public in general, that in future the above-mentioned business will be carried on under the name and style of "M. Pope & Co." and they also wish to state that they intend to give even better bargains in the future than they have ever done in the past. Thanking our many friends and customers for their liberal patronage in the past, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

See new advertisement in a week or two.

M. POPE & Co.

SPRING CLOTHING!

—AT THE—

BIG 4, MADOC.

$1,000 WORTH OF NEW CLOTHING!

in checks, stripes and plaids, in

Mens', Youths', and Boys' CLOTHING,

to be sold within the next 30 days, for cash.

Prices Away Down. - - Come and See.

T. McNAMARA.

AGRICULTURAL.

Winter Warfare on Insect Foes.

The farmer ought to be able to distinguish between insect friends and enemies. Were it not for our insect allies, we would be overwhelmed by the leaf-eaters, the stalk-borers, the root-devourers, the sap-suckers, the grain-destroyers, and the myriads of forms that attack almost every kind of grain, fruit and vegetable. If we have paid attention to economic entomology, we shall find little difficulty in distinguishing friends from enemies. The warfare on predaceous insects should begin now. In walking through the orchard, we will often notice dried leaves, crumpled and sticking to the branches. These are the abodes of the leaf-crumbler. On young trees they are quite injurious, as the larvæ, concealed in a tough cocoon, folded within the crumpled leaves, are ready to gnaw out the young blossom and leaf-buds in the spring. The cluster of leaves should be picked and destroyed. On the limbs, branches, and trunks of the trees can also be found the masses of cottony, froth-covered egg-masses of that voracious leaf-cater, the tussock-moth. When found, they are easily destroyed. Many others, equally or far more injurious, can be gotton rid of by using time, trouble, and patience. Rubbish-heaps are breeding-places and refuges for insects, as are also old rotton stumps, logs, and boards lying around the orchard and garden. Dry grass and weeds around the edges of fields furnish them protection. All old, useless, rubbish, together with their living tenants, can be rendered inoffensive by burning. Of course, some beneficial insects will be thus destroyed, but they are usually in the minority.

Feeding and Breeding.

The permanent increase in milk will be slowly brought about by breeding and feeding; as for instance, a cow fed for solids, drops a calf by a bull of fine milch strain; the calf is reared with an eye exclusively to profitable milk production (not for an abnormal yield), and she also is fed for solids, as her mother was before her. A continuation of such a method is the only way to permanently enrich milk. It is not really an improvement on nature, but an enlarged utilization of nature's natural functions. We see the principle exemplified in all of the neat stock we have to-day; the accelerated speed of horses, the increase in lacteal secretion of cows, and the enhanced wool productiveness of sheep. Solids in milk will increase their proportion by slow degrees, aided by "survival of the fittest" laws in breeding and dieting. Unconsciously perhaps to many of the participants, the whole tendency of modern farm-dairying gravitates toward the creation of richer milk, and that without any common aid toward specialties. Canada is bound to lead in exalted methods of dairying, as she does in every avenue of production, thanks to the sprightly intelligence of her people.

Shoeing Oxen.

I have read several articles in the agricultural papers about shoeing horses, but it is very rare to read anything about how oxen should be shod. It is a fact that horses should be shod in such a manner as to cause them to stand and travel with ease, and the ox should receive equal attention; but we frequently see oxen, especially large ones, lamed by not being properly shod. I find one great error to be in the length and shape of the shoes. If the shoes are long and crooked, they, of course, cause the weight of the ox to bear on the inner edge of the shoe, or centre of the foot, causing the hoofs to cant in an unnatural position. This may do for small, light cattle, but with heavy oxen it is different. In shoeing large oxen, there should be one inch of the toe or forward end of the hoof left bare, and be sure that the shoe sets flush with the outside of the hoof. Then, the heel of the shoe should not be crooked or turned in too much. Our blacksmiths are apt to be in too great a hurry, and if a shoe comes within hailing distance of a good fit they must nail it on, in preference to selecting a better. I am not a blacksmith, yet I know that oxen, as well as horses, are not properly shod.

An Institute Incident.

Theo. Louis was speaking about the profits of hog raising at a reent institute. Some one asked, "Can you afford to raise pork at present prices?"

"Yes, for feed is low as well as pork. I use clover pasture and market my hogs young."

A Voice.—"But do you find it profitable one year with another; don't it cost on an average more than it is worth?"

Louis.—"All I am worth I have made from hogs."

A Voice.—"How much is that?"

Louis.—"One hundred cents on the dollar! I am not surprised that some men get poor raising hogs. I visited a farm in July last where hogs did not pay. There were sixty hogs of all ages in a yard about three-quarters of an acre in extent. A few boards on some poles for shelter, corn was the only feed, all the drink the hogs got came from a mud-hole twenty feet square in one corner of the yard. The farmer complained that his young pigs died, the old ones got lame, and pork cost more to make than it would sell for."

Kindness of a Cow.

The inhabitants of the neighborhood of Auxonne, France, were long annoyed by a wolf which at one time devoured a young girl. A boy named Fourcault, about 14 years of age, was tending some cows in that canton. It is well known that these animals, when urged by common danger on the approach of a wolf are led by instinct to collect and arrange themselves into a kind of circular phalanx, presenting to the enemy those arms with which nature has furnished their heads, and thus securing their bodies, which would be otherwise exposed. The cows which Fourcault watched adopted this natural tactic the moment they perceived the wolf, which, however directed itself not toward them, but toward the boy, whom it seized and began to shake. One of the cows, immediately separating itself from the phalanx, attacked the wolf and made it drop its prey. The boy availed himself of the contest between his adversary and protectress to seek his safety by flight. The wolf quitted the cow, pursued the boy, seized and shook him as before. The cow rushed forward again for the defence of the youth and harassed the wolf so much as to oblige it to relinquish its victim once more; but being soon repulsed, the boy was a third time in the jaws of the wolf, when fortunately two inhabitants of a neighboring village came up and dispatched the animal. Young Fourcault was carried to the hospital, and, though wounded in more than 30 places, has since perfectly recovered.

State Butter Shows.

Denmark has organized a new system of State butter shows. The scheme includes a continuous butter show at the expense of the State during several months in each year, where fresh samples of butter will be received every fourteen days, the judges' decision to be given on the butter as received and its condition at the end of fourteen days. The samples are to be sent immediately on the receipt of a letter or telegram, so that the dairymen will not be able to make a special cask for exhibition, and the samples are to be repeated as often as required. Competing dairies must send in a return of the feeding and system generally followed on the farm, with special reference to the week during which the samples are sent in. At present the number of dairies entered is 360. Nine judges have been selected, and these act in groups of three each, each group recording an independent opinion on each sample, which is checked by those of the other two groups. Each group will consist of two butter merchants and one dairy expert. The exhibitors are paid the usual market rate for their exhibits. The shows will be held at intervals of a fortnight during eight months of the year.

Raising Young Chicks.

A word or two may be said about young chickens that may be of interest and profit to some. When the young chicks are about three days old they should be greased on top of their heads, under their throats and beneath their wings with pure lard. This will destroy the parasites and prevent many after diseases. The mother hen should be treated in the same manner. Choose a bright, warm day for this work, and rub the grease in well just before they go to roost for the night. The grease will then have a chance to soak in before they rub it off. It would be well to repeat the operation about two weeks later. The gapes were formerly supposed to be caused by vermin accumulating on the young chickens; but there is abundant evidence now that this is not true. Grease was then recommended for the gapes. If the vermin on the fowls layed eggs which hatched into worms which caused the gapes there would be no better remedy for this disease. But there is no doubt that the worms which cause the gapes are hatched from the eggs which the young chickens pick up. These eggs can only be picked up on old ground where poultry has been kept for some time. The only effective way of preventing the gapes from getting among young chickens is to have fresh clean ground. The poultry yard should be plowed two or three times a year and the young broods kept in the garden away from the old hens.

Care of Brood Sows.

Those who are to have earlyl itters of spring pigs, says the American Agriculturist must give the brood sows proper food and treatment during the winter months. The first requisite is good shelter and a clean, wholesome sleeping place. The next is a reasonable amount of liberty. It will not do to keep a brood sow shut up continously in a small pen, even if it is kept reasonably clean. She will become sluggish and inert, with none of the vigor and muscular stamina needed to produce and rear healthy pigs. A certain amount of exercise every day is necessary. If she will not take her daily "constitutional" of her own accord it is best to drive her out. Nothing is better during mild, open weather than the run of a lot where she may root to her heart's content. Never put a ring in the nose of a brood sow.

The food should be abundant, but not of a fattening character. Milk, bran and middlings, with a small modicum of oil meal, varied frequently by boiled turnips, carrots, beets or other roots, clover hay chopped short and mixed with the cooked ration and in cold weather a small proportion of cornmeal, will keep the animal in good, thrifty condition. It is well to remember that swine are omnivorous and an occasional morsel of animal food is always acceptable. The "lights," entrails and other waste material of a slaughter house, when attainable, are desirable additions to the animal's dietary. It is well to keep a mixture of salt, charcoal and a little sulphur in a trough, where the sow can help herself ad libitum. It is always best to keep brood sows separate from the rest of the herd. This is specially imperative as the time for farrowing approaches.

Womanliness.

There is something more than hard work that is expected of a woman. A man of any refinement desires his home to be breathed upon by a womanly spirit. Now I know some real hags and haridans that can sweep a floor, set a table and make a bed, so you will say "To be sure a woman has been here;" and then I know others, women of considerable ability and reputation, who never can make a table look attractive, or put a room in order, or do not care much themselves how things are. It is not the great things about a house that give rest, and peace, and comfort, but the tone of affairs. A dirty salt cellar, and soiled napkins, and badly arranged platters and spoons spoil a dinner. But some women do not see anything of this sort, while some men not only see it but feel it. A table should be white, and sweet, and every article on it neat and tastily arranged; if not, you degrade eating to feeding, and you may quite as well dispense with a table altogether and use a trough.

The same is true of all the housekeeping. A refined woman's presence is felt in the delicacy, order and daintiness of all the arrangements. Above all, the sleeping rooms are sweet, orderly and restful. Heaven help a man who has to roll into bed as a horse lies down in shavings, and who gets up only to find disorderly drawers and disorderly closets and disorder everywhere. To be sure, a man is himself bound to be just as orderly as a woman. I hold that to be a fact as old as the Ten Commandments, that a man has no right to be a sloven about the house, and he has no right to put things anywhere and everywhere and expect the women of the household to pick up after him. Boys should be brought up to habits of order, and men should not fail to do their share in teaching the youngsters. Where it is possible each child should have a room by himself for sleeping, and should be held to a strict account for the cleanliness and orderly appearance of that room. If brought up in this way he will learn not only to like refined ways indoors but he can endure nothing else. But of all things do not assign a room to Tom unless you attend strictly to this matter of enforcing system. The room should be ventilated and swept by the boy. He should lay his clothes in order when he takes them off at night, and he should learn to keep his drawers in good form. Even the disposition of the furniture should be left to him; and so let him learn household art. It will cultivate his sense of things. Out of doors good housekeeping goes by way of example and creates clean yards, clean barns and stables, and neatly ordered gardens.

You may keep to yourselves the discussion as to whether woman's brain is less logical than man's I hold it should be more capable of appreciating order, æsthetics, neatness and general adornment. It has fallen to her lot for ages to try to please by personal beauty, and by such supplementary art of apparel as will please the masculine eye. And ever since our race has lived in houses, this four or five thousands years woman has been denominated the housekeeper, and man the house-holder or house-band (husband). He protects and he keeps things in the eye of the law; but she keeps things in the eye of the family. She ought by this time, if a normal character, to have the quickest sense of disorder, the finest sense of what should be, an eye for arrangement to produce unity and symmetry. This inherited instinct is womanliness, the one quality that turns a mere house into a home. Housekeeping of the right sort is adding to things an invisible something, an atmosphere, a fine art, a spirit which I call womanliness.

I should like to take you to a very cheap, small cottage that I know of. It is occupied by two sisters. The floors are scoured till they glisten; the furniture is without a scratch, and a fly would think twice before he ventured his nose in side a door. They are not prim old maids, but are widows; and my opinion is they scrubbed and scoured their husbands off the earth. As a model of neatness the little house is exact. The women are not scolds or sour; they are simply jolly scrubs. The atmosphere is not woman, but soap. I have hired girls of this sort. They had an instinct of neatness, and enjoyed nothing so much as being on their knees with a scrubbing brush; but they became nuisances—like John's man, who runs a lawn-mower over the yard every morning at 5 o'clock. Eternal cleaning and scouring is the nuisance of many households. Womanliness is the art of keeping things clean without a continual racket. But what I think men detest above all things is letting the house go as it will for three days and then for three days clean with all upset. Some women have their upset weeks, and then their cleaning day or days. The house takes care of itself for a while, and then there is a horrible putting to rights. That is like letting your clock run down, and every fourth day wind it up and strike it all the way around from 1 to 11. That clock regulates nothing. It is always being regulated.

What I plead for is a smooth-moving, well ordered home, where the spirit of rest and work so admirably blend that the friction is at a minimum. This needs a combination of moral and physical tact. It is full half morals, because no household ever did afford peace and comfort where selfishness ruled. There must a positive ingrained conviction in all the members of the family that each one is to work for the pleasure of the rest, and so find his own pleasure. The mother who will not undertake to rule and regulate her household from any standpoint but her own, may not be positively selfish, yet she is very negatively selfish. She would not strike one of her children for the world, but will allow them to so educate themselves that they will strike each other. But it needs also the full force of womanly tact; a feminine presence, forceful but gentle, and gentleizing the whole home domain.

The ideal home is womanly; the ideal woman is homely. I am not so angry at any philological history as that which has changed the homely woman into the unbeautiful. There is no other association of the word home that is not pleasant. The really beautiful woman is homely, and wifely, and motherly. The conspiracy of fashion that pronounces the sweet homekeeper less lovely and lovable than the woman who spends her time in high-dressing and public parade is false. I advise the boy who desires a life of peace and happiness to find the home-keeper. How shall it be done? Oh, my dear boys, there is not after all any such deep mystery about women, nor any such deep art in selecting a wife. It is not a lottery at all. The real girl is the one whose presence leads you to noble and ennobling thoughts. Avoid all others. The chatterbox may be an angel in disguise, and so may be the flirt. Schoolgirl airs are mostly superficial. But don't you forget what I hint to you. Pick out the girl in whose presence life seems real and valuable. If her womanliness is apparent before marriage it will be after.

Too Much Married.

A social monster, formerly a resident of Hartford, Conn., has lately increased her notoriety by figuring once again in the Chicago divorce court. Her first marriage was with one Wm. H. Jennings. Quarrels arose in the household, and Jennings finally went to Texas. During his absence Mrs. Jennings ran away with J. Henry Langley, a Boston broker, and came to Chicago. Meantime, however, she had brought suit in Hartford for divorce from her husband. She had not been in Chicago many days before she jilted the Boston broker and transferred her affections to Lawyer W. C. Asay, one of the most prominent members of the local bar. The lawyer told the woman that divorces could be procured more readily in Chicago than in Hartford. He was himself the defendant in a divorce case, and when he was released from his marital vows he began to conduct Mrs Jennings's action against her husband. He got his client a decree in one day. Then the women went East and left the love-lorn lawyer broken hearted. While in Boston Mrs. Jennings met Millionaire Weber. They were married, but the husband, learning of the woman's escapades, sued for a divorce and received a decree the other day. It is said he gave the young woman $25,000 as an additional inducement to remain away from him. Evidently the discussion on the subject or divorce which is being carried on with considerable vigor on the other side of the lines has not been undertaken a day too soon.

The Directory styles, with some variations and accessories, will be as popular this spring as they have been for the last two seasons.

Manners in Church.

Good manners are desirable everywhere and praiseworthy anywhere. They are supremely important in church. Religion should infuse solemnity into worship in all its parts. The church should be a school of decorum. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether a critic could find anywhere more scope for criticism, or a satirist more material for satire than is supplied by some churches. To begin with the minister. Mark how often he is restless and inattentive when not directly engaged in leading the congregation. Who has not seen him leave the pulpit after entering it and skip down to whisper to some officer in the pew? While seated and waiting for the service to begin, he sometimes nods familiarly to this or that friend to right or left. If a brother clergyman is in the pulpit with him they chat during the voluntary by the choir. What utter lack of reverence! What an object lesson in bad manners, visible and demoralizing to the entire assembly! The example of ministerial indecorum naturally corrupts the singers yonder in the choir loft. As soon as their duties are discharged—sometimes while they are proceeding—their by-play is marked and remarked.

What wonder that the congregation, sandwiched between such pernicious examples, should be ill-bred and inattentive. When the preacher is oblivious, when the choir mistakes the house of God for a free-and-easy, is it strange that the people whisper and ogle and interchange notes and nod assent to the sermon in the wrong places? In some churches the officers are in the habit of gathering about the door in the rear of the pews during the devotional services to hold an informal meeting. They interrupt worship by stage whispers or untimely laughter. But are there not side rooms in which they might meet? Have they not a regular time and place for official gatherings? Many a sexton is a perambulating nuisance. Fussing here, scurrying there, he distracts attention by his obtrusiveness. And why will he move to the accompaniment of squeaking shoes? In some quarters, this matter of church manners needs reformation. Some scribe, who writes with the pen of Swift; some genius, who dips his pen in the ink of Cervantes, should arise to describe and, by describing annihilate these abuses. Better still, pray that the spirit of true worship may descend upon the scene. In this matter of good manners, judgment should begin at the house of God. We do not affirm that what is true of some churches is true of all. By no means. Most churches are exemplary in these regards. We emphasize the word some. But the offenders are nuisances to be abated.

The Young Pretender

The young Pretender who appeared at a moment so unexpected and importune is giving the French government more trouble than was at first anticipated or thought possible. Scarcely had his trial been concluded and his sentence imposed, when President Carnot proposed to pardon him, on condition that he leave the country forthwith. Subsequent events, however, have induced the president to alter his purpose. Many deputies have individually expressed their opinion against any act of clemency, which they say would almost certainly precipitate a Cabinet crisis. To satisfy this element the Government has confined the offending Duke in the prison at Clairvaux where he will occupy the cell formerly occupied by Prince Krapotkine, the Russian agitator, though it is doubtful whether this circumstance will render his confinement any more tolerable or pleasant. It is rumored that the Government, in order to placate the Duke's sympathizers and escape the charge of persecution, will connive at the escape of their distinguished prisoner. Gaolers will be ordered to feign sleep and sentries to prove conveniently blind that thus the bird may flee. Of course this will be apt to enrage the more violent of those who insist upon the infliction of the penalty, but in such a case it will be difficult to fasten the blame upon the real offenders, and so the Government are likely to escape without any great loss of prestige, while at the same time they will be relieved of their undesirable prisoner.

Famous Royal Pearls.

The pearls of the Empress Augusta were famous, but they are inferior to those now possessed by the Duke of Cumberland, which are the finest in Europe. These pearls and other jewels, the whole being worth about £160,000, were awarded to the late King George of Hanover in 1857, after a dispute of 20 years, as they had been claimed by the Queen on the death of William IV. Part of them were brought originally from Hanover, and the remainder had been the private property of Queen Charlotte, who left them to her son, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, afterward King of Hanover. A commission, consisting of Lord Wensleydale, Vice-Chancellor Wood (afterward Lord Chancellor Hatherly), and Mr. Lawrence Peel, was appointed by Lord Palmerton to investigate the matter, and they unanimously awarded nearly all the jewels of the King of Hanover, a decision which greatly annoyed the Queen and Prince Albert. George III, by his will, left Queen Charlotte all the jewels she had been given, and they were valued at £200,000; but many of them were seized by George IV. and disappeared during his reign, as did a number of the Crown jewels, including the celebrated Stuart sapphire, which was given by Cardinal York to George III. and George IV. presented it to Princess Charlotte on her marriage, but after her death Prince Leopold was obliged to return it, and a few years afterward it reappeared in the headdress of Lady Conyngham.

A Vandyke border on one selvage, finished with a frir ge, is a novelty in fancy nun's veilings.

The death on Saturday last of Mr. John Jacob Astor will not leave a large void in the actual, life of New York, for he has always, and especially since the death of his noble wife, preferred to be inconspicuous so far as that condition was possible. But the sudden removal of the head of a family which has been so closely identified for so many generations with the growth of one of the great cities of the world, and has, in fact, represented to a large extent its visible expansion, is an occurrence of unusual import. It will revive a host of traditions concerning the early days of America's metropolis, recall a grateful sense of numberless and great benefactions associated with an honored name, and carry sincere mourning into many households.

Dishes You Will Like.

Sheep's Head Soup.—Wash a sheep's head thoroughly in cold water, then rinse well in lukewarm water and salt, then put it with the tongue to boil, with water enough to cover it; let it boil up once or twice and skim it thoroughly; add half a tablespoonful of salt, two small or one large onion, one carrot and one turnip cut in pieces; cook slowly for about two hours, then remove the meat, strain the soup and rub the vegetables through a colander; add them to the liquor with pepper, a little sage and a heaping tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little milk; let it boil up once after the thickening is added, stirring to prevent scorching, and it is ready to serve. Soup balls are quite an addition to this soup, but they should be very small.

Pigeon Roti.—Put into the body of each pigeon to be served a teaspoonful of butter, a pinch of sage and salt; truss them and place a piece of white paper over the breast of each, and tie a slice of bacon over that; place in a dripping pan and roast 25 minutes, basting with butter and vinegar. Serve with the gravy pieces of toast moistened with cream, and a little grape jelly on each piece.

Rolled Fish.—Take some fillets of any white fish, wash in salt and water, wipe them carefully and place on a board or any flat surface and sprinkle each one with salt, pepper, sage, minced parsley and cracked crumbs, and the last thing add small pieces of butter; roll the fillets up and secure them with a string or skewer; lay them on very thin slices of pork in a baking pan, add half a cupful of water, cover the fish with a buttered paper and bake half or three-quarters of an hour: prepare some toast, butter it well, and place each roll on a slice; sprinkle with lemon juice and dried parsley, and serve with drawn butter.

Frizzled Potatoes.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into very small pieces, and to each cupful of potatoes allow half a cupful of cream or rich milk, one teaspoonful of butter, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of chopped celery, a little pepper; add the seasoning to the potatoes, and put them into a deep baking dish, and pour the milk and butter over them, allowing enough to nearly cover; place in quick oven, and brown delicately.

Sauce.—One-half cupful of butter, one cupful of powdered sugar, four tablespoonfuls of thick cream, four tablespoonfuls of wine; beat the butter to a cream, add sugar gradually, then the wine and cream gradually; place the bowl in which the sauce is prepared in a basin of boiling water, stir until it is smooth, then it is ready to serve; vanilla can be substituted in place of wine for flavoring, but three additional tablespoonfuls of milk will then be required.

Chicken Salad.—Take one plump chicken; when done stand it away until perfectly cold; then remove all the skin and fat, remove the meat from the bones in large pieces, cut it into good-size square pieces; add to this the same quantity of celery cut in pieces; remove the yolks from three hard boiled eggs and add to them the yolks of two raw eggs and half a cupful of cream; rub all to a paste; then add three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one teaspoonful of melted butter, a saltspoonful of salt, 1½ tablespoonfuls of vinegar and a very little cayeane; mix a little salt with the chicken and celery, pour over the dressing, garnish with thin slices of beet and it is ready to serve.

Hunter's Pudding.—One-half pound of raisins, and half-pound of currants, one pound of suet, one pound of bread or cracker crumbs, one-half pound of brown sugar, eight eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, one quarter of a pound of citron, one wineglass of brandy, 10 drops of essence of almonds, one half a nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful each of cloves and mace. Stone and chop the raisins, chop the suet very fine, cut the citron into thin slices; mix all these ingredients well together, add the sugar, beat the eggs to a froth, and to them add the flavoring; add those to the dry ingredients and mix well; add the brandy last; steam eight hours in a butered mould.

The Value of Sunshine.

Turning over an old agricultural paper a while ago, I saw an article headed. "The Daily Value of Sunshine." Looking to see what might be the precise use or meaning of the expression, it appeared that the writer had exercised his ingenuity in calculating the average value of each bright sunshiny day in ripening the crops of the United States; and having estimated the aggregate worth of certain crops to be $500,000,000 annually, he says: "The bright sunshine of the warmest months must have a daily value of something like four millions of dollars."

Whether this be so, or not, the statement suggests another inquiry, viz: If such be the value of sunshine in the fields, what is its daily value in the family, in the school, in society, in business? The value, not of physical sunshine to the eye, but of the sunshine of the heart, beaming forth habitually in the looks and conduct,—the sunshine of kind words, and kind feelings, of mutual sympathy, and love, and help, from day to day, in little things, in great,—who can estimate the value, the daily and hourly value of sunshine like this?

Sunshine in the family! Who can calculate its value? No storm of sharp, or hasty, or unkind words; no blustering of rough, jarring, and selfish feelings; no cloudiness of cold, unfeeling and repulsive want of sympathy; no disrespect or disobedience from children, and no partiality, irritation, or severity, from parents; but all cheerful, kind, thoughtful of each other, and mutually helpful; every toil cheered; every trial soothed, and every day brightened by a considerate, genial, and loving spirit. As sunshine from the heavens to the earth, but of infinitely greater value, is sunshine in the family.

And so with sunshine in the school, where the teacher is interested in the pupils, and the pupils are kind to each other; with sunshine in the counting-house and the office, where a cheerful and friendly spirit encourages every clerk and assistant; with sunshine in social life, in all the relationships of acquaintance, or friendship, or mutual dependence, sunshine between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, master and servant, friend and friend. Who can calculate its value for the happiness of all.

Johnny (looking over his spelling lessons)—"Mamma, what is the meaning of the words retching and wretched?" Mamma (whose husband is just throwing up the effects of an all night spree)—"Your father is retching now, Johnny, while I am wretched."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

The Manitoba Legislature has decided to abolish exemptions.

The plasterers' strike in Montreal has been ended by a compromise at 27½ cents an hour.

The Manager of the Crofters' Colony in the Northwest says the crofters have put in the winter nicely.

The good turkey purchased in England by the Dominion Government will be shipped this week or next.

Mr. Richard Tooley, M. P. P., has again been nominated in the Conservative interest for East Middlesex.

There is a movement on foot among the Young Nationalists of Montreal to form a Canadian Independence League.

David Campbell, of the late firm of Duncan, Campbell & Sons, Montreal, has been found guilty of uttering forged paper.

Mr. James A. Slater, of Orillia, has been presented with the Royal Humane Society's medal for bravery in saving life from drowning.

Mr. John Jeffrey, business manager of the Polson ship yards at Owen Sound, died on Tuesday from inflammation succeeding la grippe.

Hon. Louis Archambault, ex-member of the Quebec Legislative Council, died on Sunday at his residence in L'Assomption, at the age of 73 years.

Sir John Macdonald was last week presented by his friends of the Senate and House of Commons with a splendid portrait of himself, accompanied by a fitting address.

Business failures during last week numbered for the United States 267, and for Canada 44, or a total of 301, as compared with 271 last week, and with 232 for the corresponding week of last year.

A deputation waited on Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, representing the fruiterers of Toronto, Hamilton, and Montreal, asking that small fruit should be left on the free list.

President Ritchie, of the Central Ontario Railway, has sued P. and G. W. McMullen, directors of the company, for $181,500 worth of stock and coupons, which plaintiff alleges they appropriated improperly.

A young farmer of Edmonton, Peel county, named Hindle, was seriously shot by a companion named Shields on Sunday afternoon. They were playing duel and Shields didn't know it was loaded.

From facts ascertained at the Public Accounts Committee it would appear that a good deal of thieving takes place at Rideau hall between the departure of one Governor General and the arrival of the next.

The seven graduates of the Royal Military College at Kingston have taken first-class honors at Chatham, England, and have been granted a trip to the famous continental battlefields at the country's expense.

It is believed in Winnipeg that a draft agreement has been arrived at between the Dominion Government and the Hudson Bay railway, by which a guarantee will be given in the vicinity of $10,000,000.

The Canadian Pacific Company is forming one of the largest railway yards on this continent near Montreal. It will be 60 acres in extent, contain 60 miles of sidings and will give employment to 800 men.

A Washington correspondent thinks there is no probability of free fish, free iron, and free coal for Canada. On the contrary, he is of the opinion that a duty will be imposed on eggs and other minor farm and dairy products.

The Duke of Connaught has written to the Governor-General requesting that his visit to Canada may be marked by as little demonstration as possible. He will arrive at Vancouver from India on April the 18 and sail from Quebec on June the 12.

Mr. R. W. Bell, of the celebrated Bell farm at Indian Head, N. W. T., has recently sold that portion of it south of the C. P. R. track at $9 per acre, a remarkably good price. He is now negotiating with English capitalists for the sale of the remainder of the farm, which includes the homestead, at a price considerably over $20 per acre.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Balfour is preparing local government bill for Ireland.

The death is announced of Lord Auckland, in his 91st year.

Severe snowstorms and frost are reported in England and in parts of Europe.

Between one and two million oysters are exported from America to England weekly.

Lord Salisbury has returned to London. He is much stronger than when he went away.

The famous Firth-of-Forth bridge was formally opened on Tuesday by the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Bedford has built a private cremation furnace on his own grounds at Woburn.

It is stated that Mr. Goschen, the Imperial Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposes to abolish the tax on tea entirely.

Two thousand men employed on the earth dock at Liverpool have struck because their demand for higher wages was refused.

The Imperial Government's Irish land bill provides for state emigration and abolishes the land courts and land commissioners.

The carpenters employed in nine of the ship yards on the Thames have struck for an advance of 6d. per day in their wages.

Besides an award of £1,500 against the *St. James' Gazette*, Sir Morell Mackenzie has recovered £150 from the London *Times* for libel.

A mass meeting will be held in Hyde Park, London, next Sunday, to protest against Russia's treatment of Siberian prisoners.

Mr. Chamberlain writes that he believes that free education will be conferred by the present Government before Parliament is dissolved.

The British steamer Quetta, from Cooktown, Queensland, for London, which sailed on February 27th., has been lost with over 100 lives.

An English firm shipped to Portugal a lot of hats, calling them Serpa Pinto hats. As soon as it was found they were of English make everybody denounced them.

The death is announced in his 90th year of Sir Edward Dalton, proprietor of *The Leeds Mercury*, one of the most influential Liberal organs in the north of England.

William Leatham Bright, member for Stoke-upon-Trent, has resigned from the House of Commons owing to ill-health. He is the second son of the late John Bright.

The proposed issue of one pound notes has been indefinitely abandoned in deference to the strongly expressed feeling of the community against the issue of paper money for small amounts.

At the Biship of Lincoln's trial the other day a Dutch book was exhibited giving an account of the coronation of William of Orange, and containing a picture of Westminster Abbey, showing two large candles burning on the altar, and a lamp above.

Elizabeth Roberts, a child of 9 years, whose precocious interest in the Maybrick trial, led her to enact the part of the heroine of that drama in mimic play, has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for attempting to poison a lady whom her father, a widower, was going to marry, and whom she disapproved of as a stepmother.

UNITED STATES.

Frost has destroyed the early fruit crop in the neighborhood of Pensacola, Florida.

It is stated that State Treasurer Noland, of Missouri, is $45,000 short in his accounts.

Rubber goods manufacturers in the United States have decided to advance prices 10 per cent.

Floods in Indiana are causing loss of property and driving the inhabitants to the hills.

Reports from northern Texas say hundred of range cattle have been frozen to death during the present cold spell.

Fifteen hundred people living on the lowlands along the Cumberland River in Tennessee have been flooded from their homes.

At a meeting of socialists in Chicago on Sunday a resolution was adopted endorsing the call for an international labor convention to meet there during the world's fair in 1892.

The Eastern Pennsylvania Evangelical Conference has appointed March 19 for the trial of Bishop Esher, of Chicago, on the charges of slander and evil-speaking, falsehood, and creating dissensions.

Ex-Gov. James E. English, of Connecticut died at New Haven last week, aged 78. He was one of the ten Democrats who voted for the Slavery Emancipation Amendment, and held prominent business and political positions.

An agreement has been made between the journeymen and master plasterers of New York, to hold good for two years from May 1st, by which the working day will consist of eight hours and the renumeration be 50 cents an hour.

IN GENERAL.

Emin Pasha has arrived at Zanzibar.

Pope Leo XIII. was 80 years old on Sunday.

It is expected the new German Reichstag will be convoked April 1.

The Russian army manœuvres for next summer will be on the most colossal scale.

France has gained a victory over the King of Dahomey and proposes to annex his kingdom.

The students of Lisbon threaten to attack the British embassy in that city and mob the ambassador.

Seventy murdered bodies of infants were found on the premises of a house burned in Warsaw on Sunday.

The title of Henry M. Stanley's new book is The Darkest Africa; the Quest, Rescue and Retreat of Emin.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has released some untried prisoners who have been kept in prison eighteen years.

The French Government has accepted the invitation of Germany to take part in the Berlin labor conference.

Owing to the illegal appointment of a registrar at Lieblinz, Silesia, a hundred couples married by him find themselves disunited.

Victor Morier, son of the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, tried to commit suicide recently owing to misplaced affection.

The Paris *Siecle*, a semi official paper, says a treaty exists between England and Italy providing for concerted action on the west coast of the Red Sea.

Serpa Pinto has defied orders and taken passage for Portugal. He will take his seat in the Cortes and accept all the acclaim the people choose to accord him.

The Vatican official organ claims that the German Emperor was inspired to issue the labour rescript by a former speech of Pope Leo XIII. to the French workingmen.

Mr. Glynn Petre, the British Minister at Lisbon, has asked to be transferred to Washington, giving as his reason that he knew Sir Julian Pauncefote desired a change.

Emperor William is very much in earnest in connection with the labour question. He not only presides over the Council of State, but performs the labours of secretary as well.

M. Constans, French Minister of the Interior, in consequence of a personal disagreement with Premier Tirard, has resigned his portfolio and has been succeeded by M. Bourgeris, a Radical deputy from the Jura.

The second ballots throughout Germany are decidedly in favour of the Socialists and Liberals. The Cartel party is almost wiped out of existence, and Prince Bismarck has put himself in communication with the Vatican to bring about a Government alliance with the Central part.

The Longevity of Birds.

The swan is the longest lived bird, and it is asserted that it has reached the age of 100 years. Knauer, in his work entitled "Naturhistoriker," states that he has seen a falcon that was 162 years old. The following examples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture: A sea eagle captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died 104 years afterwards, in 1819; a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826 in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrunn Castle, near Vienna, where it had passed 118 years in captivity. Paroquets and ravens reach an age of over 100 years. The life of sea and marsh birds sometimes equals that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over 20 or 25 years in captivity. The nightingale lives but 10 years in captivity and the blackbird 15. Canary birds reach an age of from 12 to 15 years in the cage, but those flying at liberty in their native lands reach a much more advanced age.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

A Wise Ruler and a Sovereign Who Values His Peoples Love.

A Berlin correspondent sends a private letter concerning events in Germany, from which we make some extracts worthy of attention:

"The rescripts of the Emperor on the labor question mark an epoch in the history of this century, and, highly rated as they are by the press, they are not too much so. In my opinion the divergence between the views of the Kaiser and the Chancellor is more appareat than real. Such a bold initiative step has a much better chance of succeeding if taken independently by the Emperor—who stands above all parties—than by the Chancellor, who, great as he is, has a party of his own creation—the National Liberal party.

"The Kaiser is politically and politico-economically the disciple of his great Minister; not a mere puppet in his hands, but an energetic and capable co-worker, who, with marvellous faculties of self-control in one so powerful and so young, will be able to continue—after Time shall have killed the Iron Statesman—the work which the latter has outlined.

"It will take time for Europe to appreciate at his full value this young sovereign, whose words have the ring of greatness, and whose acts, whether in consolidating the past or in breaking with its traditions, bring with them the courage of conviction. He seems not only to have taken for his model his great ancestor Frederick, but to have sought among the members of his illustrious house who preceded him those qualities best worthy of imitation. He has the untiring energy and minute painstaking of Frederick, the graciousness and dignity of his grandfather, the humanitarianism and kindliness of his father—whose schemes to benefit his subjects he will realize, while the former might have failed through an excess of good nature and through not thoroughly appreciating the fact that a government must be strong before it can afford to be generous.

"The Kaiser would wish to be in war a leader of men, such as Frederick I and II, in peace he desires to realize the dream of Henri IV, not the *poulet* in the soup, perhaps, which would be difficult to attain here, but shorter hours of labor for the poor slaves of the loom and soil and a few pence added to their daily wages. If he obtains this he will have gained one of the greatest victories of peace ever won by a monarch."

There has been no figure in European history since the time of Frederick the Great so interesting as that of the German Emperor of to-day. He came to the throne about the same age as his illustrious ancestor; his youth had happily escaped the stormy experiences and temptations of Frederick, but the events familiar to his young life, and which formed his character, were the most momentous in German history.

He saw Germany become a nation, and upon him has devolved the grandest duty imposed upon any Emperor since Charlemagne—namely, to keep it a nation. The mistake of Frederick was that in a vain thirst for glory he invaded Silesia and provoked a war which almost ruined his kingdom and carried rapine into every part of the earth. Would the young Emperor follow this terrible and tempting example? This has been the one question in men's minds since his accession. He had but to raise his hand and the best armed and best drilled legions in Europe would have swept on toward the Danube or the Rhine.

Would the temptation to glory which Frederick the Great confessed in his old age to have been the besetting sin of his youth swing the present Emperor into a policy of adventure? Would he risk the peace of Europe, the very existence of Germany perhaps, for a laurel crown? Would he be the servant of the great Minister whose genius has long dominated Europe, or would he rise to the due recognition of his imperial heritage and be master, statesman and king?

Recent news from Germany, so abundantly confirmed in the extracts from the private letter of our correspondent, shows that this young sovereign knows his own mind. Bismarck's work was priceless in the building of the Empire. A new work devolves upon William II. He will reign not by "blood and iron," but through the confidence of his people. The patriotism of Germany is unquestioned, but William appeals to German sympathy, and that appeal will sink deep into the hearts of men.

In these times of change and doubt, when no wisdom can foresee what even a day may bring forth, it looks as though this young Emperor—wiser than the greatest of his ancestors—had taken the one and only course to secure the permanence of his dynasty and of the throne. He proposes to reign, not alone by the "Grace of God," but by the love and loyalty of the German race.

Color Blindness.

The fact of color blindness has long been recognized, the cause is still in dispute. Mr. Sherwood, a member of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Institute, is out with a new theory, which he thinks has at least the merit of being "natural." He believes that color blindness is due to external and not internal causes. He cites the Quakers among whom the percentage of weak eyes and color blindness is exceptionally large, and attributes the fact to the sombre colors by which they always surround themselves. To prevent this affliction in the generations following, Mr. S. would substitute the colors of autumn foliage for that now used in our homes and in our literature. Speaking of the effects of black and white, he says that our halls of learning in which professors and students are robed in black gowns, often seem to him like white sepulchres with dark spirits hovering round. Here the reform suggested is, that the professors should wear purple or terra cotta colored gowns, and the students raise green. The eye of the professor would rest with pleasure upon the field of color before him, and the student would easily discern the robes of the professor. The walls should be painted with such colors as would lend a soft effect to the eye, and would afford an illustration of the most prevailing tints of nature. How much truth, if any, there in this theory can be conclusively settled only by actual experiment. It is certainly plausible, and may yet be found to have something in it.

There is a holy love and a holy rage, and our best virtues never glow so brightly as when our passions are excited in the cause. Sloth, if it has prevented many crimes, has also smothered many virtues; and the best of us are better when aroused.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

Coal Contracts—The Vacant Colonelcy of the Royal Rifles.

A despatch from Quebec says:—Messrs. Carbray, Routh & Co., have secured the contract for coal required by the Canadian Pacific railway at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal during the coming season. The same firm has secured other important contracts, amongst which is the Quebec and Lake St John railway. Several steamers have been chartered to bring up the above coal during the course of next summer.

Up to the present the colonelcy of the 8th Royal Rifles has not been filled, notwithstanding that the position left vacant by the resignation of Lieut.-Colonel H. Miller has been offered to a number of well-known gentlemen in militia circles, who declined the honour. The battalion will drill as usual under the command of Major Prower until a colonel has been appointed.

"Moral Aspects of College Life."

An article in the February *Forum* on "Moral Aspects of College Life," by C. K. Adams, President of Cornell University, will be read with interest and satisfaction by those parents who, while desirous of educating their sons, are harassed with a fear that the moral atmosphere of the modern college is unhealthy and injurious. In opening up his paper Mr. Adams calls attention to a fact often overlooked, that in College, as elsewhere, the sober, industrious, and orderly go their uniform way without attracting attention, while "profligacy and idleness have a marvelous knack of getting themselves reported. If the great business of a university is not industrious and steady work of a profitable kind the doors of the institution might as well be closed. But this kind of work attracts no attention. It blows no horns and rings no bells. Like all great forces, it is apt to move on quietly and silently. But if at any moment a single indiscretion occurs not only the community but, perhaps, even the country at large is filled with noise." To condemn the whole because of the escapades of a few evil doers who find their way to the college halls is exceedingly unjust. As to the main question of the paper, viz., Are the conditions generally found in colleges such as naturally promote morality, i. e., are they such as to strengthen the moral impulses on the one hand, or weaken the forces tending to immorality on the other, Mr Adams unhesitatingly answers in the affirmative. Postulating the forces which "which make for righteousness" and correctness of life to be religious convictions, conclusions of philosophy, public opinion, and wholesome example, he maintains that in respect to each the College has the advantage when compared with the general community. In his own university at Cornell they have a Christian Association, housed in an elegant and commodious building, which counts a membership of more than 500, a little short of one half of the entire body of students. And this is not an exceptional state of things, but the rule among the undenominational or secular colleges of the country.

Speaking of public opinion as it exists in c[illegible] Mr. Adams acknowledges that the ethical ideas of students are somewhat peculiar to students themselves, but adds; "The judgment of students may sometimes be faulty; but their impulses, their desires, their purposes, their moral tone, will almost always be found to be correct. I do not hesitate a moment to avow my belief that, as an almost invariable rule, what may be called public opinion among students, is not only strong, but is also clean and wholesome. It approves and it denounces with more discrimination and with more energy than does public opinion in the society at large." So too, in the matter of example the student is held to have the advantage over his brother in the street or in the shop. "Let outsiders say what what they will, every college man knows that the great mass of students are earnestly devoted to the work of preparing themselves for the duties of life. There may be colleges where this is not the rule, but I believe they are exceedingly few, and I know of none. Students generally have a strong and manly purpose, and it would be a slander to intimate that as a rule they are not straightforward, downright, and truthful."

Turning from a consideration of the forces which give an uplift to character, President Adams discusses the things which aim at weakening the subjective physical forces which tend to immorality. He points out that there is a certain vitality in strong, lusty natures that study does not exhaust, that looks for some escape in the exercise of the physical powers. Here he appears as the friend of the gymnasium and the college green. So thoroughly convinced is he of the moral advantage of physical exercise that he would make attendence upon the gymnasium obligatory for the first two years of the college course. But while a friend of all outdoor games which call for bodily exercise, he is especially partial to the popular game of foot-ball. This game, it is contended, not only calls for the most active, the most instantaneous exercise of intellectual discriminaiton but it also demands the most complete subordination of the individual will to the good of the whole. The necessity of self-restraint is as imperative as the necessity of prompt action. To every participant in this game there came moments of tremendous temptation. But it comes under circumstances that help him to resist. He is waging battle, not in silence and alone but in the presence of spectators and an umpire who demand fair play. If he allows his opponents to ruffle his temper, he is subject to disgrace. If he yields he knows that he may be sent off the field by the umpire. To hold one's self with perfect self-restraint under severe temptation and provocation, is one of the greatest of moral achievements; and any game which tends unmistakably to develop such ability cannot be regarded as destitute of moral power."

The Voice of the Void.

I warn, like the one drop of rain
On your face, ere the storm;
Or tremble in whispered refrain
With your blood, beating warm.
I am the presence that ever
Baffles your touch's endeavor,—
Gone like the glimmer of dust
Dispersed by a gust.
I am the absence that taunts you,
The fancy that haunts you;
The ever unsatisfied guess
That, questioning emptiness,
Wins a sigh for reply.
Nay; nothing am I.
But the flight of a breath—
For I am Death!

—George Parsons Lathrop in the *Century*

The Alien Contract Labor Law.

On the principle of tit for tat the Alien Labor bill of Mr. Taylor, of Leeds, which aims at prohibiting the importation and migration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in Canada, has considerable justification. Whatever may have been the real object of the authorities at Washington in passing the U. S. "Alien Contract Labor Law," and the more charitable incline to the opinion that the law was aimed at undesirable immigrants, from across the ocean and not at Canadians, the fact is indisputable, that the law has been so interpreted as to include Canadians within the scope of its provisions. And right vigorously has the law been enforced, especially along the Canadian frontier. In the discussion upon Mr. Taylor's bill last week, several instances were related by members in which the most extreme interpretation had been placed upon the law by our neighbors. Men in the employ of the G.T.R. Company who worked in the States but lived on the Canadian side of the line, were obliged to cross over or lose their situation; while the Company was liable to a fine of $1,000 for every man who lived in Canada and worked across the border. Two instances at least have occurred where Canadian ministers were not allowed to accept calls extended to them by American congregations who desired their services. Only last week the management of Christ Evangelical Lutheran Church, Lewisburg, Pa., were informed by acting secretary Batcheler, that the Canadian clergyman called by them is regarded as an "alien" within the meaning of the Alien Contract Labor Law. Now it must be confessed that such conduct is irritating and annoying to the last degree, and goes far to excuse the vigor with which the unneighborly system is assailed and denounced. Nevertheless the considerations of expediency and right must not be lost sight of in dealing with a matter so important. As Sir John Macdonald pointed out, "there is this difference between Canada and the United States: The United States do not want any more people there and we do, and there is a very nice difference between the two countries." The question therefore resolves itself into this; whether to invite immigration in this way by patiently submitting to such unneighborly treatement, we do not pay too dear a price in the loss of national dignity and influence. We cannot afford to submit to such an extent as to produce the impression that we either have no sense of independence or are afraid to try the experiment of existing upon our own resources as an independent nation. Then as to our rights in the matter, we undoubtedly have the constitutional right to say whether we shall adopt a policy of retaliation or not. The moral right, however, which nations that would abide must respect, is another thing. If the United States has acted in such a manner as to violate the great ethical principles that should govern nations in the intercourse with one another, it is not a sufficient reason for Canada that she should follow the bad example. Rather our duty is by a strict adherence to the principles of truth and righteousness to reprove the grasping selfishness, the irritating unneighborliness of our big and erring cousin. History, if it teaches anything at all, teaches that like as with individuals so with nations, their sin will surely find them out.)

The Emperor's Labor Council.

The Berne labor council is declared off and Switzerland has intimated her willingness to take part in the German conference. All the powers named by the Emperor have given in their acceptance, viz, Switzerland, Belgium, France, England. The press dispatch announces that the official programme of the International Labor Conference has been issued. The subjects to be discussed are the regulation of mine work, with reference to the prohibition of the labor of women and children underground; the shortening of the shifts in particularly unhealthy mines; the ensuring of a regular output of coal, by subjecting the working of the mines to international rules; the regulation of Sunday labor, and also the regulation of the labor of children and females. But while the subjects to be discussed appeal with tremendous force to the humane feelings it is clear that if the Conference goes no further, or at least, if Germany herself goes no further in seeking to settle the labor difficulties which at present give the Socialist movement its power, so far as the Fatherland is concerned the Conference will not have accomplished a very great deal. Indeed, to outsiders it is a puzzle which increases in perplexity the longer it is contemplated, how the labor difficulties of that country can be satisfactorily arranged while the present oppressive military system exists. The curse of Germany, as of all the great European nations, is her immense standing army which takes from industrial and productive pursuits so many hundreds of thousands of her strongest and most capable men. So long as she continues to keep up her great military establishment, so long will the backs of her poorer subjects be bowed down under the oppressive load. For the kindness of his heart the Kaiser is to be commended; for his statesmanship like grasp of the situation and the best means of relief, the public praise must be withheld until his plans shall have demonstrated their efficiency under actual trial.

Pope Leo and His Monument.

Leo XIII., Pope of Roms, who was 80 years old on Monday, is just now absorbed in the interesting but somewhat arduous task of superintending the making of his own monument, which he is anxious to have completed during his life-time. The monument is to consist of a large sepulchral urn, on which the life-size statue of the Pope is placed. At either side of this urn are two colossal statues, representing Religion and Justice, and between them a heart in urn. The statues are of Carrara marble and the urn of porphyry. In three years' time the work of art is to be completed, and its cost will be £3,000.

The shafts of sarcasm are only effective when barbed with truth, tempered with justice, and feathered with wit.

Money will make us work, but money will not make us give our hearts to the work—nothing but love for our work or real good principle can make us do that.

Wisdom [illegible] and pain [illegible] to the [illegible] adversities or natural afflictions, easy and supportable, by rightly valuing the importance and moderating the influence of them

ANOTHER CUT !

Never since the episode of George Washington and the cherry tree has there been a cut so likely to make a sensation as

OUR CUT IN LACE CURTAINS !

Having secured a large line at below manufacturers' prices we are offering them at less than wholesale prices.

Remember this when you are preparing to clean house, and see what we can do for you in the Lace Curtain line.

B. O'HARA.

Marmora and Lake Council.

Town Hall, Marmora, March 10th, 1890.

Council met pursuant to adjournment.

Present J. W. Pearce, Reeve; Wm. Hilton, Deputy Reeve; Messrs. Nihill, Warren, and Scott, Councillors; Mr. Scott made his declarstion of qualification and office and took his seat.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Communication of Charles English received read and fyled.

Report of Auditors' received and read.

John Hamilton was heard in regard to dividing Road Beat No. 23.

Petition re Sophy and others received and read.

Contract for printing, 1890, was given to Jno. R. Orr, N. H. REVIEW.

Mr. Cole agreed to give a road 40 ft. wide, through centre Lot 6, 5th con., Lake, and fence the south side by May, 1891, and council will convey the original road allowance in lieu of same.

The following resolutions were passed:

That Chas. Rupart receive rebate of two dollars for statute labour charged on Roll.

That the Council adjourn for one hour.

That the Report of Auditors' be received and adopted.

That the Road Surveyor go and examine road allowance between Lots 5 and 6, 1st con., Marmora and report to Council.

That E. Demara, sr., be allowed to put the road on the line between himself and James Danah as laid out, and not to close old road until the new one is fit to travel on.

That the road surveyor examine the bridge at Hunts, what repairs are needed cost thereof and report to Reeve.

That the Reeve be authorized to connect the new road north of Simmons with the old road and obtain the services of J. C. Bailey for doing the same.

That the Collecter's time be extended to the next meeting of Council.

That the Board of Health for 1890, be composed as follows:—J. W. Pearce, H. M. Jones, A. W. Carscallen, M. O'Connors and Capt. John O'Neil.

That the Council go into Committee of the whole on By-laws, W. Warren, chairman.

That the By-law appointing Township Officers be read a first time.

That it be read a second time and blanks filled in.

That Wm. Bonter be appointed collector.

That B. Murphy be appointed road surveyor.

That Wm. Bonter, be appointed constable.

That the By-law be read a third time signed, sealed and numbered as By-law No. 239.

That the Committee rise and resume council business.

That the council adjourn until 2nd of June and meet as a Court of Revision.

Council adjourned.

H. M. JONES, M. D.,
Tp. Clerk.

☞ Fur cape left in the Presbytetian church, at S. S. Convention. Owner may have same by applying to R. McGee.

Village Taxes !

NOTICE.

ALL taxes due the Village of Madoc must be paid to the undersigned on or before Tuesday, April 1st, 1890, or costs will be added in every instance.

ALEX. WRIGHT,
Collector.

50-3w

FARM FOR SALE.

THE N. W. ¼ of lot No. 4, 5th concession of Madoc, known as the old O'Hara homestead, containing 50 acres, all of which is in a first-class state of cultivation, within sight of Madoc village. Will be sold cheap for cash.

Also for sale, 1 horse, 6 years old; 1 mare, 7 years old; 1 two-year-old Percheron stallion. Apply to

H. S. O'HARA,
On the premises.

50-2mos.

MEMORY Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus POST FREE, sent on application to Prof. A. Loisette, 237 Fifth Ave. New York.

MORTGAGE SALE.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, made by James H. Kinloch and Effie Kinloch, his wife, to the vendor, which will be produced at time of sale, default in payment having been made, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the

Continental Hotel, Madoc Village

in the County of Hastings, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., on

SATURDAY, 12th APRIL, '90

the following farm property, namely:—

North range or north half of lot No. 18 in the 3rd concession of the Township of Tyendinaga, in the County of Hastings, subject to two prior encumbrances.

The above is one of the best farms in Tyendinaga, and is well improved.

Terms of sale, 10 per cent. cash at time of sale, balance within 30 days unless otherwise arranged.

Dated at Madoc, this 10th day of March, '90.

D. E. K. STEWART,
Vendor's Solicitor.

50-5w

The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. Be sure you get **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

"Every spring and fall I take a number of bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am greatly benefited."—Mrs. James H. Eastman, Stoneham, Mass.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health."—Miss Thirza L. Crerar, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved."—Mrs. Harriet H. Battles, South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malarial exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies."—F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect."—Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Lucy Moffitt, Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $6 a bottle.

JOHN HUFF

Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Hastings

MADOC, - ONT.

All orders promptly attended to, and terms reasonable. 39

SALESMEN WANTED.

Having done business in Canada for the past 30 years, our reputation and responsibility are well known. We pay salary and expenses from the start, if everything is satisfactory. No previous experience required. Write us for terms, which are very liberal, before engaging with any other firm. REFERENCES—Bradstreet's or Dun Wiman & Co's Commercial Agencies, well known to business men; or Standard Bank, Colborne, Ont.

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
Nurserymen,
COLBORNE, - ONT.

Cross-Cut Saws.

We have a large stock of Cross-Cut Saws on hand, and are selling the same at reduced rates.

Also a fine assortment of

Hanging and Stand Lamps!

which we are selling at low rates.

COAL OIL DELIVERED

Anywhere in the Village.

Skates Sharpened

and repaired at

M. W. Connor & Co's.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER,
OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 30, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity, I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 2, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for a number of years. Stiff joints and Spavines, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.

Yours truly, A. H. GRANNY,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

RAVE, WELLS COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.

Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Ringbone, two of them of seven years standing with Fifty Dollars and never a failure since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.

Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can procure it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

JUST RECEIVED

—AT—

D. GILLEN'S

Fish of all kinds, both fresh and salt; also a full supply of

FLOUR, PORK, SALT,

And all kinds of grain kept constantly on hand, which I am selling close for cash. As I am over-stocked in all the above lines I will make a special run on the same for the next 30 days in order to reduce my stock. Parties requiring any of the above lines will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere. My stock in groceries always complete, as usual.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Fresh Beef kept constantly on hand and delivered free to any part of the village.

WINES, LIQUORS, & CIGARS,

Wholesale and Retail.

HARPER'S BLOCK—West of O'Flynn's Bank.

D. GILLEN.

CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Com'y.

Established 1855.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Stock Capital, $3,000,000.
Total Assets, $3,700,000

The Company Lends Money on Real Estate at lowest current rates of interest and on favorable terms of re-payment.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased No Commission. No Delay. Exbenses Moderate.

Apply to J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director, Toronto.

Orto **E. D. O'FLYNN,**
Appraiser at Madoc.

W. S. LEACH

(Successor to Dr. Loomis)

Is prepared to bear sympathy with the public in general for hard times.

Therefore you can get

GREAT BARGAINS !

in all kinds of

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES

SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
COAL OIL,

PERFUMERIES, &c., AT W. S. LEACH'S,

Victoria Block.—Loomis' Old Stand,

MADOC.

N. B.—We are sole agents in Madoc for Balsam Tulu and Lightning Pain Reliever, the best remedies known for the grip.

NEW GOODS !

New Goods in great variety at

Wilson's Drug and Book Store,

Miscellaneous books suitable for presents or school prizes.

PLUSH AND LEATHER

FANCY GOODS and TOYS.

The Largest Assortment in Madoc of Photo and Autograph Albums, Children's Books, &c.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

School Books and School Supplies at Publishers prices, as usual.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

No trouble to show goods.

WILSON'S

Durham Street, Madoc.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ Purchasers should ask to the Labe on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, are spurious.

North Hastings Review.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.00 if paid Strictly in Advance.

VOL. XIII., No 52. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, March 27, 1890. POSTAGE PREPAID.

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MEETS every Monday evening, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock sharp. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

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ISSUER of Marriage Licenses and Licensed County Auctioneer, also for the city of Belleville. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont. Orders may be left at the REVIEW Office.

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BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street. Private money to loan at lowest rates

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Mr. O'Flynn will be in his Madoc office Monday evening and Tuesday of each week, and at any time by appointment; can be addressed by telephone from Madoc. Telephone No. 127.

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BARRISTER, Solicitors, Notaries Public Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan on Farms.

O'FLYNN BLOCK, MADOC,

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COMPANY and private funds to loan at lowest rates. No commission.

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OFFICE—Second door south of Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

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GRADUATE of Queen's University, Kingston, also Graduate of Trinity University College, Toronto, member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.

Office and night call in the drug store lately occupied by Mrs. Deans, Madoc.

Diseases of women and children a specialty. Calls in town or country promptly attended to

DENTISTRY.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S., of 22 years practice in the Town of Trenton, Ont., will be at the Windsor House, Madoc, Every Tuesday from 9.30 a.m. until next morning. The most successful and satisfactory operations performed with vitalized air that can be obtained in Central Ontario.

Best $4 of teeth, filling, &c.

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MADOC - P. O.

Orders by mail should state *place* and Acreage of Survey that the above Surveyor may consult as to *original monuments* and former Surveys, his extensive field notes of Sixty Years' Practice, of the late John Ross, &c., and also the field notes of C. F. Aylsworth, Sr., thereby saving time and expense in procuring correct issue of Surveys.

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Office—Residence, Durham St., Madoc

FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE on reasonable terms, lots 11 and 12, 7th concession of Wollaston. Good building on place, and convenient to Eagle Lake. For further particulars apply to

MRS. E. J. PATTISON, Granville, Washington Co., N. Y., U.S.A.,

or at the law office of

ALEX. A. McDONALD.

Madoc, Jan. 16th, 1889. 43-3m

JAS. WHYTOCK.

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC - ONT

25,000 LBs. WOOL WANTED

—AT THE—

MARMORA WOOLLEN MILLS.

Custom Carding and Spinning done on shortest notice.

Parties having 60 pounds and upwards of wool can have their own wool spun into yarn.

Tweeds, Fulloths, Shirtings and yarns kept on hand, to exchange for wool.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

MITCHELL & DANFORD.

Marmora, May 7th, 1888. 6-3m

GEO. W. WALKER.

DENTIST,

FRONT ST., - BELLEVILLE.

Directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel, and next door to the Bank of Commerce.

Dr. Walker will visit

Madoc on the 20th and 21st

of Every Month, Only.

Don't Ask for Credit.

ROOMS AT MOON'S HOTEL

NEW LIVERY.

The Undersigned has opened a New Livery Stable in Madoc, and will keep for hire

FIRST-CASS HORSES AND RIGS

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Rigs Supplied at all Hours.

Give me a trial.

JOHN HUFF.

Madoc, July 18th, 1888.

25 SALESMEN

WANTED

In your State. Good Salary and Expenses paid to the right men. I want men 25 to 50 years of age to sell a full line of first class Nursery Stock. All stock guaranteed. Apply at once, stating age and references.

C. L. BOOTHBY,

37-12w Rochester, N. Y.

MADOC HIGH SCHOOL.

MADOC High School will be open for the admission of students, September 2nd. Prospectus of school may be had by application to

A. B. ROSS,

Chairman H. S. Board.

Madoc, August 6th, 1889. 19

100,000 Bushels

of all kinds of Grain wanted,

delivered at the

ELDORADO ELEVATOR.

As I have made arrangements to buy for a Toronto firm, I am prepared to pay

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

for all kinds of Grain. The Elevator will be opened on

The 10th of October.

Give me a call before going elsewhere.

C. A MILLER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not necessarily endorse the opinions of our correspondents. Our columns are open to all responsible persons.—ED. REVIEW.]

To the Editor of THE REVIEW:

Now that the Dog By-law is passed and every man and woman that has a dog must comply with the requirements of the law, and put up this or her dollar, I suppose that the Council have done their duty in the right direction. But would it not be as well if they were to look around some portion of the village and see if they could not find a greater nuisance than dogs running at large, just say in the form of a Billiard Room, which has been running for the last two or three years, and not paying any license. Now, I think fair play is fair play, and if dogs must be taxed so should Billiard rooms be taxed.

DOG OWNER.

Fur cape left in the Presbytetian church, at S. S. Convention. Owner may have same by applying to R. McGee.

Farm for Sale or Rent.

THE East Half of Lot No. 19, in the 9th Concession of Madoc.

For particulars apply to

R. R. CASEMENT,

49-tf Madoc, Ont.

WANTED, A FARM.

ABOUT 100 acres, near the Village of Madoc, on lease for a term of years, with option of purchase at expiration of term. Apply with particulars, by letter, to

"REVIEW OFFICE,"

50-3w Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE N. W. ¼ of lot No. 4, 5th concession of Madoc, known as the old O'Hara homestead, containing 50 acres, all of which is in a first-class state of cultivation, within sight of Madoc village. Will be sold cheap for cash.

Also for sale, 1 horse, 6 years old; 1 mare, 7 years old; 1 two-year-old Percheron stallion. Apply to

H. S. O'HARA,

50-2mos. On the premises.

Village Taxes!

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ALEX. WRIGHT,

50-3w Collector.

Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known, as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint."—Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults."—Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever."—Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Education in North Hastings.

Some Statistics of the Financial and Progressive Standing of our Public Schools.

The following extracts from the very full report of the condition of the public schools of North Hastings, submitted last year to the Education Department by Wm. Mackintosh, Esq., Inspector, will be of interest to every reader of the REVIEW. We regret we have space in this issue only for a small portion of the report:—

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The total expenditure for Public School purposes for the year, was $24,268.32; of this, $27,776.79 was paid to teachers. In 1887 the disbursements for these purposes were, respectively, $33,482.61 and $27,015.15. The average balance on hand in rural sections at the close of the year was about $40. From the Legislative grant $2,486 was received. From the Poor shool fund, $704.20 was received. Owing to the increased demands upon the fund, I could not obtain for the poorer sections, the whole amount I asked for, $860. As in former years, I apportioned your liberal grant to the poor schools on the basis of the section rates of school taxation for the previous year, as certified to by the Township Clerks.

Some years ago, in a circular, I pointed out that the amount of Legislative grant obtained by any municipality depended on the ratio borne by the whole population of the municipality, as recorded in its assessment roll of the previous year to the total population of the Province. Recently I directed attention to the same subject. Much has been lost by the manner in which the duty of recording the whole population is performed by some assessors. Every man, woman, and child should be enumerated. The fewer missed, the more grant will be apportioned to the municipality.

TEACHERS—SALARIES AND QUALIFICATIONS.

The number of teachers employed in 1888 was 105. Of these, two held Provincial First Class, 21 had Provincial Second Class, 69 Third Class, and 13 had temporary certificates.

The highest salary paid to a male teacher was $750, the lowest, $225. The average paid to male teachers was $345.75, to female teachers the average paid was $259.02. In 1886 the averages were $385,92 and $264.42.

ATTENDANCE.

During the year the names of 5,229 children of all ages were entered on the school registers, 2,761 boys and 2,468 girls. The average attendance for the whole year was about 45 per cent of the number enrolled, an improvement on the attendance as reported to you in 1886. Compared with districts similarly situated, North Hastings in this, as in other educational matters, has no reason to feel ashamed. While this is true, I would be guilty of a gross dereliction of duty did I fail to urge upon parents, trustees and teachers the importance of making the attendance as regular as possible.

A considerable number of our schools are still kept closed during a part of each School year. The average time for which the schools were in operation was as follows: Wicklow *et al*, 131 days; Carlow and Mayo, 196 days; Monteagle and Herschel, 157 days; Dungannon and Faraday, 171 days; Wollaston, 186 days; Limerick, 128 days; Tudor and Cashel, 199 days; Elzevir, 200 days; Huntingdon, 209 days; Marmora and Lake, 190 days; Madoc, 204 days; Rawdon, 215 days. In the villages of Madoc and Stirling, the schools were kept open during the whole year.

Our Uniform Promotion and Review examinations continue to do much good in many ways. They are becoming more and more popular with the people, who have not been slow to recognize the advantages which accrue to the schools from them.

As the greater number of our pupils cease attendance at school before being promoted to the fourth class, I have, to the limit of my opportunities and ability, striven to impress the teachers with the opinion that, in the Third Class, pupils should, in addition to an intelligent familiarity with the branches of study always taught in that class, be trained to write, with fair facility and accuracy, ordinary letters of busines and friendship, receipts, orders and accounts: that they should have an intelligent acquaintance with the meaning and use of the terms Debtor and Creditor as applied to accounts, and be able to keep an ordinary Cash Book, such as every farmer and mechanic should keep; and that, in their instruction in arithmetic, teachers should never lose sight of the fact that by far the greater number of their pupils will become not lawyers, doctors, or teachers, but farmers and mechanics.

—J. R. Irish, Dentist, is punctual in visiting Madoc, being at the Windsor House every Tuesday.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Travellers to and from distant climes would do well to bear in mind that these changes and the altered diet and surroundings of their lives entail manifold risks to health. Occasions are sure to arise in which they will need a remedy such as these renowned Pills and Ointment and no traveller by land or sea should ever fail to have a supply at hand. Then he may truly be said to have a physician always at his call for the various emergences of travel. Chills and fevers should be promptly treated, and the Printed directions should be carefully studied at the commencement of any illness, for Holloway's remedies can be safely used in all climates.

Missionary Anniversary.

The Missionary Anniversary in connection with the Methodist Church of this village was held last Sabbath, and Monday evening. The preacher was the Rev. S. J. Shorey of Peterboro. In the morning the rev. gentleman delivered a most interesting, instructive, and eloquent sermon, founded on the incident of the four lepers, dying with hunger, in the gate of the famine stricken city of Samaria. The evening text was "Thy will be done." Based upon this petition of our Lord's Prayer, Mr. Shorey delivered a most logical and forcible address, clearly showing that the Divine will always made for the elevation and salvation of his human creatures. The Rev. Mr. Shorey preached his first sermon in this village seventeen years ago, and has since occupied some of the most important charges in the connection. He is a close thinker, and expresses his thoughts in a strong and vigorous manner. He will always be given a cordial welcome by the people of Madoc. The platform meeting on Monday evening was one of the most successful ever held in the church, in every respect, excepting the audience. Mr. E. D. O'Flynn, in his usual pleasing manner ably filled the chair. The Rev. Mr. Shorey delivered a practical and forceful speech on the privilege of aiding in extension the Kingdom of Christ. Dr. Ford, of Norwood, gave one of the most masterly, comprehensive, instructive, eloquent and inspiring missionary addresses ever delivered in this section of the Province. Only those who were present can have an adequate idea of the loss sustained by those of the congregation who were absent. Though the audience was comparatively small, yet liberal givers were present, as will be realized when we state that the large sum of $240 was subscribed towards the missionary fund. The church choir did much to make these services interesting and attractive by their excellent rendering of a number of appropriate musical selections, both on the Sabbath and on Monday evening. This was Dr. Ford's first visit to Madoc, but we sincerely hope it will not be his last, and we are sure that he will always receive a most hearty welcome on such a platform, and on such occasions by the Methodist people of this community.

Condolence.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS, March 12th, 1890.

At the last regular meeting of L. O. L. No. 1133 the following resolution, moved by Bro. Thomas Burnside and seconded by Bro. James Farrell, was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved—That we, the officers and members of this Lodge, avail ourselves of the present opportunity to tender our deepest sympathy to our Worshipful Master, Bro. Goldsmith Wright, and express our sorrow at the irreparable loss sustained by him in the sudden death of his beloved wife, Mrs. Wright. Though we may not be able to fathom the intense agony of his grief at the dissolution by death of so close a bond of relation as husband and wife, yet we desire to assure him that he has our sympathy, and we hope that they will meet in the "Celestial City" where death never enters and where the inhabitants neither marry nor are given in marriage.

Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

Signed on behalf of the Lodge,

A. R. FARRELL, Rec. Sec.

Golden Wedding.

The *Intelligencer* says:—Fifty years seems a long time in perspective, and few are privileged to remember an incident in life fifty years back, and fewer still celebrate their marriage day half a century past; yet such has been the privilege of Mr. and Mrs. James Nosworthy, who, fifty years past yesterday, stood at the altar and plighted their troth. Miss Jane Clement, then a young girl of fifteen—now Mrs. Nathan Jones—acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Nathan Jones, then a young man, acted as best man on the occasion. All these parties are yet living in Belleville.

When Macbeth ironically asked, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" he little knew that mankind would one day be blessed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, this powerful alterative gives tone and strength to *every* function and faculty of the system.

Try G. A. Rollins for Boiled Oil, Raw Oil, Turpentine, Japan Dryer, and furniture Varnish.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXII.

We met Ethel and her father in the drive, and walked together through the flower garden and the conservatories, there being still light enough to reveal the tints of the blooms even to ordinary eyes. Under his daughter's influence Sir Henry was always reasonable, and at most times amiable and interesting; but this evening I was struck by the tender interest he took in Psyche. He devoted himself almost exclusively to her, and betrayed no symptom of jealousy or suspicion when Ethel and I lingered in the rear. The manner of this extraordinary man was now as opposed to his brusqueric of the morning as that to the quaking agitation of the night before. Selecting some of the blossoms that Psyche most admired, he arranged them with taste in a spray, gossiping at the same time in a simple way that she could understand, and fastened it upon her dress. Psyche was delighted, pointing out to me that it was like the spray that Ethel wore.

"I had no idea the girl was so intelligent," he said to me, when Psyche had drawn Ethel away with the serious view she had in her mind. "And how exceedingly sweet her manner is."

I repeated what Psyche had said in coming.

"That wish of hers would be terribly pathetic if it were impossible to realize it," he remarked; "but, thank God, it may be realized. She shall learn all that she wishes to know. I will adopt her as my own daughter."

"If her real parents are not found," I suggested.

"True, but I do not think they will be found," he said in an odd dry tone. "By the bye, there was no letter for you at Towerbridge. I saw Andrews this afternoon and put the case hypothetically before him. He is distinctly of opinion that so far as the girl's welfare is concerned the best thing is to do nothing. The great thing to be feared is that the man who put her out of the way twelve years ago will get her into his hands again in order to put her away effectually and for ever. There can be no doubt that the crime was attempted with a mercenary motive; the child coming between this man and a fortune. If that was so Psyche is still the rightful heiress, and more dangerous to the man now than she was as a child. At any rate it would be most unwise to do anything in a hurry. There is no necessity for haste. I intend—with the blessing of Heaven," he murmured fervently, "to repair the wrong that has been done to that poor girl, and to be to her a better friend than those who suffered her to be carried away."

There was an awkward pause. I could not account satisfactorily to myself for the feeling of embarrassment that made me silent.

"You can't make it out," said Sir Henry, observing my silence. "That does not surprise me. To you it must seem that my conduct has been that of a maniac rather than a sane man, and nothing must appear more mad than my proposal to adopt as my daughter a girl I saw for the first time last night. Every effect is in explicable until the cause that produced it stands revealed. My quickly changing moods are inexplicable. Believe me, not one of those moods would appear more unaccountable than the phases in an eclipse if you knew of the shadow cast upon my life. That shadow is nearly past, thank God! One of these days—not now—you shall know all!"

As he spoke the last words he opened his notebook and took out a paper, which he now put in my hand.

"That is the cheque for the property you were good enough to let me have," he said in a tone of real gratitude. "With it, Bernard, I give you permission to ask my daughter to be your wife."

This was as unexpected as anything he had yet said or done, and his tone betraying none of that bitter sense of deprivation he had before displayed made the contradiction more obvious.

"In giving you my daughter," he continued, "you may, perhaps, find some reason for my eager desire to adopt Psyche."

If I had not been blinded by a lover's emotion I might have found another reason, and seen that I was taking a bribe.

We found poor Psyche in the library looking, with pained wonder, at the open book, and striving to understand that each collection of black marks meant a word, and that these words taken together told of something that people wanted to know. From the book she looked round the room at the shelves from floor to ceiling, filled with similar books.

"Are they all the same?" she asked.

"No, see, this is quite different," replied Ethel, opening another, and telling the story it contained in a few easy words. But the story failed to charm Psyche, for she had a very serious object in making these enquiries.

"Can you read them—all these little words in all these books?" she asked in awe.

"Yes, Ethel can read them all, and so will you be able to read them one of these days," said Sir Henry kindly.

Psyche drew a long breath in silence. Then turning to Ethel, she said:—

"Now I want to hear you sing a song with words."

Ethel took her into the drawing room, and sitting down to the piano sang a simple ballad to her own accompaniment.

"Oh, that is beautiful," said Psyche, after listening in rapt attention. "I want to hear it again, let me do it." And seating herself before the piano she pressed the notes as she had seen Ethel press them; but when nothing but discord came from her touch she drew back frightened, and looked around to see if we were laughing at her folly. But the poor child's ignorance and dismay moved us in another way.

"You will have to learn a long while, dear, before you can play," said Ethel, sitting down beside her and taking her hand, "I have been learning since I was quite a little child."

When we left the house the stars were out.

"Look, look," cried Psyche, lifting Ethel's hand in delight. "I see, she wears dewdrops on her fingers."

At a word from her father Ethel took the diamond ring off and slipped it on Psyche's finger. "It's a dewdrop that doesn't fade, and that you can keep for ever, and you shall wear it always, dear, for my sake."

As Psyche sat by my side in the night she held up the ring and looked at the glancing rays wistfully,

"Brother," she said, "it does not look so lovely on my hand as it did on hers. My fingers are not so smooth and white as hers."

"Working in the sand has spoiled them. That's all over now."

"Yes, we shall work side by side no more."

Presently she looked at the ring again. "Oh, it was kind of her to give it to me," she said, pressing the ring to her cheek. "She is all kind, and good, and sweet, and beautiful. You don't know anyone in all the world more beautiful and good, do you?"

"No, Psyche,

"I don't think there will ever be one like her," she said in a quiet tone of conviction.

"Why, I thought you were going to be like her, I said lightly, hoping to change the vein of sadness in which her thoughts seemed to be running. But the pleasantry was unperceived.

"No," said she, shaking her head gravely "I can never be like her. I was silly and vain to think that. I know better now. I could never learn all these words—never sing as she does, for she has been learning since she was a little child—all the time I have been living in the dark. I shall never be anything but a silent little creature of the garden," her voice trembled. "Talk to me, dear, just a little more, and let me listen, as I did in the cave when you first came to me and I knew nothing. Oh, it was good to know nothing then; it is dreadful to know so little now. My heart is very full. I cannot speak."

My heart was full also, but I managed to speak cheerfully as I reasoned with her, showing that our happiness did not depend upon our excelling all others, or there would be but one happy person in the whole world; that no two persons are alike but each has some excellence which the other may lack without being less lovable; and other truisms of a like kind.

Whether she followed my argument or understood it I cannot tell. Perhaps it was only the sound of my voice she heard while her thoughts were occupied with pleasant memories. But she seemed comforted, now and again smoothing my shoulder gently with her cheek as she did when she was happy.

I thought I might take advantage of this mood to prepare her for the coming change, so I spoke of our visit to the Chase, and the things we had seen. It pleased her to talk about the greenhouses and the gorgeous flowers in them. "But it was so strange," she said, in a tone of awe.

"It will seem less strange and more beautiful when you know them better."

"Are we going there again? she asked, shyly.

"We are going to dine there to-morrow vening. You will like to go?"

"Wherever you go I must like to go."

"You don't dislike Sir Henry?"

"Oh no. I like him a great deal."

"I am glad of that. Do you know he wants you to live with him always."

"*Why, I couldn't* do that," she exclaimed, laughing. Then, seeing me grave, her smile went suddenly and she said with an accent of consternation. "You don't want me to go away from you—you will not make me go to him."

"I'll not make you do anything, Psyche, that hurts you. You shall live with me as long as you will."

"Oh my brother," she exclaimed, clasping my arm to her breast.

Presently I said:

"Would you like to have Ethel always for a companion and friend?"

"I do not understand that, I cannot live always with her and with you too."

"Not while we live asunder as we do. But if I ask Ethel to live with us and she says yes."

"She will never say yes," Psyche said confidently.

"Never, never, never!"

I laughed and asked how she could tell that.

"I can tell it by what I feel," she answered.

"When she looks at you and you look at her—when you speak low together as you did to-night, I could cry with the pain in my heart. Then how could she bear to see us sitting as we sit now, whispering to each other through the night with no thought for any other? No, no!—she could not do that. It would be too much pain. More than she could bear. She would rather live alone than see that you are my brother and not her's."

How could I tell her that I loved Ethel more than I loved her? I rose, putting off a little longer the evil hour.

Psyche rarely came down from her room before sunset; we were to dine at eight o'clock, but Sir Henry had asked me to come in the afternoon. I was bidding Ethel good-night at that moment, and the mutual pressure of our hands conveyed the feeling with which we looked forward to the meeting better than my faltering tongue expressed.

I went up to the house at four, and after some general conversation Sir Henry excused himself and went into the library, leaving Ethel and me to ourselves.

We strolled in the shade of the pinewood, and there I asked Ethel to be my wife, and she came into my arms and I held her there oblivious of everything but the crowning happiness of my life.

"Why are you crying, love?" I asked.

She raised her head from my breast and showed me a face radiant with happiness.

"Why should I cry?" she asked.

I was perplexed. I could have sworn that as I murmured my love over her bent head, k's ing the waving hair, I heard a smothered sob.

It was getting dusk when we saw Sir Henry in the drive.

"I am going over to fetch Psyche—my other child," he said. I gave him the key of the door, content to stay with my love.

Ten minutes perhaps had gone by when Sir Henry appeared again in the drive. He was alone and walking hastily.

"Where is Psyche?" he asked when he as within speaking distance.

"I left her in the house when I came away. I heard her singing in her room."

"She is not there now," he answered. 'She is gone."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Wine, coffee or fruit stains can be removed from table cloths by pouring boiling water over the spots before wetting or applying soda and coal-oil, citric acid or wetting in whisky before washing. The acid will take the color out of red table cloths.

No bustles are worn, but the French gowns have very small cushions of hair under the pleats in the back of the skirts.

Fashion's Very Latest Feat.

Women will wear shirts from this time forth if they follow the fashion of the "four hundred," which has already sounded the edict in Paris and London. The woman's shirt is a pretty and delicate combination of female acquisition and masculine concession. It is made with collar and cuff attachments of the latest pattern worn by gentlemen. The body is of fine muslin and the bosom of three or four ply linen, as the case may be. The collar and cuffs are also linen, of course. The garment is made open in front the entire length, the skirts falling loosely to the hips. A gathering string controls the waist and serves to hold the bosom in easy conformity to the personal contour of the wearer. The bosom is provided with worked eyelets for studs, thus granting woman another field in which to gratify her purse or a passion for the display of diamonds or other jewels. The bosom is not so long as that of a man's shirt, only falling to the length of nine inches, but that measurement can, of course, vary with the styles of dress. The bosom of the shirt falls just low enough to come into its place and to be held there by the corsage. With these shirts are worn little cut-away coats. The coat may be of navy or bright blue, brown, or ruby, and is considered in good taste if worn with almost any skirt, and if not an unpleasant contrast of shade. With a black skirt and blue coat, a light blue linen or silk shirt and tie can be worn. The coat is made exactly like a man's cut-away coat, fastened across the chest by one button, with turned-down collar and lapels. It is tight-fitted at the back.

Home gowns for the early spring are made very simply, without bustles or looping, and with a slight train in the back.

White cloth gowns, made in dressy styles, and braided with gold and silver, are now in favor for ball dresses here and abroad.

A London *Lancet* correspondent furnishes the following list of football casualties in the English season from the first week in September last to the third week in the past January, taken from a carefully tabulated record of such casualties as have been publicly announced; Deaths, 13. Fractures—Legs, 15; arms, 4; collar bones, 11. Injuries—Spine, 3; nose, 1; ankle, 1; cheek, 1.

A writer in a New York sporting paper makes an interesting comparison of the various modes of locomotion, with the following result: A man can swim a mile in 26 minutes 52 seconds; he can walk it in 6 minutes and 23 seconds; he can cover it on snow shoes in 5 minutes 39⅘ seconds; he can run the distance in 4 minutes 12⅘ seconds; he can ride it on a tricycle in 2 minutes 49 2-5 seconds; on a bicycle in 2 minutes 29 4-5 seconds, and can skate it in 2 minutes 12 3-5 seconds. Behind a trotting horse he gains nearly four seconds by covering the distance in 2 minutes 8⅘ seconds; while on a running horse he gallops the mile in 1 minute 39⅘ seconds, and last and fastest, he sits in a railroad train and flies over a mile of the steel rails in 50⅘ seconds.

A decoy bass is a novelty in angling, yet the *American Angler* tells of one weighing two pounds that belonged to a man named Dyer, that he had trained from a fingerling just one year. "The fish has two rings in his gills, upper and lower, and in these Dyer fastens a swivel, so that his bass can't catch minnows while on duty, or take the old man's bait. When he gets to the water he wants to fish he attaches a long line to the swivel and puts his bass into the river. Four or five feet up the line is a large float, as big as your fist, with lead on the bottom for ballast, and a small mast with penant on the top side. The line is say forty or fifty feet long. Dyer says that as soon as his decoy is in other bass gather about him and keep coming, and he casts in among 'em, snaking 'em out right and left. That's the way he does it, and he catches more big bass than any man on the river."

Ontario is not the only Province that's endeavoring to increase its breed of quail. A committee meeting of the Mainland Game Protective Association was held at the Leland hotel, Vancouver, B. C., the other evening. In addition to the 300 pheasants ordered from China and Japan, it was decided to import 100 quail. These will be turned down as soon as they arrive, and if they do at all well there should soon be some quail shooting. The association already has over 40 members, and it was decided to canvas the neighboring city of New Westminster to increase the membership as much as possible. All the farmers in the district are giving the association a hearty support, and the Legislature will be appealed to to protect pheasants and quail on the mainland of British Columbia for at least two years. They had quite a cold snap there after Christmas, which drove the ducks south. They have now returned, and the shooting is again excellent.

The extraordinary prices paid for trotting horses at the great sale of Mr. L. J. Rose's California stud, which was held at the American Institute, New York, for two days last week, cannot fail to attract expectional attention throughout the world. On Tuesday $25,800 was paid for the stallion Alcazar, and $24,100 for another youngster. None of Wednesday's prices approached these almost extravagant figures, although $13,100 and $10,000 were paid. The average price of all the horses sold is $2,712. There was apparent ground for the fear that existed a few months ago that a notable reaction would follow the purchase of Sunol, Axtell and Bell Boy at phenomenal figures, but there are no signs of it now. Nor is there any indication of a decline of interest in trotting. On the contrary, it is obvious that the interest in the breeding of trotting stock and in the development of this species of sport is greater than ever. Moreover, a market for the American trotter has started up in England and in Europe generally, so that there is every prospect of prices being sustained. There is more profit in breeding trotters than in horses for the army.

He Couldn't Answer the Question.

"Who's running this hotel, anyhow?" asked a landlord of a traveling man who wasn't disposed to accept the situation as meekly as he might have done.

"Who's running this hotel?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, I can't say. I haven't made up my mind yet whether it's the cockroaches or the nocturnal insects that make sleep nothing but a fantastic dream of hope. You'll have to figure out for yourself."

Tartans, Scotch colors in broad stripes, and bordered robes are the pronounced novelties in woollen stuffs.

A MERRY FRENCHMAN.

Adventures of Himself and Wife in the Wild West.

The recent duel between the Marquis de Mores and M. Camille Dreyfus, in Europe, recalls the many famous exploits and deeds of De Mores a few years ago in America. Your correspondent was a close friend of the Marquis while the latter was experimenting in the cattle industry among the Bad Lands of Dakota, and had numerous opportunities for sounding the pluck and sand of the doughty Frenchman. The Marquis was certainly a most wonderful man, and deserved better treatment from the community in which he moved than he received. The handsome young Frenchman, who left the clubs of Paris to become a prince of cowboys and manager of slaughter houses and refrigerator cars, possessed more than ordinary nerve and pluck, for he defended his life against organized bands of cutthroats and desperadoes in the Northwest, who had sworn to shoot him on sight.

He was a passenger aboard a Northern Pacific train one day, that was shooting along from St. Paul, Minn., towards the setting sun. He was bound for the Bad Lands, where he was about to put into operation gigantic, though unsuccessful, schemes for sheep raising and beef slaughtering. For some reason or other, the country was down on him. At every station we stopped a report would be received that at Bad Lands, station hundreds of cowboys and other tough citizens were waiting for the Marquis, and that he would be

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS

the moment he stepped from the train. They called him "A bloated French aristocrat," "A titled land pirate," "A brigandish foreigner," and so on.

The train pulled into the depot at the Bad Lands, and De Mores, with each hand carelessly laid, but ready for quick use, on a pair of handsome silver-mounted repeaters, stepped out on the platform. Bad men galore crowded around him, but when they saw the plucky nerve of the young aristocrat they honored and respected him for it, and not a single arm in all that vast crowd was raised to do him the least harm.

The story of his life in America is quite interesting. He first landed at New York in August, 1882. Before long he became attracted by the stories of the new country along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad in Dakota and Montana, and soon afterwards he came out in person to investigate for himself. With a sombrero on his head, a red shirt on his back, corduroy trousers tucked into very long legged boots, and with plenty of siver-mounted jewelry on his belt, he pursued his investigations far and wide on horseback and finally decided to found a city. He bought outright six square miles of land on the Little Missouri River which was then considered to be, by the wise men of the Northwest, about the very worst bit of earth on the whole North American continent. Hence the knowing ones shook their heads gravely and predicted ruin.

The Marquis went bravely on notwithstanding the warnings and predictions of disaster which were gratuitously poured in upon him from all sides, and in April, 1883, (I many times said it was a fool's errand, in perfect keeping with the day), he pitched, unaided, a tent in this lonesome desert on the banks of the Little Missouri, and, when the last peg was driven which held the canvas house in position, he broke a bottle of wine over the iron tent pins, and christened the embryo city Medora, in honor of his wife. He announced his intention of going largely into the sheep and cattle business, built a rude shack of logs and mud which he furnished luxuriously for his wife, secured large tracts of Government land and bought numerous herds of cattle. At first the herders and roaming cowboys of the Bad Lands looked upon him to be

AN ADVENTURSOME CRANK,

who would surely leave the country after he had secured a few hunting trophies to carry back to Paris. They hated him because he had a servant and wore clean clothes. He was a "monopolist," they said, who was going to fence in the country. They tried to scare him away, but they found he had been a soldier once and would not scare. The cowboys said he had come to drive them all off their ranches. The hunters declared he was going to buy up their buffalo grounds; and to own the truth the young man did act as if he were going to buy the earth.

It took the best part of the first year to convince the people that De Mores, though sanguinely foolish, was a sane man, with plenty of capital at command, and with an object in view. Before many days he won the respect of his Western neighbors in more ways than one, but still they took him to be a well-plumed bird that ought to be plucked and who could easily be swindled. Their ire was raised to its highest pitch when the Marquis gained control of about 50,000 acres of land in Montana, which took in the three principal trails through which the cattle were driven to the East, South, and West. At the time it was generally said that the cowboys in the neighborhood were set against the Marquis by agents of New York corporations, for they began to shoot the Frenchman's cattle wholesale and menaced his herders when they were off duty. Appeals to the Sheriff proved useless, so, finding himself in a bad fix, the Marquis determined to take the matter into his own hands and stop the trouble himself. He declared if he found a man killing his animals he would shoot the rascal as he would a steer. In six months he was shot at by an unseen enemy no less than eighteen times. His most bitter foes were a man named Mitchell and an old hunter called Luffrey.

One day while riding over the prairie accompanied by one of his most faithful followers, a man named Paddock, a bullet whistled by his head, the smoke curling from a little bunch of sage brush about two hundred yards in front. Without a moment's hesitation the Marquis dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and dashed headforemost

DIRECTLY TOWARD THE AMBUSH.

The ringleader of the gang jumped to his feet and levelled a Winchester at the Marquis; but the latter like a flash, and while going at full speed, drew his little silver-mounted repeater, and the would-be assassin fell in his tracks to rise no more. Another of the band was badly wounded, and the rest, quickly leaping to their horses, sought safety in flight. The Frenchman was very popular after this little incident, for his marksmanship instilled a great deal of respect into the minds of the bloodthirsty herders, and there was peace in the Bad Lands from that time thenceforth. Nevertheless, he had three trials before Justices of the Peace for the so-called offence, and was three times acquitted; yet he was again indicted by a Dakota jury for murder, and languished in the Bismarck jail many days before he gained his freedom.

The Marquise de Mores is a lovely woman. She is an American, but thoroughly devoted to her brave husband. She is a handsome little brunette, one of the best lady rifle shots in the world, and she rides as well as she shoots. Her father is the banker von Hoffman of New York city. When in the Northwest Mme. de Mores accompanied her husband on most of his round-up and hunting trips. On the plains she rode and shot faultlessly,

GALLOPING WILDLY OVER THE PRAIRIES,

on her well-trained buffalo pony, an eagle plume in her hat, and a rifle slung from her saddle. The Marquis and his wife made a trip to Further India not long since, and reports say that the gallant little lady actually killed a royal Bengal tiger. She has done better than this in our Northwest. Once she ran upon a cinnamon bear in the Bad Lands of Dakota, and succeeded alone and unaided, in capturing brute's scalp. On another occasion, when a hunting party were going after big game in the Big Horn Mountains, she fully equipped herself to go along, determined to accomplish as much as the next one.

In a lonely gorge, accompanied by a good hunter, she tracked three bears. It would not be true to say that she killed the trio of shaggy fellows unaided, and yet in one sense she did precisely that very thing. The hunter was ready to render assistance in case of necessity, although the lady did not require his help; but, keeping her head cool and hand steady, she salted their hides in the most approved fashion, all three of the bears falling as trophies to her own individual skill. One of the fellows was a monster silver-tip, who would have fought savagely had he been allowed the slightest opportunity. In New York, Paris, St. Paul, or London she is one of the richest and most tastefully dressed women one would want to see; and an observer could scarcely realize, unless he was fully cognizant of the facts, that the delicately gloved hands which hold the lorgnette or move the fan so gracefully can easily and at will check a plain's bronco in his mad flight, or sent a bullet speeding true to the mark.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

A bad daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at her brothers and sisters, and shirks her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do uninterruped prosperity and success qualify anyone for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, arouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

The exercises of every faculty is necessary to its development, and therefore to its life. Inaction, fully carried out, means stagnation and death. On the other hand, over-exhaustion, and, if the period of rest necessary to restore its vigor be denied, it will wear itself out. Health and happiness require that these laws be recognized and obeyed.

No matter the rank of life, any woman, be she princess or peasant, who undertakes the care of a family becomes at once responsible for the welfare of that family, whether she actually toils for them with her own hands, as does the laborer's wife, or simply oversees and superintends the work of others, as does the lady rich in all the goods of this world. The responsibility is there, and no one can escape it without risking not only her own happiness and welfare, but those of all connected with her.

Beautify the Home.

As yet we have nothing ready-made in this country equal to the Asphwall (English) enamels, prepared for immediate use in furniture painting, and, as they are now sold everywhere, it is just as well to tell people how they can renew their dingy Wakefield or other rattan chairs, their old cane-seated rockers, and how to paint the common Windsor (wooden) chair so that it will be a beautiful thing. When there is a broad, low window that you want to use for plants, a common wooden wash-bench painted with some of these delicate colors, or done over for stouter wear, in blacks, dark blues, or Indian reds, such will make a substantial and ornamental stand. There need be, with these pretty paint cans, as ready for use as tomato cans are for cooking, no more lead-colored wicker furniture or worn dingy shelves.

LADY'S HOME-MADE WARDROBE.

"I made it myself at a trifling expense, and was amply repaid for the time and trouble, as I completed it, hanging and all, in two afternoons.

"Having procured two triangular pieces of wood one and a half inches thick, to fit into the corner where I wanted my wardrobe, I fastened them to the wall by means of strips of moulding, leaving a space of about a foot and a half between them. This space to serve as a receptacle for bonnet-box, shoes, or articles of any description desired conveniently at hand, but not 'en evidence.'

"Into the lower shelf were screwed a dozen hooks on which to hang garments.

"The upper shelf, which I had previously covered with bronze-colored plush in such a manner as to conceal the outer edge of the shelf, was six feet from the floor, and had attached to it a brass rod, from which was suspended a portiere, also 'home made,' in this wise:

"A piece of cretoune in imitation of Gobelin tapestry, representing a Watteau scene, was bordered top and bottom with the bronze-colored plush.

"The plush-covered shelf served to hold an old brass placque and a tall blue vase. The effect of the whole was wonderfully pretty and artistic."

A CHAIR CUSHION.

A new idea in chair cushions, which possesses the idea of adaptability to a greater degree than many of the decorative articles now scattered about houses, wherewith so vex the soul of man, is in appearance exactly like a mammoth tea cosey, and fits over the back and half over the front of the chair-back. The chief beauty of this new cushion, which is made of the materials ordinarily employed for this purpose, and filled with down, is that it does not slip down or out of place, but remains firm under the head.

A CHANGED POSITION.

When the second son of the Right Honourable the Earl of St. Marylebone, commonly known as the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey, threw up his commission as a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue, and vacated his apartments in the Albany, he purposed making an entirely fresh start in life. To accomplish this he not only left his native land, literally to pitch his tent some six thousand miles to the westward of the British metropolis, but also repudiated so much of his name as was not absolutely necessary for his own identification and the exigencies of business and society in the Far West.

That he was tolerably successful in his endeavours to construct his own fortune may be inferred from the fact that, some four years after the Honourable John's sudden disappearance from sundry Belgravian ballrooms and Pall Mall club-houses, plain Jack Delancey found himself the owner of a trifling matter of thirty thousand acres of rich grazing lands, over which roamed the finest and largest herd of shorthorns in the Candian North-West. Above and beyond all this, Jack Delancey was the most popular young man in the eastern part of the Territory, both among his neighbours—who were not very numerous—and with his "cowboys," who were decidely numerous. To them all, after the Western style, he was Jack Delancey—no more and no less. But although this energetic scion of the House of St Marylebone had discarded the "Honourable" and "Wentworth" and the "Richelieu," and had transformed "John" into "Jack," he was still a Delancey. He might have called himself Moses Smith—he might even have adopted a drawl and seasoned the same with powerful Western slang, but he would still have remained a Delancey.

For, notwithstanding that the young man affected big untanned boots, buckskin breeches, a red shirt, and a sombrero hat; though he dined at twelve o'clock with "the boys," and excused without a murmur such luxuries as table linen, cut glass, and silverware; though he slept in a hammock, rolled up in rather coarse blankets, and took his morning plunge in the little creek which furnished bathing facilities for all his men—he was still Jack Delancey, and it needed not the courtesy title accorded him in Burke's *Peerage* to proclaim this fine specimen of a sturdy Briton as the "Honourable" Jack Delancey. So, although all the stockmen and the farmers and the cowboys within fifty miles of the Delancey ranch freely addressed the wealthy young Englishman as "Jack," they cheerfully yielded him such marked deference as was never paid to any other man in the Territory, and such as Jack Delancey himself had never dreamed of demanding.

It was at the first big "round-up" after Jack's arrival in the West, and the boys were dining after a hard morning's work branding the young cattle.

"That thar Delancey o' yourn is blooded!" said a gaunt Canadian from a neighboring ranch. "He's got the generwine liquid in his veins, you kin bet! He's squar," boys, an' he's fair, so he is."

"Be me faith, he is that same!" responded a son of Erin. "He's a lad after St. Patrick's own heart. Shure he's aiqual to none—arrah, thin, be jabers, I mane he's second to none!"

"It wur told up to the Station, when I wur over last month, as he wur a dook or a lord-mayor or sumthin' when he wur on the old sod. I'm a trifle shy of seech-like pranks as palmin' off incogniter. Looks kinder slippery, as if a fellow wur 'shamed of his own name an' previous record."

This last speaker was Calvin Larned, a ranch man of small means and smaller endeavor, who made a practice of "throwing mud" at his neighbours, and who was really only tolerated for the sake of his daughter Metta.

"That's right, Cal! Wouldn't be you if you didn't shoot *your* dirty mud," retorted one of the men. "Jack Delancey's got grit and sand, anyhow, which is more than can be said of you."

"And I tell you one thing, boys," said a strapping young fellow, as the men mounted their ponies to resume their work; "Jack Delancey has got something beside pluck—he's got a great kind heart and clean hands. It doesn't make any difference whether he was a lord-mayor or a lord-chancellor over yonder—he was a *gentleman*, and he's that yet.—Now, boys, whoop 'em up! Stir up those critters lively!"

This last champion of the individual under discussion was Jack Delancey's foreman. Just who he was or where he hailed from, not even his employer knew. He had introduced himself as Spencer Knight, and claimed—although his years were less than thirty—to be an "old Westerner." He told Jack that he was originally from "the East," but had settled in the North West when he was very young, with the intention of "growing up with the country."

How Delancey became acquainted with Spencer Knight matters little. The Englishman stumbled across him in Winnipeg, where Knight—after the manner of western stockmen during the dull season—was indulging in a "toot." Delancey rendered the young fellow, who was a man after his own heart and about his own age, a valuable service, which saved Knight from the disgrace of arrest and possible imprisonment; thereby placing the Western man for ever in his debt. This was before Jack had located as a ranchman. Being a fairly good judge of human nature, and rightly estimating that Spencer Knight would not speedily forget a kindness, Delancey invited that young man to enter his service. The compact which they then made had never been regretted by either; for, after four years of hard work and constant companionship, if Knight beheld in Jack Delancey his ideal of a gentleman and a friend, Jack knew, as well as he was aware of his own existence, that with his faithful servant and friend, Spencer Knight, he might safely entrust his possessions, his life, and—his honour. And by Jack Delancey of the West, honour was as highly treasured as ever it had been by the Honourable John Wentworth Richelieu Delancey of Her Majesty's Life Guards Blue.

Now, although Cal Larned had uttered from time to time many disparaging remarks in regard to his prosperous young neighbour similar to his speech at the "round-up" dinner-party, he was in reality very anxious to secure Jack Delancey for a son-in-law. As a matter of fact it looked as if this ambition of the lazy stockman would in all probability be gratified. In older communities, Cal Larned's surliness and general aptitude for picking quarrels might have been laid to that very convenient scapegoat, dyspepsia. On the plains of Alberta that disease is unknown, and as cowboys usually "call a spade a spade," they pasted upon Calvin Larned the very laconic but expressive verdict of "mean cuss." To his general meanness Larned added the vice of laziness, for which reason, undoubtedly, he was tolerably civil to Jack Delancey, and encouraged his pretty daughter Metta to accept the attentions paid her by the handsome Englishman. He figured on the probability that if Jack should marry Metta he might "pool" his business interests with those of his son-in-law by turning over his miserably small herd of cattle to Delancey, and himself roam hither and thither at his own sweet will and at Jack's expense.

How the unsavoury and unsatisfactory Calvin ever became possessed of so pretty and good a girl as Metta Larned is one of those conundrums the answers to which are locked securely in Nature's sealed books. When Jack Delancey settled in Alberta, Metta was twenty years old. She had then lived with her father on the plains for five or six years, having left her mother a thousand miles away in an Ontario graveyard. How Jack Delancey came to pay marked attentions to this girl is no conundrum at all. She was the only marriageable girl within a day's ride of the Delancey ranch. Women are scarce articles in the Territory, and unmarried women are especially few and far between. Metta Larned was unmarried, she was young, and she was pretty. Not only so; she was well informed, fairly well educated, and possessed of much good common-sense. She was, from a social stand-point, the superior of all her neighbors, except Jack Delancey and, perhaps, Spencer Knight. (Knight was peculiarly reticent in regard to his antecedents, though that he had received a liberal education became constantly more apparent.)

Yes, Metta Larned was pretty; but she had not the patrician beauty of a hundred-and-one young dames whose acquaintance and favour Delancey had forsworn when he struck out for the West. Met was clever; but there were many branches of knowledge that formed the ABC of Jack's own sister's education, of which the girl was as ignorant as she was of Greek verbs and Egyptian hieroglyphics. Met dressed "nattily," yet her neat home-made gowns would have presented a rather "dowdy" appearance alongside the most ordinary efforts of Worth or Elise. To sum up: Met Larned could thoroughly appreciate a good book in good English, she could make an apron or hemstich a handkerchief with the utmost neatness, and she could manufacture pastry which would have reflected credit upon a Parisian *chef*. But then——

When Jack Delancey first saw Met, on a breezy summer afternoon, with the sleeves of her simple white dress rolled up, a huge linen apron protecting her from the dusty flour, while with her chubby hands she "fixed up" a batch of bread for supper, the exguardsman involuntarily confessed to himself that the girl looked "killing." But, later on, as he pondered over a cigar, Jack Delancey's good sense forced him to admit that it would be extremest folly in him to think of a girl like Met Larned as his future wife. It was *not* snobbery, in that Delancey's early training, old associations, and family ties compelled him invariably to compare Met with his sister and his mother—always to the disadvantage of pretty Met Larned. Jack was swayed by honesty of purpose, and he resolved never to "make love" to Met; being Jack Delancey, he kept his resolution.

But, nevertheless, Jack found it very pleasant on Sunday afternoon to ride over to the Larneds' cottage, five miles away, and indulge in a chat with Metta. If he desired excuse, he found in it the paper which came to him with his mail every Saturday, and which Metta liked to read. Jack discovered a keener satisfaction in taking tea—supper, they call it in the Territory—with Metta than he had ever experienced in sipping souchong from dainty china cups in London drawing-rooms. Metta's suppers were substantial affairs—delicious beefsteaks and the lightest of light hot bread, with butter that the dairy-maids at Delancey Park had never surpassed. Such meals were peculearly appreciated by Jack after a long week of tough meat, indifferent potatoes, and hardtack! And Jack reciprocated Metta's hospitality whenever he journeyed to Crowfort—as he frequently did—by bringing the girl a new novel or "something pretty." So they became good comrades, and both enjoyed amazingly the long quiet Sunday afternoons. But their regard and esteem for each other stopped just short of *love*; for, after three years, Metta Larned's affection for the Englishman was no deeper than was Jack Delancey's liking for the girl.

Unfortunately, on the plains, as well as in other primitive and sparsely settled communities, actions and words frequently cause more weight than they would do in large social centres. Therefore, Calvin Larned was not alone in surmising that Jack Delancey intended, ultimately, to make Metta his wife. All "the boys" looked upon such a climax as a foregone conclusion, and even Spencer Knight shared in the general opinion. Indeed, this belief alone prevented Knight himself from entering the race for Met Larned; for the foreman, who had never exchanged more than twenty sentences with Metta, loved the girl with an affection which never paused to make psychological estimate or social comparisons—a love that was only surpassed by his deep and undying loyalty to Delancey, for whose sake he kept his secret so well that not a living soul ever once dreamed of it.

Cal Larned's derogatory remarks at the "round-up" anent Jack Delancey were not nearly so severe as his mental comments upon the same live subject. In his own mind he thought that the Englishman had been "foolin' around" Metta quite long enough.

One Sabbath when Spencer Knight and most of "the boys" had gone over to Crowfoot with a couple of hundred young steers to ship by the railroad to Winnipeg, Delancey, as was his custom on Sunday mornings in summer, brought his hammock outside the long low shanty, swung it on the shady side of the building, lit his pipe, and stretched himself out to enjoy the three-weeks-old *Illustrated London News*.

"Mornin', Jack!" exclaimed a voice—the only voice whose accents usually disgusted Delancey.

"Good-morning," replied Jack lazily looking up. He noticed that his visitor was afoot, and added: "You didn't walk over, Larned?"

"Not much, I didn't! I seen your barn door open as I come up, an' found a empty stall; so I hitched my pony an' gev him a feed o' your oats—'spose thet's all right?"

"Oh, certainly, you are very welcome," said Jack, as vexed as a man could well be with Larned's take-it-for-granted style, but willing to tolerate the fellow for his daughter's sake.

"Purty dry an' dusty, Jack. Can't yer pass the bottle, me son? A smell o' rye or Bourbon, or even a couple o' fingers of gin, wouldn't go bad."

"I don't like my men to use liquor, so do not use it myself, and have none on the place. You will find good spring water at the well, yonder, and plenty of milk in the cellar. That's the best I can do for you, Larned. Help yourself."

But neither milk nor water possessed any charms for Cal Larned. He threw himself full length upon the rough bench which ran along the shanty, and filled his mouth with fine cut tobacco, which he chewed very carefully for the space of five minutes. He then succeeded in drowning a grasshopper some seventeen feet away from him by a dexterous discharge of black juice, and proceeded directly to the matter which just then accounted for his presence at the Delancey Ranch. "Comin' over to our place to-day, Jack?"

Delancey, in despair, threw down the paper and replied: "Yes, I think so."

"Well now, Jack, how long is it since you planted yourself down here?"

"About four years."

"So? How long was you here when I gev yer a knock-down to my gal?"

"Almost a year."

"So? Well, now, I ain't much of a scholar, so ef my calkerlations are wrong, kindly ke-rect me. One year from four years leaves three years. Now, on yer own showin', you're been sparkin' Met for four years. Now, Jack, when are yer goin' to marry my gal?"

Jack sat up in his hammock and dangled one leg on the ground. Slowly he repeated Larned's words: "When—am—I—going—to—marry Metta?— You are not indulging in a confoundedly poor joke, I hope, Larned?"

"Do I look as ef I wur a sky-larkin', or as ef I meant bizness? No, Jack Delancey, I'm askin' you a squar' quesching, and ef you're the man they say you are, you'll gev me a straight answer. How is it?"

"My good fellow, I have never made love to your daughter for the very reason that I have never dreamt of marrying her. I have every respect for Met, and esteem her very much; but I have been particularly careful to give her no false impressions. Besides, I believe Metta and I understand each other quite well. Metta"——

"You speak for yerself, Delancey. Don't *I* know all about *her?* Ain't I seen her change in the last three years until she don't think of nobody nor nothin' but *you?* Can't I see how she's a-growin' sick an' weary of waitin' for you to ax her?"

Jack put his other leg out of the hammock and with two of his big strides stood over his would-be father-in-law. "Tell me one thing," he said, in a tone of voice which indicated that it would not be well for his listener to tamper with him. "Tell me the truth, man, of your own child. Does Met care *all that* about me, and does she really believe that—that I love her?"

"She does."

"So help you God?"

"See here, Delancey," said Larned, clumsily rising to his feet; "what do you take me for? What do you suppose I care about *you?* You never used me half-way decent, anyhow. You an' yer keep-yer-distance, lord-dook style! *I* ain't in love with you, nor yit yer belongings. I know I ain't a general favourite hereabouts But Met's my gal, an' I'm her dad, an', curse me, Delancey, ef I'm a-goin' to stand by an' see her heart broke an' the best years of her young life fooled away by you nor yit no other gay rooster!"

"That will do," said Jack quietly. "I care nothing for your blustering threats. As you say, there is no love lost between you and me. But there is that which I dislike even more than Mr. Larned, and you will never find me guilty of any dishonourable conduct.—Yes, I will ride over this afternoon."

Cal Larned had acted his part well, and knew it. He was fully aware that his point was practically carried; for having succeeded in influencing a man like Jack Delancey, he knew it would be an easy matter to mould Metta to his will; so he indulged in considerable chuckling as he shuffled off to mount his pony and ride home.

A few days later, Spencer Knight returned. In the evening, he and Delancey strolled down to the creek to smoke an after-supper pipe.

"Spence," said Jack, "I am going to marry Metta Larned."

"Yes," responded the other; "we all thought it would come to that. I hope you will both be very happy, Delancey."

Curiously enough, each of the men, for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, remarked a strange glumness in the other. They not only remarked it, but both remembered it very vividly. There was no gladness about Delancey's announcement, and Knight's congratulatory reply had a counterfeit ring about it.

"Next Monday," said Jack after a pause, "I shall start for home to make the folks over there a visit before settling down for life. You will stay and take care of things for me while I am gone, won't you, Spence? I shall not be away more than a couple of months, and during that time I should like you to have the carpenters over from Crowfoot and run up a comfortable cottage over yonder by the poplars. Consult Metta as much as possible."

Delancey spoke so mechanically that Knight knew beyond the shadow of a doubt, that something was wrong. But he made no inquiries.

"All right, Delancey; and when you return I shall ask for leave of absence for a similar purpose. Like yourself, I am an Englishman. There was a little unpleasantness in our family, which induced me to locate in the West some twelve years ago. The other day I saw an old friend of mine, who was passing through Crowfoot. We talked matters over, and I think past differences can now be adjusted. However, I will not pester you with my affairs to-night."

Somehow or other, Jack Delancey was absent from his ranch eight months instead of two; so that the following summer had commenced by the time he returned to his Western quarters.

"We will leave business until to-morrow, Spence," said Jack, as he and his first-lieutenant sauntered towards the creek. "Let us talk of other matters to-night."

As a matter of fact, they said nothing at all for almost half an hour. Then Delancey spoke: "How is Metta? I have heard nothing from her for two months. I told her not to write, as I was so uncertain about starting. How is she?"

"Metta is well, *very* well."

Silence again, broken this time by Knight: "Delancey?" Both men paused in their walk, and Jack puffed violently at his pipe. "You picked me up a stranger, and treated me like the 'white man' that you are. You had faith in my manhood and you have trusted me implicitly. Have I justified your confidence?"

"You have, Spence—a thousand times over, boy. Here is my hand on it."

"Thanks, Delancey. Now, trust me a little more, and believe that I would not pry into your private affairs for the mere sake of being meddlesome, or to wound you. May I go ahead?"

"Surely. Let us sit on this boulder."

"Delancey, you just asked about Metta. You do not love that girl. I knew it the night that we were last on this spot, when you told me of your engagement to her. You will never be really happy with Metta for your wife."

"Stop," said Jack, with a faint smile. "This question is undebatable. I have asked Metta to marry me, and it is utterly impossible to discuss the matter."

"But," persisted Knight, "you love with all your heart and soul another woman. You cannot deny that—you do not desire to deny it. You love, as you can never hope to love Metta, my sister Florence."

"Nonsense, Spence! Lady Florence Knighton your sister?"

"The very same. You see, my dear follow, I too am an 'honourable.' It was a rather shabby trick on your part, Delancey, to go over there and lose your heart to my sister, while you kept me all these months waiting to become reconciled to my father.—But, to return to our subject. You not only fell desperately in love with Flo, but you have stolen the poor girl's heart away from her."

"Indeed, Spence, I have been strictly honourable in this matter. While at home, I made no secret of my engagement, and studiously avoided anything like a flirtation with Lady Florence. We were thrown much together, and I confess— Well, that makes no difference: I am here to keep my word with Metta."

"Admit, Delancey," said Knighton, rather comically, "that in the presence of my sister you tried your best to behave like a sphinx; but—I have it on the authority of my married sister—your attempt was a signal failure: while, as for Florence, she has made a clean confession to her sister.—Now, are you going to make Flo miserable as well as yourself?"

"I am grieved to learn," muttered Jack, "that I have unintentionally caused your sister temporary distress. But as for myself—I think a fellow need not feel particularly miserable in living up to his word.—No; I shall marry Metta Larned."

"Wait a while," continued Knighton, laying his hand upon his friend's shoulder. "Metta Larned does not love you! What do you say to that?"

"Possibly so. But how do *you* know that to be the case?"

"Because—why—er (you haven't a pistol about you, Delancey?)——Well, the fact is that Met loves me, and I love her; and if you do not seriously object, we should both of us like to release you from your engagement."—"Yes" he went on, "I suppose you ought to demand an explanation and satisfaction from me for robbing you of your affianced bride. But I did not begin the robbery until I was tolerably sure that I should not be striking you very hard. As I said, I surmised a good deal when you were away, and I learned much more before you started for home. A month ago, Cal Larned died—gored by a young bull—and before his death, he confessed to me that he had terrorized Met and played a "bluff game" with you.—You are not very angry, are you, Delancey?"

Jack certainly did not look very angry, and he grasped his friend's hand and shook it with remarable vigour.

The Honourable Spencer Knighton is still known as Spence Knight on the Delancey ranch, of which he is sole proprietor; but Jack Delancey of Alberta is no more, his friends having re-christened that gentleman with his old name when he settled down to the pleasant life of an English country Squire.

Size and Longevity.

Although there is some relation between size and longevity, the duration of the period of growth and length of life being, speaking generally, longest in the largest animals, there is no fixed relation between the two. The largest organisms live the longest, some trees reaching an age of 6,000 years, and some animals, as whales, several centuries. And, after maturity is reached, larger animals require longer time than smaller animals to secure the preservation of the species. The explanation of this, as pointed out by both Leuckart and Herbert Spencer, is that "the absorbing surface of an animal only increases as the square of its length, while its size increases as the cube; and it therefore follows that the longer an animal becomes the greater will be the difficulty experienced in assimilating any nourishment over and above that which it requires for its own needs, and therefore the more slowly will it reproduce itself." We, however, find corresponding duration of life among animals of very different size. For example, the toad and the cat lives as long as the horse, the crayfish as long as the pig and the pike and carp as long as the elephant. In an interesting appendix, from which these and the following facts are quoted, Dr. Weissmann cities the case of a sea anemone which lived not less than sixty-six years. It was placed by Sir John Dalzell in a small glass jar in the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens in 1828, being then, as companions with other individuals reared from the egg period, fully seven years old. It died a natural death in 1887.—*Longman's Magazine.*

If national debts mean national wealth, as Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. D'Israeli) once said, then Russia must be one of the richest countries on earth. Already this year British capitalists have lent the czar's government seventy-one million pounds. Russia has besides £329,581,000 outstanding in sterling bonds, largely held in England. There is about £140,000 in rouble bonds outstanding, and recently issued rail road bonds aggregating some £40,000,000. Besides all this the government has out more than £200,000,000 in paper money. On top of all this the public expenses are always greater than the revenue.

An Engineering Triumph.

On Tuesday, March 4th, with a great flourish of trumpets, the Prince of Wales formally opened the new Frith of Forth bridge, which has been styled the King of bridges. It is big enough to be added to the wonders of the world. It far surpasses not only in utility but in its structure as an engineering feat the Eiffel tower. The calculation has been made that one of the three cantilevers, with its connecting girders, if set up lengthways on end, would be very nearly the same height as the Paris tower. The latter contains only 7,500 tons of iron, while the Forth bridge has absorbed over 50,000 tons of the finest steel that could be procured. It was begun in 1883, and has taken about seven years to complete. The bridge proper is just over a mile in length, but there are viaducts on each end connecting it with the high ground, and these together add half a mile more to the length of the work. The height of the spans above the waters is 150 feet, allowing for the passage of the largest vessels. To attain this height, and yet to have this necessary strength, the cantilevers tower high above, and they required an elevation as high as St. Paul's cathedral. A comparison between the Forth and other great bridges of the world is as follows:

	Length, feet.	Greatest span. feet.
Forth bridge	8,091	1,710
Tay bridge	10,780	245
Niagara bridge	818	808
Landore bridge	1,760	110
Crumlin bridge	1,800	150
Britannia bridge	1,511	460
Brooklyn bridge	5,862	1,600

The two great arch spans of the Forth bridge, 1,710 feet each, are beyond any span before attempted. Each is 110 feet wider than the central span of the Brooklyn bridge. It has cost, or it was estimated to cost $10,000,000 in money. In human life, up to September, 1888, including five drowning cases, the fatal accidents in connection with its construction amounted to 23, while the total number of accidents non-fatal up to the same time was 543. An army of workmen, numbering at times as many as 4,500, have been engaged most of the seven years in building the gigantic structure.

The Armies of Europe.

The Almanack de Gotha of 1890 contains a statement of the military strength of the various countries of Europe. As the editors of this annual are specially careful in gathering facts of this class, and have exceptional means of information, their statements are considered as almost official. From these it appears that on a peace footing the military strength of France is, at the present time, greater by nearly a hundred thousand men than that of Germany, and very nearly, if not quite, as great as the actual strength of Russia. Taking Russia and France in combination, and putting their armies on a war footing, the numerical force of these two allies would be greater than that which Germany, Austria and Italy could by combination put in the field. The central powers of Europe would have the advantage of position, and it is probable would have the advantage of direction; that is, the control of military movements would undoubtedly be given to Germany, while the French and Russian would not only be compelled to act separately, but neither would consent to take a position in the matter of direction subordinate to the other. Such a great war may be improbable, but, in view of a number of grave uncertainties, it may break out on these lines before the present year is over.

A Dry Dock at Gibraltar.

England's proposal to establish a dry dock at Gibraltar is not viewed with favor by the authorities at Madrid. In the chamber of deputies the other day Senor Moya, Republican, supported the demand hitherto made that the government should give the House explicit information in regard to the projected new dock which it is reported the English Government is to build at Gibraltar. The minister of foreign affairs replied that what it was proposed to build was a dry dock, and that it was to be constructed within the port of Gibraltar, and consequently upon British territory. Not quite assured by this explanation of the pacific intentions of the old "lion," and regarding the movement as a menace to their safety, several speakers urged the government to adopt precautionary measures, and strengthen the fortifications at Tarifa and Ceuta. Of course no one will say them nay in the matter of improving their defences; still they need not give themselves any great concern or quake with fear, for it is not the habit of this particular lion to provoke an unjust quarrel with any other nation. Let Spain act as becometh a civilized nation and she need not fear though Britain establish a dozen dock-yards at the straits.

The deceased wife's sister bill in the English parliament is what in this country would be irreverently called a "chestnut." It has appeared periodically for many years and usually, we believe, passes the Commons but runs aground in the house of lords, where conservative and ecclesiastical influences are too strong for it. A despatch from London says that the promoters of the bill hold that they are pledged not to agree to its extension to cases of marriage with a deceased husband's brother. That is a distinction much like that between tweedle dee and tweedle dum. If one is right there appears no earthly reason why the other shouldn't be, although there is this much to be said—that it is sometimes an extremely dangerous thing to weaken the bond of relationship between relatives.

It is not likely that Senator Macdonald, of B. C., will pursue his Mormon bill further, now that Sir John Thompson's criminal bill covers essentially the same ground as the other. That part of the Minister of Justice's bill relating to the question of plural marriages makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment for two years or fine of $500, or both, to practice by the rites or ceremonies of any denomination or what are commonly known among Mormons as spiritual or plural marriages. This penalty also includes any one who celebrates, is a party to, or assists in any such rite or ceremony which purports to make binding or to sanction any of such sexual relationships, procures, enforces or is a party to the compliance with any such form, rule or custom which so purports, or procures or enforces the execution of any such form of contract which so purports, or the giving of any such consent in all such cases. The lawful husband or wife of the defendant shall be a competent but not a compellable witness for or against the defendant.

Central Ontario Railway

Time Table.

Leave Trenton for Picton	7:35 a m	2:05 p m
Arrive at Picton	9:45 a m	3:50 p m
Leave Picton for Trenton	9:55 a m	3:45 p m
Arrive at Trenton	10:10 a m	5:15 p m
Leave Trenton for Cox Hill	10:25 a m	5:30 p m
Leave Avonn (Mid. Ry Junction)	10:30 a m	5:35 p m
Arrive C P R Junction		6:00 p m
Leave C P R Junction	11:00 a m	6:35 p m
Arrive at Cox Hill	1:20 p m	8 p m
Leave Cox Hill for Trenton	5:30 a m	2:30 p m
Arrive C P R Junction	5 a m	4:15 p m
Leave C P R Junction	8:10 a m	4:30 p m
Leave Avonn, Mid. Ry Junction	8:45 a m	4:57 p m
Arrive Trenton	8:55 a m	5:45 p m

ROBT. FRASER, *Supt.*

North Hastings Review

J. R. ORR, - - EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms:

If paid in advance..... $1.00 per year.
" after 3 months..... 1.25 " "
" after 6 months..... 1.50 " "

We prefer the $1.00 in advance to the $1.50 n long credit. No successful paper can be un on any other terms, and we shall strictly dhere to the above prices in future, in every nstance.

MADOC, MARCH 27, 1890.

VIGOROUS MEASURES.

We understand the local Board of Health is making provision for the enforcement of vigorous measures towards the improved sanitary condition of our village during the coming season. The powerful machinery of the Public Health Act of the Provincial Government is to be put in motion, and trespassers may expect no mercy if they neglect the mandates of the law, and fail to keep their premises in a proper state of cleanliness. Under the above Act, the Sanitary Inspector has authority to enter any premises at any time for the inspection of the same, and if any nuisance is found thereon, such as a foul or offensive ditch, drain, gutter, privy, cess-pool, ash-pit, or cellar, or the accumulation of filth or stagnant water of any kind, so as to be construed as dangerous or injurious to the public health, he shall order the same removed inside of 24 hours, and failure of the owner of the premises to comply involves a fine of from $5 to $50, according to the degree of the offence. The time allowed for such cleansing up is to the 15th of May, so that householders have yet ample time to "get their house in order." We trust, however, for the welfare of the village, to see the provisions of this Act rigidly enforced.

—Our local member, Mr. A. F. Wood, M. P. P., has come to the front this session as one of the leading members of the Ontario Legislature. The *Globe* speaks of him as one of the ablest members of the opposition, and the *Empire* says he is one of the cleverest in the House. As a debater, Mr. Wood has taken a prominent part in the discussions, and he is always listened to and commands the attention of his opponents as well as of his friends. His bill to provide for a secret ballot was defeated by the Government by a majority of 22, but Mr. Wood's speech on the occasion was an able one, and showed the necessity of a secret ballot in provincial elections as well as in municipal or dominion. His speech in favor of Poor Schools also gained Mr. Wood much credit in the House. He will doubtless occupy a prominent position in the Treasury benches should next parliament see a change of Government.

Surprise and Presentation.

On Monday evening, 3rd March, the neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. James Kelly, Hart's neighborhood, took that couple by surprise on the eve of their departure to another section of the country, and to the number of about 50 sat down to a well-provided table. During the evening the following presentation was made:—

TO MR. AND MRS. KELLY,—We have met here to spend the evening previous to your departure from our neighborhood. We deeply regret your removal from our midst and hope that in your future home you will find it both pleasant and home-like. As a reminder of the many pleasant times, and as a slight token of our respect and esteem, we present you both with these chairs, hoping that when you are seated in them you will remember the old friends of the past. Wishing you many happy years to come in the future, we remain, yours truly.

THE FRIENDS OF HART'S NEIGHBORHOOD.

Mr. Kelly replied with thanks and said those present would long be remembered by him and Mrs. Kelly, after which the company dispersed.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

'90.—Spring Importations.—'90.

The great success that has attended our efforts to give buyers a good article at a reasonable price, by importing direct, saving thus the wholesale merchants' profit to the purchasers, at the same time giving them a better variety of patterns and colors, has induced us to import this Spring a great variety of seasonable goods, among which we beg to call special attention to Scotch Tweeds, Dress Goods, Carpets, Floor Oilcloths and Linens which for value and style cannot be surpassed. Our Spring Consignments have arrived, and as soon as passed the Customs at Belleville will be forwarded at once, which will be the end of this week or the first of next.

The fact that notwithstanding the dull times our sales are twenty five per cent. ahead of the same months a year ago, shows that our efforts to please are appreciated.

Close buyers are invited to inspect our stock.

THOS. CROSS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

TO THE LADIES.

I AM now prepared to do carpet weaving and would solicit a share in your patronage. If you would like your work done well and promptly, please give me a trial.

MRS. JOHN GEARY.

Madoc, March 25th, 1890. 52-1m

REMOVED.

HAVING removed to Belleville, Ont., I wish to inform my customers and the public generally that we have a good assortment of first-class stock, and will sell at prices in keeping with the times. We will make it to the advantage of those who need any nursery stock to get prices before going any further away from home. All stock replaced according to contract. All claims for stock to be replaced this spring must be sent in at once.

W. C. REID,
Nurseryman,
Belleville, Ont

Office and residence, Hillside St. 52

TO THE PUBLIC

THANKING you for past patronage, we would say although the old partner has been

AT THE TRADE 47 YEARS

he is at it still.

Now, if you want a good

—Wagon, Sleigh, Roller, Plow,—

Scotch Harrow, or any other Harrow, Wheel Barrow, Whiffletrees, Neckyoke, or your

HORSES SHOD

or anything in our line from a needle to an anchor, come and see us.

All repairing done promptly, and charges moderate.

JOHN BROWN & SON.

March 25th, 1890. 52-3m

MORTGAGE SALE!

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage made by John Bailey, and Jane Bailey, his wife, to the vendor, which will be produced at the time of sale, default having been made there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, MADOC

—ON—

Saturday, the 26th day of April

1890, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., the the following described lands and premises, viz:—

The west half of Lot number thirty in the nineth concession of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, and Province of Ontario.

The above is an excellent quality of land and a portion thereof is well timbered.

Terms of Sale.—10 per cent. cash to the Vendor's Solicitor at the time of Sale, balance within 30 days unless otherwise arranged.

D. E. K. STEWART,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Madoc, March 22nd, 1890. 52-4w

MILK CANS,

CREAMERS

PAILS, ETC.

For a first-class Milk Can, call on M. W. Connor & Co., and on examination you will pronounce their's to be the

HEAVIEST, STRONGEST, and BEST

made of the kind, in town.

Also examine their

Milk Cans, Creamers, Dairy Pails.

They have also a new and fresh supply of

KALSOMINE, MIXED PAINTS, Etc.

and are prepared to sell the same at very reasonable rates.

Tinware Repaired on Shortest Notice, and all work Guaranteed.

M. W. Connor & Co.

FARM FOR SALE or to RENT.

PART of Lot 2 in the 5th Concession of Madoc, containing 100 acres, part of which is inside the corporation of the Village of Madoc. For further particulars apply to

MRS. LOOMIS,
Madoc.

52-tf

Abstract of Statement of Auditors' Report, in Triplicate, of Receipts and Expenditure of the United Townships of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe for the Year 1889.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Jan. 1st, 1889	$ 132 19
Taxes received from Collector	3,084 63
Government School Grant for 1889	142 00
Non-resident lands	339 83
Crown lands timber dues	472 05
License Fund	51 22
Poor School Grant	60 00
Fines	1 00
Rent of Town Hall	1 50
	$4,284 42

EXPENDITURES.

Roads and Bridges	$ 197 50
County rates, paid County Treas.	1,284 83
Salaries	390 07
School Sections	1,777 53
Charity	115 01
Municipal School Grant	156 41
Legislative School Grant	142 00
Printing	20 00
Poor Schools	60 00
Elections	25 25
Insurance	9 00
Auditing	4 00
Paid Registrar	3 40
Balance	98 42
	$4,284 42

We hereby certify that we have examined the books of the Treasurer and find the above to be a correct statement of the Receipts and Expenditures for the United Townships of Elzevir and Grimsthorpe for the year 1889.

T. W. JEFFS,
J. E. HARRISON, } Auditors.

BEST COUGH MEDICINE,

PISO'S CURE

FOR

CONSUMPTION.

It has permanently cured THOUSANDS of cases pronounced by doctors hopeless. If you have premonitory symptoms, such as Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, &c., don't delay, but use PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION immediately. By Druggists. 25 cents.

Spring Opening!

— AT —

GEO. RITCHIE & CO'S

—ON—

WEDNESDAY, 26TH MARCH.

On Wednesday, 26th March, our Show Rooms will be opened for the exhibition of Imported Pattern Millinery and Mantles, together with other seasonable and fashionable goods in great variety.

Miss Irwin extends a cordial invitation to visit the show rooms.

GEO. RITCHIE & Co.
Belleville.

NEW FEATURE!

BARGAIN DAYS!

Tuesdays and Fridays

of each week will be special bargain days in future at

MISS ELLIOTT'S.

On the above days all goods will be sold at and below cost.

Spring Millinery!

in all the latest fashions, just to hand. Call and inspect.

MISS L. ELLIOTT.

CLEARING OUT SALE!

Selling Off Without Reserve. Goods Marked Down.

Having decided to sell out my entire stock of Goods in ELDORADO, I have made a big reduction in prices for cash, Eggs and Butter accepted. Special cuts to the Trade. Goods are all new and in good condition, and consist of Staples which every farmer and his household must have, such as

Boots & Shoes, Dry Goods, Clothing,

GROCERIES, &c.

Now is the time to secure a Bargain. This exceptional opportunity cannot last long.

I desire to thank my numerous customers for their very liberal patronage during the past two years; and would respectfully "whisper in their ears" that it will be to their interest to help in clearing out the stock, because of the bargains which will be offered.

Those whose accounts are standing are requested to make provision for the same before the first of April.

S. F. WEAVER.

Eldorado, March 11th, 1890.

WALL P-A-P-E-R-S

We have pleasure in again announcing the arrival of our new stock of Wall Paper and Borderings for spring, in all the latest designs.

5,000 ROLLS.

100 Different Patterns to Select from.

PRICES VERY LOW!

W. H. O'FLYNN.

Madoc, March 4, 1890 **POST OFFICE BLOCK.**

OF COURSE NOT!

You don't expect to borrow money and be paid for the borrowing. You pay interest when you borrow.

BUT, LOOK AT THIS!

A merchant's money is locked up in his goods, his actual invested capital, without interest.

IN OTHER WORDS

Can you buy on credit without paying more for the goods, by way of interest?

NO, YOU CAN'T.

If you want to get the actual worth of cash spent, you must buy at

A STRAIGHT CASH STORE.

The credit busines must get it out of you, in higher prices, in less quantity, or inferior quality.

The best goods for the lowest cash prices, is our motto.

GRAY & McGREGOR.

Madoc Roller Mills

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

See the great reduction in the price of flour and feed at the Madoc Roller Mills.

No. 1 straight roller flour,	$2.25 per cwt
Cracked Peas or Oats,	1.00 "
Bran	65 "
Shorts	80 "

These are close prices, and are for cash only.

Highest Price paid for Wheat.

Flour given in exchange for wheat.

Cracking done on shortest notice.

FRED. ROLLINS.

MEN WANTED IMMEDIATELY to travel and introduce our Staple Goods to dealers and consumers. Salary and Expenses Paid. Permanent position. Extra inducements to beginners. Stock complete, with fast-selling specialties. OUTFIT FREE. We guarantee what we advertise. Write MINCHWIN BROS., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. (This house is reliable.)

FARMS FOR SALE.

LOT No. 2, 11th con. of Madoc, containing 123 acres, and west half of lot 3, 1st concession of Elzevir, containing 100 acres. Both situated on the gravel road, distant from Madoc 4½ miles; from Bridgewater 3 miles. On Madoc lot is a good frame house and frame barn, with cow stable attached for 15 head; sixty acres cleared, the balance well timbered with hard and soft wood. On the Elzevir lot about 65 acres are cleared, balance well timbered, good soil, and in a good state of cultivation; unfinished frame house. These lots will be sold together or separately, to suit purchaser. Part of purchase money can remain on mortgage for a term of years as may be agreed upon. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to the undersigned, on the premises, or to Madoc post office.

JOHN DUGGAN.

Madoc, January 20th, 1890. 43-tf

E. HILL

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
DRY GOODS

—AT—

AWAY DOWN PRICES.

TERMS CASH.

Eggs, Butter, &c., taken in Exchange.

October, 1889.

H. C. BROWN,

—AGENT FOR—

Manufacturers' Life and Accident
INSURANCE Co.
Fire Insurance Association.
NORWICH UNION
—AND—
CITY OF LONDON
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

OFFICE—Next to Peter Sinclair's harness shop. 49-1y

Important Announcement.

$18,000.00

Eighteen Thousand Dollars worth of Dry Goods, Hats and Caps, Boot and Shoes, Groceries, &c., to be sold at Cost and less.

We have decided to go out of business, and will offer our whole stock at cost until it is sold. This is a chance that cash buyers do not often get, to purchase goods at wholesale prices at retail.

OUR STOCK IS WELL ASSORTED!

We had placed our orders for spring goods before we decided to close up the business. We have all the novelties for spring.

THE SALE WILL COMMENCE ON SATURDAY MARCH 8th ,1890.

☞It will be to buyers interest to call early, before stock is broken.

JOHN DALE & SON.

Latest Local News.

—The maple sugar season has commenced.

—Regular meeting of Masonic Lodge next Tuesday evening

—Tuesday next will be April 1st, "Fools' Day."

—Madoc township Council will meet a week from Monday, April 7th.

—Mrs. Loomis advertises her farm of fifty acres, in this village, for sale.

☞Try G. A. Rollins for ready-mixed Paint, all colors.

—W. H. Jenkins is home from Toronto University for the Easter holidays.

—Mrs. John Geary is now prepared to do carpet weaving. See card in another column.

—The Auditors' reports for Marmora and Elsevir municipalities will be found in this issue.

—James White is erecting a new platform scales in front of his premises on St. Lawrence street.

—Mr. B. O'Hara gives our readers a seasonable essay on Spring, in his advertising space this week.

—Communication from "Gopher," and Bangor Council proceedings crowded out of this issue.

☞Try G. A. Rollins for Whiting, Paris White and Yellow Ochre.

—Special services have been held in the Methodist church for the past couple of weeks, with good success.

—The members of the athletic club will in future meet in the Masonic Hall for practice, commencing to-night.

—With this issue, THE REVIEW passes safely through the 13th year of its existence in Madoc. We may reasonably presume we are now here to stay.

—Attention is directed to the new advt. of John Brown & Son, blacksmiths and wagonmakers, in this issue. They will guarantee the best style of workmanship in anything they turn out.

—The Agricultural Society are arranging for a 24th of May celebration in this village. Another meeting will be held at the Continental Hotel to-morrow (Friday) evening, for the purpose of discussing the matter.

—W. C. Reed, nurseryman, has removed to Belleville, and is centrally situated for the supplying of his customers with any variety of nursery stock. Mr. Reed is well known in this section, and his large business testifies to the satisfaction of his customers. See card in another column.

—An exchange sagely remarks: When you hear a man sneering at his local papers you may know at once that he does not spend any time or money in making them better. A man who cannot see any benefit arising to his town from the influence of his local paper is of as little value to the town as a year old delingdent.

—Potatoes were selling in this village for 40 cents a bag last week. Mr. James Whytock shipped some carloads to Montreal. This week Messrs. Whytock, D. W. Wright, and D. Gillen have loaded and shipped several cars each, and two or three carloads have also been sent from Eldorado. This part of the country will soon be cleaned out of potatoes.

—If you know of anything that will make even a three-line item for the paper, make us acquainted with it. If only ten persons in this locality would do this, either in writing or verbally, the REVIEW would become doubly interesting. Don't wait for the big events which may not occur but once in years, but give us the little affairs,—they are at all times important.

—The Stirling *News Argus* thus expresses itself:—"Some people have queer notions about supporting home talent and industry. Last week a drunken tramp painter struck town and was given several jobs of painting that could have been better done by any of our local painters, residents of the village, and who are entitled to such jobs in preference to unknown whiskey soaked tramps."

Promotion Examinations.

The North Hastings promotion and review examinations will be held on the 26th, 27th and 28th insts. Over 7,000 "papers" were printed last week, for distribution to the various schools. These exams. keep Inspector Mackintosh's hands full for a time.

Publishing Assessment Rolls.

A great many municipalities will this year publish the assessment rolls. This matter will be so fully tested this year, and its success seems so well assured, that another year will doubtless see the plan practically universal.

Improving.

Mr. A. W. Coe returned from Toronto this week, and reports that his father is rapidly improving, and expects will be well enough to be brought home next week. Mr. Coe had the services of the best doctors in Toronto and it is hoped no serious results will be caused by the stroke.

The Lacoregoma Mission Band.

Mexico, the land of the Aztecs is the country which this society have chosen for their subject on Sabbath next, commencing at 2.30 p. m., in Lecture Room of the Methodist Church. The history, religion and customs of this country are as fascinating as a romance. A pleasing and instructive programme has been prepared, and the members of the band trust to be rewarded by a full house.

A Caution.

Drink nothing without seeing it. Sign nothing without reading it, and be sure that it means nothing more than it says. Don't go to law unless you are forced to and have nothing to lose. In any business never wade in where you cannot see the bottom. Put no confidence in the label on a bag and count money before you receipt it. See the bag open before you buy what is in it, for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated.

Model School.

The Promotion Examinations for the First, Second and Third classes are in progress during Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. The Public Examinations for all classes of the Public School will take place next week, beginning with Miss Layin's Department on Wednesday, April 2nd, at 9 o'clock. All parties interested in the school are cordially invited to attend. It is doubtlessly unnecessary to say that the attendance of all pupils at both of these examinations is absolutely essential. D. MARSHALL.

A Wise Prediction.

"Old Probabilities," as the Meteorological Office at Toronto is called, and which sends out a telegraphic prediction every morning to all points of Ontario, of the probable weather for the ensuing 24 hours, is pretty generally correct, and is reasonably safe to go by. Sometimes, however, he allows himself a latitude which ought to cover even as changeable a jade as the weather has proved itself to be this past season. On Monday the following was the report posted up at the telegraph office in Madoc:—"Winds shifting to easterly; fair to cloudy; rain or sonw, in some localities, to-day or to-morrow." With equal assurance might have been added that the above weather would visit us probably sometime during the night or daytime, and then the "prediction" would have been as complete as could reasonably be expected.

Petty Thieving.

A series of petty thefts have taken place in this neighborhood during the past few months that have become not only annoying but expensive to the victims. The latest depredation took place one night last week, when Mr. Patrick Feeney's stables were entered and all his harness stolen, besides curry combs, brushes, a borrowed barley fork, and other articles. One set of harness was nearly new, and cost, we are informed, $60.00, and Mr. Feeney had at once to order new ones. Other stables have been similarly entered lately, and harness and other articles stolen, and it will be remembered considerable quantities of grain was mysteriously freighted away from barns in different sections of the county last fall and winter. It would seem that an organized gang is at work, and farmers would do well to be on their guard.

THE WONDERFUL CHEAP GROCERY STORE!

F. C. SHERWOOD & Co., MADOC.

Wish to announce to the public of Madoc and surrounding country that they have opened a well-assorted stock of new fresh Groceries, one door south of M. Pope & Co.'s Wonderful Cheap Dry Goods Store, which they are offering to the public at extraordinary low prices. A cordial invitation is extended to all to call and inspect our stock, as we consider it a pleasure to show our goods.

Our motto is to sell our goods for cash, quick sales and small profits, same price to old and young. Call early.

Respectfully yours,

F. C. SHERWOOD & Co.

—THE WONDERFUL—

CHEAP STORE,

MADOC, ONT.

The proprietors of the Wonderful Cheap Store wish to announce to their many friends, and the public in general, that in future the above-mentioned business will be carried on under the name and style of "M. Pope & Co." and they also wish to state that they intend to give even better bargains in the future than they have ever done in the past. Thanking our many friends and customers for their liberal patronage in the past, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

See new advertisement in a week or two.

M. POPE & Co.

SPRING CLOTHING!

—AT THE—

BIG 4, MADOC.

$1,000 WORTH OF NEW CLOTHING!

in checks, stripes and plaids, in

Mens', Youths', and Boys' CLOTHING,

to be sold within the next 30 days, for cash.

Prices Away Down. - - Come and See.

T. McNAMARA.

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Sir Donald Smith will leave for England immediately after the session.

The Duke of Connaught and suite left Bombay for Canada on Thursday.

Influenza is raging severely among the Stoney Indians in the North-west.

One hundred years ago last Sunday the first Methodist church was opened in Kingston.

Kingston penitentiary will soon be lighted by eleven hundred incandescent electric lights.

The farmers of North Plympton are organizing a joint stock Company to run a gristing mill.

Calgary promises the Duke of Connaught a "round up" if he will stop off there on his visit to Canada.

Vancouver, B. C., has passed a by-law donating a site for a sugar refinery, which is to be in operation in eight months.

A letter in The Fort McLeod Gazette declares that polygamy is not practised in the Mormon settlement in the Northwest.

Cyrille Desjardins got into a dispute with three companions over cards at Ste. Rose, Quebec, and was beaten until he may die.

Mr. Mowat was presented with an oil painting of himself last week by his supporters in the Ontario Legislative Assembly.

A mother and her seven children were burned to death in their home on a farm about seven miles from Montreal last Saturday night.

Mr. Geo. B. Borrodaile, who has charge of the crofter settlement, strongly denies the reports of destitution among the crofters in the North-West.

A man named McDuff, charged with the murder of a man in Kent county, Ont., who was arrested at Carberry on Wednesday, is now in Portage gaol.

St. Thomas and Hamilton Boards of Trade have petitioned the Dominion Government in favour of a uniform penny postage for the whole British Empire.

James Armstrong, a Canadian farmer of 48 years, was arrested Tuesday night in Buffalo while intoxicated. He claims to have been held up by crooks and robbed of $1,600.

Captain Warren, of Victoria, B. C., has been summoned to Washington to give evidence in reference to the claims of the owners of vessels seized in Behring's sea by U. S. revenue cutters.

Sir John Thompson brought a bill down in Parliament last week ceding to the provinces the ownership of the foreshores and beds of the various rivers and lakes in the different provinces of the Dominion.

Captain William Zealand, of Hamilton, died on Friday, while under the influence of chloroform, which had been administered by his physician to enable him to undergo a surgical operation for an abscess in the jaw.

A bill for the construction of the Sault Ste. Marie railway, from Sault Ste. Marie to the coast of Labrador, which was before the Railway Committee in Parliament last week, was designated a wild cat scheme, and was thrown out on a vote of 26 to 17.

The Dominion Government has issued a circular to the various labour organizations asking their opinion on Mr. Chapleau's proposed bill making it a misdemeanour for working men to require their fellow-workmen to join union or for employers to insist that their employes shall not belong to unions.

Mgr. Labelle, deputy commissioner of agriculture for the province of Quebec, and acting as an immigration commissioner for that province, addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at Lille, France, the other night. He spoke in glowing terms of the France beyond the ocean, where resided so many sons of the fatherland in prosperity. He told of the great regions of the North-west, ready to welcome the sons of old France to its hospitable soil. Mgr. Labelle was heartily applauded. He will shortly proceed to Germany.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Peter Coates, of the well-known thread making firm of J. & P. Coates, is dead.

The imperial naval estimates amount to £14,000,000, an increase of £100,000 over last year.

Elizabeth Vincent, who shot her seducer, L. H. Isaacs, M. P. for Walworth, has been acquitted.

East end workingmen in London are said to have entered upon a boycotting crusade against Hebrew laborers.

Brown & Wingrove, malters and refiners and dealers in bullion, of London, have failed. Liabilities £300,000.

Mr. Parnell has decided to prosecute the Exeter *Gazette* for publishing the *Times* articles on "Parnellism and Crime."

Arthur Orton, alias Tichborne, was nominated as a candidate for Stoke-on-Trent, but failed to put in the necessary deposit.

Master Abraham Lincoln, son of the United States Minister to Great Britain, died in London on the morning of the 5th.

Canon Baynes has been found guilty of stealing a trunk at Bristol railway station and has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

Portugal is determined to exclude England from Mozambique, and the latter country is resolved to have compensation for the outrages committed.

Mr. Gladstone's amendment, calling upon the House of Commons to reprobate the charges made against the Parnellites, was voted down by a majority of 71 in a House of 607 members.

An election in the Stamford division of Lincolnshire on Saturday resulted in the return of Mr. Cust, Conservative, by a majority of 282. At the last election the Conservative was returned unopposed.

The correspondence, just published, relating to the Berlin labor conference between Germany and Great Britain shows that Lord Salisbury declined to commit himself to any measure limiting the hours of labor.

The Duchess of Fife, in receiving a deputation from the women of the United Kingdom, said that her mother, her sisters and herself did their utmost to promote Irish industries by wearing Irish linen, Irish lace, and Irish poplins.

Dispatches from Stornoway, on the Island of Lewes, state that the crofters are in a desperate condition. They have resolved to repossess the Park Deer forest, of which they were dispossessed, and to portion out the lands in crofts, which they mean to cultivate without delay. They are organized and provided with tents and baggage for a long campaign. Serious trouble is anticipated.

UNITED STATES.

Matilda Ruby has just died at Raywick, Ky., aged 123 years.

Gold has been discovered in a gravel pit just east of Sioux Falls, S. D.

A meeting of citizens has been held at San Francisco to devise means for aiding unemployed workingmen.

Two thousand shirtmakers, many of them women, are on strike in New York for a uniform rate in all the shops.

A disastrous collision took place on the Lake Shore road near Buffalo on the 6th inst. Six persons were killed and seventeen injured.

Daniel D. Blake, of Fall River, Mass., says he has received word that he is heir to a $200,000 estate in England. Blake is a poor man.

The duty on wools agreed upon by the sub-Committee of the republican members of the United States Ways and Means Committee, of both the first and second classes, is eleven cents per pound.

Sir Thomas Esmonde has arrived at New Orleans en route from Australia to London. He said he had been away from home nearly eighteen months and had collected $150,000 in the colonies for the Irish cause.

John A. Hodgson, a young Cleveland, O., man of position, married Addie May Bishop on Friday, and immediately on reaching the Bishops' residence after the ceremony he blew out his brains without assigning any cause.

The Government printing office at Washington is now engaged in filling one of the largest orders in its history. This is for 18,000,000 blanks for the use of the 40,000 enumerators of the eleventh census, who will begin work in May. It will take 15,000 reams of paper, and twenty presses will have to be worked twenty-two hours each day for six weeks.

Vice-President Morton, who is visiting the South, says its resources are being developed with marvellous rapidity. The cotton crop now averages 7,000,000 bales. The number of cotton mills in the South ten years ago was 160, with 14,000 looms. To-day there are 14,000 mills and 215,000 looms. The mileage of railways in the South, which ten years ago was less than 20,000, is now more than 40,000.

IN GENERAL.

The Russian navy is to be recorganised and strengthened.

The death is announced at Constantinople of ex-Sultan Murad.

In some parts of Austria last week the thermometer registered from 12 to 20 degrees below zero.

It is stated that Prince Bismarck will retire gradually from his various posts, retaining only the Foreign Office..

The trial at Wadowice, Austria, of persons accused of emigrant swindling, resulted in the conviction of 31 of the 60 prisoners.

Herr Von Tisza, Hungarian prime minister, has resigned owing to disagreement with his cabinet over the naturalization of Louis Kossuth.

Sunday was the second anniversary of the death of the Emperor William I. The Imperial mausoleum at Charlottenburg was consecrated.

A Sister of Charity in Moscow was murdered and chopped in pieces. A medical student was arrested for the butchery, and immediately suicided.

The customs committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has voted to impose a duty of three francs on foreign corn and five on corn flour.

Emperor William has conferred the order of the Black Eagle on Herr von Boetticher, Minister of the Interior, who is regarded as Prince Bismarck's probable successor in the chancellorship.

Canada and the United States.

We cannot help thinking that a good deal of the belief as to annexation being bound to come has arisen from assuming it as certain that if there were reciprocity or a customs union between the Dominion and the States, absorption must take place. We do not see the necessity. England does not absorb the countries with which she has free trade, nor would America, even if the free trade was restricted to one Power. Countries have often been strictly united in spite of internal customs lines; while again, States have had free commercial intercourse without amalgamation. It is quite conceivable that England, Canada, and America might politically remain to each other in the positions they occupy to-day, although Canada and America admitted each other's goods free, and had a tariff against those of England. No doubt the arrangement would be a very foolish one for Canada; but to speak of reciprocity as necessarily involving absorption, is not so realize how essentially illogical natiokl sentiment often is. Canada might quite well think she would de injured, both by wearing English cloth and by adopting American institutions. In any case, a customs union is further off than American free trade, and, meantime, we need not be afraid of bills introduced into Congress for absorbing Canada. That is a game two can play at, and the Dominion Parliament is, we believe, occasionally invited to pass measures for admitting the New England States to the federation of British North America.—*London Spectator.*

The Removal of Moles.

In a recent number of *The Practitioner*, Dr. Jamison writes on the use of sodium ethylate in removing hairy moles on the face. He operated in this way: The hairs were cut off as closely as possible with a very fine pair of scissors, and the mole was then painted over with sodium ethylate, a fine glass rod being used. When the mole had a varnished look the ethylate was gently rubbed in with the glass rod, to make it penetrate more deeply into the hair follicles. The mole had quite a black look when the operation was over. A hard crust formed over it, which was nearly three weeks in becoming detached. When it came off the hairs were seen to be destroyed, and the surface of the mole had a smooth, somewhat cicatrical appearance, of a much lighter color than before: and this favorable condition continued until the mark was scarcely noticeable.

Gambling in Wheat.

For hard, practical common sense, pertinent to the actual needs of the times, commend us to the comments of ex-Governor Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, upon the effect gambling in wheat is having upon the wheat interest. He contends that the farmers and millers have the same interest, and that the depreciating influence of short sales based on wind is detrimental to the interest of both the producer and the manufacturer. He thinks that the millers, for the most part, have lost money. They pay more for their stock than they can really afford to, and yet pay only starvation prices for the raw material of their flour. "I never knew the milling interest to be profitable on low prices of wheat," he says. This statement, which rests on a broad principle of political economy, was called out by the action of the Chicago Board of Trade in trying to destroy the bucket-shops. These do incalculable harm. They are the wheat raiser's "dearest foe," an enemy so fatal that unless destroyed, farmers are liable to be whelmed in one vast ruin. But the fault is not all theirs. So far as the Chicago, Toronto, and Montreal boards allow themselves and practice gambling they are no better than the bucket-shops. The fictitious sale of wheat, or the sale of fictitious wheat, whichever way one chooses to put it, is the greatest evil our or any other farmers have to contend against to-day. The actual production has not increased throughout the world during the last five or ten years, but the market is depressed by the enormous quantity of gambling sales made. It is as if the actual increase had been as great as the fictitious. This is the central point of the statement as a whole. "The way the market is now running," Mr. Pillsbury says, "a man selling a million bushels of wheat which he does not own has just as much effect, or even more effect, than a man selling a similar amount of wheat which he does own, for the reason that these big bears have been so successful in their selling that their very prestige draws a big amount of followers. This evil has grown to be so tremendous that it will tend to depopulate the farming communities unless it is stopped, and vigorous methods will have to be taken to stop it." Clearly this is an evil too stupendous to be overlooked or neglected. If the farmers would bestir themselves to stop this king's evil of the period they would be able to force some relief.

A New Bible for Germany.

Germany is to have a new Bible. For twenty-five years a committee has been sitting in revision of the famous work of Martin Luther. The last meeting of this revisory body was held on the 10th of January. The work has now gone to the printers, and it will soon be made public. Of the original commission of distinguished scholars who began the revision twenty-five years ago, nearly all have passed away. One by one their places have been filled with new men. It need not be said that the commission has been composed of men of brilliant and erudite scholarship. The appearance of their work seems, however, to be awaited with no considerable popular interest in Germany,—certainly with no such interest as was shown in the appearance of the English revised version issued from the Jerusalem chamber of Westminster a few years ago, and telegraphed in large part across the Atlantic. It is said that the German translators have preserved many popular phrases and readings of the Luther Bible, although confessedly not strictly accurate. Such leniency toward the existing version would hardly seem compatible with the purpose for which the revisory body has been sitting. Nevertheless, undoubtedly many important changes have been made, great care being taken to preserve so far as possible the diction of Luther's famous work. What the King James translation has been to the English language and literature Luther's Bible has been to the language and literature of Germany. It will probably require some pressure upon the part of the ecclesiastical authorities to secure any general use of the new version. Theologians and scholars will find it interesting to compare the critical work of the German committee with that of the English and American committees. A strong effort has recently been made in Germany to procure the publication of an expurgated and abridged edition of the Bible for use in schools; but the movement has been discouraged, and nothing is likely to come of it. It is feared in theological quarters that to take such liberties with the sacred volume would tend to destroy faith in its authority.

Australia's Wheat Supply.

Recent agricultural returns show that South Australia has a great future before it as a wheat growing country, and is likely to become one of the world's chief sources of supply. The population of the whole province is not more than that of many English towns, yet it has produced wheat to the value of nearly three millions sterling in a single year. This gives an average of £95 per head for each of the 30,000 persons engaged in agriculture, or nearly 40 bushels per head for the whole population. When this is contrasted with the figures of the other great grain-producing countries of the world, the prosperity of this thriving little colony is at once apparent. India grows one bushel for each of its inhabitants, Russia about two bushels, and North America (including Canada) seven bushels per head. The cost of production is also surprisingly small. In Great Britain each acre of wheat costs about £8 10s., and in America about £2, but South Australia farmers can raise the grain for 25s. per acre. It thus appears that each family engaged in agriculture has an average income derived from wheat of £205 10s., besides what is derived from other crops, cattle rearing, and dairying. In a good year this has risen to £285, but, taking good and bad together, the handsome average stated is the result. In the year 18878-wheat of the value of two millions and a half was exported, leaving a balance worth £300,000 for home consumption, showing that for every person engaged in agriculture £84 worth of grain was sent abroad. These figures are believed to be without a parallel in any country in the world; and as there is abundance of land yet uncultivated, a largely-increased supply may be looked for in the future. It is also to be noted that the return per acre reaped is only about £1, so that more thorough cultivation will probably result in a still further augmented production.

The large London firm of Brown Brothers has bought for $200,000 a controlling interest in the large creamery business of Minnesota.

Smokeless Powder in Battle.

Smokeless powder will perhaps be hailed as a blessing by the sportsman, who will be enabled instantaneously to see the effect of his shot, but to the poor soldier in battle what will it be? With the perfection and general adoption of smokeless powder the curtain that has mercifully hidden the shock of battle will no more. All the agony, all the horror, will be brought before the eyes of the combatants, and will act most powerfully upon troops drawn up in support of those actually engaged. "Experience has proved," says a United States general, "that many men who fight steadily in battle turn faint and sick in a field hospital; how will it be when the two experiences are to a certain extent combined?" Heretofore the struggles in the arena have been hidden from the supports by the clouds of smoke. With smokeless gunpowder in use, every individual struggle will be plain to spectators whose nerves have been worked up to a high tension by the mere presence of battle. Again, the smokeless powder gives no indication of the presence of a concealed enemy. A column on the march might have its first intimation of the neighborhood of an enemy when it was cut in two by a volley of musketry almost inaudible. Whence comes the attack might be also difficult to determine, for there are many magazine rifles in Europe that fire a shot a second with sufficient velocity to pierce an inch and a fifth of steel at short range, and are terribly effective at fifteen hundred yards. Troops may be mowed down by the fire of an enemy they cannot see, and who after his blow is struck gives no visible sign of his whereabouts. What a terrible test it will be of the nerves of men, to see their comrades levelled in heaps by a silent blast of death! The liability to such an experience is sufficient to effect the nervous sensibility of nations. Another agency of death as soul-shaking as smokeless and almost noiseless gun powder is the high explosive, whether dynamite or gun cotton. So long as it was supposed that special weapons were necessary for the use of high explosives in warfare, and that they would be necessarily almost as dangerous to those who served them as to those who faced them, the employment of these tremendous agencies was limited. Italy and Germany have demonstrated that charges of wet gun cotton can be fired with safety from ordinary service guns. Both powers have adopted wet gun cotton for bursting-charges for shells, after trials that demonstrated that forty-eight pounds of this tremendous explosive could be fired with safety to a distance of thirty-three hundred yards. The French have gone even farther than this, firing a seventy-three pound charge of melinite from a siege gun to as great a distance. All these horrors ought to frighten the world into peace, but will they? When gun-powder came into use, there were men who thought that the days of war would go out with the bow and arrow.

France in Africa.

While the English, Germans and Portuguese have been racing one another in their efforts to extend their respective possessions in South Africa, France has directed her attention to the western part of the dark continent. During the past five years the French possessions in Senegambia have been gradually extended, by conquest or treaties with the native chiefs, and now include the whole of the upper Niger country as far east as Timbuctoo. The trade of Senegambia amounts to some ten million dollars per annum and is controlled almost exclusively by the French. A railroad from St. Louis on the coast to the Niger river has been projected and partially constructed. This line will be extended to Timbuctoo and thence in a straight course across the desert of Sahara to Algiers on the Mediterranean coast. In the Guinea country the French have been equally active and successful in adding to their possessions. French Congo and adjacent colonies now comprise an area of 240,000 square miles, while nearly as much more territory lying back of these possessions is conceded to be within the sphere of French influence. The new king of Dahomey, jealous of the rapid progress of the French on all sides of his savage kingdom, and anxious to make a record as a valiant warrior, has marched his Amazon regiments against the invaders, and several bloody encounters have taken place, in which the chivalrous French were ungallant enough to defeat the forces of savage black beauties opposed to them. However, in view of the fact that the Amazons of Dahomey regard their vanquished enemies as the choicest of gastronomical delicacies and invariably celebrate a victory with a feast of raw human flesh upon the battlefield, the French will be excused for rude treatment of their ferocious female opponents. Dahomey is one of the blackest spots on the map of Africa. Cannibalism is generally practiced among the inhabitants. The country is rich in natural resources, and if England and Germany should not object too strenuously France will doubtless annex it, or at least bring it within the sphere of her influence. France already has grabbed one-sixteenth part of the entire area of Africa, and the larger portion of these extended possessions has been acquired in the course of the last few years.

English Gold Again.

Hardly a day passes but the arrival of English capital in some new American channel of trade is reported. Making all allowance for the exaggeration and sheer romancing incidental to the reports of this invasion of alien capitalists, it cannot be doubted that there is a genuine movement of English money toward investment in the northern half of this continent.

Following upon the heels of the authorized announcement of the organization of a gigantic British-American syndicate to operate in a multitude of ways, involving a capital of many millions, comes the news from the Chester Valley, in Pennsylvania, that a number of cotton manufacturers from London, Edinburgh and Birmingham, England, are going to erect there a large number of cotton mills, and a small town out of hand for the operatives. The outward sign of this great transaction at present is confined to the obtaining of a number of options upon several farms, including a thousand acres or more, by an Englishman who says he is empowered to buy the land for the site of the proposed mills and town. The English cotton factors are said to be bent on this transfer of their capital and enterprise for the sake of avoiding the duties which keep their manufactures out of American markets.

Chicago and the Fair.

The developments in connection with the proposed World's Fair in Chicago are not very assuring, and create a doubt whether the monster exhibition will materialize at all. It would seem that the money necessary for carrying out the project successfully has not been raised by the winning candidate, the so-called guarantee fund amounting almost to nothing. In view of this fact it is now proposed that Congress shall devote $10,000,000 or $15,000,000 of the surplus for this purpose. Quite naturally New York, which had practically raised $15,000,000, all of which would have been available in a very short time, objects to such a proposal. Says the *Saturday Globe*: "If this argument shall find adoption in Congress, it will be little less than disgraceful. If, after months of lobbying, if, after having made representations of the most positive character, Chicago is not able to raise the money and carry on the Fair out of its own resources, it had better be left alone to hold simply a State or inter-State Fair, in which the rest of the country will have only the slightest interest." The Sun, with greater warmth and in terms decidedly vigorous, reminds the legislators of a day of reckoning. "If," it says, "you make a grant of money to Chicago for the purpose of holding the proposed Fair, that fact will become a very important issue in future elections; and the Republican party will be held to a responsibility which no set of politicians will find any reason to rejoice in. Give to Chicago for the purpose just what New York would have asked for, namely, the limited sum which may be necessary for a Government exhibit; make to Chicago, if you think proper and find the security satisfactory, such a loan as was made to Philadelphia in 1876; but beyond this not one cent under penalty of hearing from it very decidedly and impressively in the canvass of 1892." It will be a pity if the jealousy and chagrin of the greater city should place any obstruction in the way of carrying out the enterprise, which, while likely to result in a local advantage, can hardly fail to confer a national benefit. But whether Chicago has over-estimated her ability or under-estimated the magnitude of the undertaking remains to be seen.

The snub given by Lord Salisbury to the Brazilian Minister at the Court of St. James, is about to bring forth fruit in an unlooked-for manner. Taken with the circumstance that the authorities at Washington have recognized the new republic and have entered into fraternal relations with the Brazilian government, it has led to the formation of leagues at Rio Janeiro, Bahai, Para, Santos, and Pernambuco, the members of which pledge themselves to boycott British in favor of American goods. Of course Lord Salisbury will feel awfully sorry and will forthwith bring his knees to mother earth and fill his eyes with tears that he may persuade those whom he has so grossly offended to turn from their heartless purpose. For do they not see that the withdrawal of their patronage would prove the death blow to British enterprise and prosperity. Joking aside, we have here an instance of people cutting off their nose to spite their face.

In his report to the government, Commander Gordon, in charge of the protective cruisers, draws attention to the fact that the only seizure of an American vessel during the season was that of the Mattie Winship of Gloucester, held and fined $2000 for fishing in territorial waters of Canada. The United States mackerel fleet which visited Canadian waters last year consisted of 62 vessels, their catch being recorded as 6775 barrels, an average of 109 barrels, as against 128 barrels the preceding year. Commander Gordon strongly urges the advisability of endeavoring to make an arrangement with the government of the United States for the preservation of the mackerel fishery. The absolute prohibition of the use of the purse seine for the whole, in place of part, of the 12 months would go far toward accomplishing this end. The total number of men employed in the sea-going fisheries of the maritime provinces is 8159, and in the shore fishing, in boats, 34,167.

It is just possible that Major Serpa Pinto the impetuous young officer who precipitated the east African trouble, may yet involve his government in greater difficulties. Fearing that his presence at home might inflame the patriots who have been seeking to embitter the public mind against England and everything English, the authorities at Lisbon gave him orders not to return at present. These orders he is about to disobey, and purposes to leave Cape Town at once, on board the Portuguese mail steamer with the intention of taking part in the debates in the Cortes on the situation in Africa and his treatment of the natives. In an interview at Durban Serpa Pinto blamed the Protestant missionaries and the agents of the African Company as the prime movers in the quarrel between Portuguese and the natives. He asserted that the Portuguese massacred the natives only when they were compelled to do so in self-defence. There is a considerable party in Lisbon who will support him in whatever story he chooses to tell, and there may be trouble on his arrival.

The combined cities of New York and Brooklyn take the palm and lead the world in the matter of large petitions. The monster was presented to the New York Assembly one day last week. It contains 51,144 signatures from New York city and over 16,000 from Brooklyn, and is bound in book form. The book is twenty-six inches wide, thirty-two inches long, eight feet thick, and weighs half a ton. It was carried into the Assembly Chamber on the shoulders of eight men, and was laid, not on the table, but on the floor of the House. This unrivalled petition is in favor of the Saxton Ballot Reform bill. Evidently the political machine is not giving good satisfaction in this great centre.

If matters go on much longer at the present rate it is likely that Detroit will experience some difficulty in keeping up the number of her police force. As a rule, men do not covet being made a target for desperadoes and cut throats. And this is how it has ended on several occasions in that city. The latest victim of the armed burglar is Patrolman Edward Schumaker, who, finding the rear door of a certain grocery store open the other night, entered and saw three burglars working on the safe. The burglars fled, followed by the patrolman, who fired at them. The three scoundrels returned the fire, and Schumaker was wounded in the abdomen. He has since died. A number of arrests were made. This is the fourth patrolman shot while on duty in Detroit in eight years.

AGRICULTURAL.

Bedrock Philosophy.

When worries and troubles surround you,
Don't fret.
Go to work!
You will always have trouble around you,
You bet!
If you shirk.
The man who is busy his worry forgets.
His mind isn't harassed by thoughts of his debts
And the harder he works, the more happy he gets
Till he's gay as a Turk.

If Fortune won't smile, let her frown, if she will.
Never mind!
Don't sulk, and look wholly cast down, if she still
Seems unkind.
If you smile at her, soon she will smile back at you,
You are certain to win her, if you will pursue
Her with cheerful persistence, and hope ever new,
And then solace you'll find.

The world doesn't care for your woes,
Oh, no!
Not a bit!
The man who is wise never shows
His foe
That he's hit.
Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his own,
He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone,
And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you groan,
So take warning, and quit!

Care of House Plants

Whenever an herbaceous plant begins to drop its leaves it is certain that its health is impaired in some way. This may be due to several causes, such as being potbound, overheated, exposure to cold or the application of powerful stimulants, as guano, strong liquid manure, alkalies, etc., or to some other cause, which has destroyed the feeding roots of the plant, thus inducing disease and speedy death in all cases where remedial measures are not speedily resorted to. The steps taken in these cases by the amateur are generally the most disastrous course that could be taken toward the plant, short of destroying it at once—that of deluging it with water and applying strong stimulants.

When the nutritive organs of the plants have been destroyed or overgorged the remedy is very similar—that which nature suggests when animal digestion is deranged—namely, that of giving no more food until it rescts. Then if the roots have been injured from any of the above named causes we must let the soil in which it is potted become nearly dry. After which, remove the plant from the pot, take the ball fof soil in which the roots have been enveloped and crush it between the hands just enough to allow all the hard outer crust of the ball to be shaken off. Re-pot in a rather dry soil, which must be light and rich, using a new pot, or if the old one is used it should be well scoured to open the pores that evaporation may be properly carried on through the sides.

Let the pot be only large enough to allow an inch of space between the sides of the pot and the ball of roots. After repotting give sufficient water to settle the earth well about the roots. Sink the pot in a half shady place or in a box of soil. Do not apply water until the plant starts to grow unless the air is so dry as to evaporate the moisture before any perceptible growth starts. Then, of course, water must be given in sufficient quantities to keep the soil damp, but no more.

I cannot conceive why people water their plants so much, nor why they should think water such a specific remedy for all the ills to which the plants are heir. The following is a case in point: A neighbor consulting me about the feeble condition of her geraniums said: "I am sure the plants are not suffering from want of attention, as I have watered them copiously twice each day!" I think it is quite safe to assume that half the plants that die in the hands of amateurs are watered to death.

Small white worms sometimes infest pots in which the plants have stood a long time. These are easily discovered by turning the plants out when rather dry, loosening the soil among the roots. Should any worms be found, the roots of the plants may be washed gently in soft water until freed from the old soil, then repotted in fresh earth. If it be not desirable to repot, the pot may be set for a half hour in hot water nearly to the depth of the soil inside. This will drive the worms to the surface without injury to the plant. Enough weak lime water may now be poured on the surface to penetrate the plant roots. This will not only kill the worms but fertilize the soil.

Ants sometimes cause trouble where pots have been plunged or kept in the ground. There is no way to get rid of them except by repotting.

Kindness in the Dairy.

The following is so true to our experience that we clip it from an article on shots from a dairy farm, in Farm Stock and Home:

It is a fact that a cow with generous feeding and good care, but with cross and unkind treatment, will not yield as great a profit as she will with kind treatment. A good dairy cow is extremely sensitive and responsive to kindness or abuse. It is plain that when the milker approaches a cow and she gazes at him with eyes filled with fear and trembling, and gathers herself together to receive an unexpected blow, she is not going to yield as great an amount of milk, or as rich in quality, as she would if her eyes gave him a glad welcome. Kindness begets kindness, and the cows are few that will not do their very best when kindly treated. There is occasionally one that is naturally vicious, and it is a waste of time and patience to try to change her nature. Sell her to the butcher and end her vicious existence. It is a very easy matter to have a herd of dairy cattle that are kindly disposed to each other and to those who have the care of them. If you happen to hire a man whom the cattle fear or dislike, don't keep him, even if he would work for his board, for you would lose money by it. The first consideration in hiring a man on a dairy farm is that he is kind and gentle to animals. When we hire a man he knows that if the cattle don't like him he must go. We hired a young man once who proved to be naturally vicious; he stayed nearly a week, did not openly break any of the rules, but all the cattle in the section of the barn where he worked disliked and feared him, and some of the most gentle on a would not let him tie or untie them; and those he fed but did not milk, as well as those he milked, shrunk heavily in their milk yield.

Kindness does not cost a cent, only the use of a little self-control and self-respect. When you kick a cow just pause and think that you are kicking dollars out of your pockets; and when you pound her with your milk stool that you are robbing your wife of the necessaries of life, and you probably won't do it. Let every man who desires to make the greatest profit from his dairy cows try kindness and gentleness, just from the standpoint of business policy, and he will soon find there is the most money in it.

Fertilizing With Clover.

A system of rotation and plowing like the following will, in a few years, work wonders on any soil, writes J. K. Davis to the "Western Farmer." When a crop of small grain is sown in the spring, sow a liberal amount of medium clover and the next year after cutting the hay early, let the second crop go to seed and plow under when well matured. The next year plant a crop, and when harvested plow fully as deep as before which brings the clover seed to the surface for a most liberal stocking. The clover seed contains so much oil that it will not rot while in the ground, and still being covered so deeply will not germinate while there.

There being such an amount of seed, if some does winter kill plenty more will not. Then sow a crop and the ground is well seeded again with clover, and another crop of hay cut as before. And so on for a series of years, harvesting a crop of grain the first year, corn or potatoes the second year, grain the third year and clover hay the forth year. By this process the soil will improve in fertility wonderfully every year, and no expense for clover seed after the first season. Of course the above is a good system to adopt on any land, but as sandy soil is often considered of but little value, I suggest this way of renovating it. In recent conversation with an old farmer from New York, he told me that, by the process above given, farms in his vicinity that a few years ago could be bought for a song, are now worth $100 an acre. There are many points of excellence in sandy land. The ground can be worked earlier in the spring than clayey soil. The crops mature earlier. It is easier cultivated. It can be worked sooner after a heavy rain. The potato and all other root crops are far superior in quality. If the cultivated crops are tilled as often as they should be in a dry season, they will stand the drought nearly if not quite as well as on clay soil.

City Versus Country.

The fact that the prevailing epidemic of influenza prevails in towns serves to remind us of the unsanitary influences of town life. There are sanitary influences as well; there is shelter from cold winds and its tempest, often disastrous to the ill-nourished in the country, and food nearer at hand to the multitude. The prevalence of germs, bad odors, and other self-evident sources of grave diseases in cities is well-known. It is rather the less constantly recognized unhealthy habits of townsfolk that are mostly at fault when the fairly fed and well-to-do are smitten with colds and with influenza. Diet is abundant but taken irregularly. The townsman, as a rule, is not a good breakfast eater, and he dines too late and too heavily. He is much addicted to taking alcohol, tea or coffee between meals. He is a late riser and goes to bed late, so that a large fraction of his "day" is spent at night in artificial light. He seldom takes enough exercise, for the "constitutional" is intolerable to men of a certain temperament, and others have no time for that form of physical exertion. A hurried race to catch a train or an omnibus is not hygienic. He is gregarious, and his natural flocking instinct makes him overlook, both in his pleasures as well his duties, the fact that he works or plays with his fellow man in an ill-ventilated or over-crowded rooms. Above all, he is out of training, as he finds out during the first days of a holiday. Many explorers and fighting men have noted that they catch cold readily in townsafter bearing cold and damp with impunity in the country. The city tourist, on the other hand, is often astonished to discover how he can bear a wetting or a draught at the seaside or in the fields. All the surroundings of the townsman predispose him to attacks of diseases like the present epidemic. He can at least rise early and take exercise, and will soon find that such habits will be to his advantage.

The Two-Rowed Barley.

Writing under date of Ottawa, March 5th, a correspondent says: "The government having agreed to place in the estimates a sum to provide for the purchase and distribution of two-rowed barley for seed to be supplied to the farmers of the Dominion at cost, the Minister of Agriculture has purchased 10,000 bushels of "Carter's Prize Prolific" barley from the well-known seed establishment of James Carter & Co., of London, England. This variety of two-rowed barley, a recently improved strain of the Chevalier type, ranks high in Great Britain for malting purposes, and has been pronounced by experts as one of the best sorts obtainable. It has been awarded many prizes, and was given the first prize at the Windsor Royal Agricultural Show last year.

It is very prolific, has stout, bright straw and long, heavy heads, usually averaging under good cultivation, about 40 grains per head. It may be sown thinner than less vigorous growing sorts; one and a half bushels per acre is considered sufficient. The variety has grown from samples distributed from the Central Experimental Farm, in the barley districts of Ontario and in other parts of the Dominion during the past somewhat unfavorable season, weighing from 54 to 56 pounds per bushel, samples of which have been submitted to experts in England, who have pronounced them to be good, marketable specimens of malting barley, which would command at present from 38 to 40s per quarter of 448 pounds in the English market, equal to 99 cents to $1.04 respectively for the Canadian bushel of 48 lbs. This "prize prolific" barley, for which Carter's catalogue price is 10s 6d stg. per bushel of 56 lbs., will be offered to the farmers of Canada in bags of two English bushels (112 lbs.), one bag to each individual at $4 per bag. At this price the barley will be delivered to the nearest railway station, so that farmers in every province may obtain it at a uniform rate. Those who desire to participate in this distribution should send their applications at once, with $4 enclosed, to Prof. Saunders, Experimental farm, Ottawa, giving the name and post office address plainly, and the name of the nearest railway station.

Many of the new silk petticoats are trimmed with flots of ribbon and cascades and ruffles of lace.

The increase of deer in Maine the past year is reported to be due to the fact that they have been driven from Canada and Labrador by large bands of gray wolves.

Discretion and good nature have always been looked upon as the distinguishing ornaments of female conversation. The woman whose price is above rubies has no particular in the character given of her by the wise man more endearing than that she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

The Manitoba Legislature has decided to abolish exemptions.

"The Jingling of the Guinea Helps the Hurt that Honor Feels."

But there are deeper hurts than those that honor feels. The seeds of disease are sometimes deeply sown, the system is secretly and surely giving away to some deep seated malady. Especially among females are many sufferers from inflammation, ulcerations, prolapsus, and other displacements; weak back, sick headache, nervousness and kidney diseases. For all these affections peculiar to women no surer remedy than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, prepared for their special benefit, can be found. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Feather boas and stoles and triple capes of cloth will be much worn with wool gowns.

Now's the Time.

Never put off till to-morrow
That which needs doing to day.
If you do you may find to your sorrow,
Too late, that you've trifled away
the golden opportunity of a lifetime. If those who complain of weakness and debility, have hacking cough or pain in the side or chest, poor appetite, broken sleep and other symptoms of a general decay of vitality, would promptly procure Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and take it as directed, they might throw off the disease which threatens them, and soon regain a hold on the health they are surely losing. Consumption may be averted, if prompt measures are taken, by the use of this standard remedy. Let those who have reason to feel that their general vitality is running low be wise and do something for themselves at once, for delays are dangerous. "Golden Medical Discovery" is warranted to benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it refunded.

Heliotrope velvet slippers, with pink silk stockings, are a new fancy of those who like that sort of thing.

$500 Reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case. 50 cts.

Yellow jonquils and purple violets are avorite flowers for combination in corsage fouquets just at the moment.

All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Fron St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Yokes and guimpes of velvet go with velvet sleeves.

A.P. 494.

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LADIES try OLIVE BRANCH, the best remedy known for all female complaints. Sample free. Mrs. J. Thatter, 5 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Can.

THE SMITH NEEDLE PACKAGE.
Best thing out. Agents make $5 per day. Sample by mail, 25c. Clement & Co., 30 King St. E., Toronto.

CANCER and TUMOR Specialist. Private Hospital. No Knife. Book free. G. H. McMichael, M. D., No. 65 Niagara St., Buffalo, N.Y.

WANTED A PARTNER.
For $2,000 cash I will sell a one-quarter interest in an old-established profitable city business. This is a rare chance. Investigation invited. References exchanged. Principals only. For particulars address
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Work & Money

If you want both, go to **Great Falls**, Montana, and help build the Great Half Million Dollar Dam across the Missouri, the Two Million Dollar Smelter, or one of the Three New Lines of Railway—Nichart Line, Lethbridge Line, and Pacific Coast Line, all being built by the Great Northern Ry. Est. P. M. & M. Ry.
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SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect and reliable emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Scientific and reliable systems taught, whereby stylish, perfect-fitting garments are produced. Send for circular. S. CORRIGAN, Prop., 4 Adelaide St. West.

$10.00 A DAY. Easy and profitable work for men and women. Address F. M. Scrivens, 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

The Great Ottoman Blood Remedy.
Guaranteed to cure all diseases of the blood whether brought on by indiscretion and excess or arising from hereditary causes. Will remove pimples and blotches from the skin and by its invigorating action on the blood restores failing powers and builds up the system of those suffering from wasting disease. Price $1 per bottle. Address, Ottoman Medicine Co., Mail Building, Toronto.

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Send for Illustrated Catalogue and this advertisement with your order for our NEW RIBBER and we will allow you
$10 PREMIUM DISCOUNT
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MONEY Large Loans and Church Loans at very low rates, and smaller sums at 5½, 6, 6½ per cent. according to security.
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Toronto business and house property yielding 7, 8 and 10 per ct. to investors, and 100 per ct. to SPECULATORS.
KERR & KLEISER.
J. Latimer Kerr. Grenville P. Kleiser.
4 King Street East, Toronto.
Successors to A E Minkler & Co. Office established 1879 by Mr S. H. Janes.
Increase in population Toronto 1889 over 1888 (assessors' returns) 20,380.

1164 QUEEN STREET EAST.
Please mention this paper.

The Eagle Screams

My neighbors and friends who saw me in my sickness wondered at the great change in my looks lately, and said I looked ten years younger and indeed I feel so relieved, suffering as I did for many years, especially after meals, now I enjoy my meals, and with pleasure add my testimony to your extraordinary Water. Yes! If you think what I say is any value, give it to the people. Yours truly,
M. J. TUCKER,
Newberry Port, Mass

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This Company is approved by Order-in-Council of Lieut.-Governor, and is accepted by the High Court of Justice for purposes of such Court. This Company acts as Executor, Administrator, Receiver, Guardian, Liquidator, Assignee, &c., Trustee under Deeds, Wills by Appointment or Substitution, and acts as Agent in all Financial business, Investment of Money, Collection of Rents Interest and Income, and Countersigns all Bonds, Securities, &c.

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THE PIONEER CANADIAN LINE, and still to the front in regard to the provision made for the safety and comfort of its customers. Weekly Sailings between Liverpool, Glasgow and theSt. Lawrence, and fortnightly Service from London during Summer Months.
Mail Steamers run between Liverpool and Portland via. Halifax during winter. Glasgow Steamers sail throughout the year to Boston and Philadelphia, calling at Irish ports and Halifax en route.
For rates of passage and other information apply to H. BOURLIER, cor. King and Yonge Sts. Toronto; H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, or to the local agents in your county.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co'y's Oatmeal Skin Soap

MAKES THE HANDS SOFT AND THE COMPLEXION BEAUTIFUL.
See that the Co'y's name is Stamped on the Soap and on the Wrapper. Beware of Imitations.

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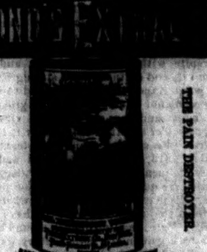

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CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS.
Used Internally & Externally. Price 50c. $1, $1.75
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THE CONBOY CARRIAGE TOPS ARE THE BEST KNOWN.

Their increasing popularity is a proof of their superiority. Be sure and get a Conboy top on your buggy.

CONSUMPTION SURELY * CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

THE BEST & CHEAPEST BELTING IN THE WORLD

Ewart Link Belting. Best for elevating and conveying. Send for new catalogue of Mill Furnishings, and best discounts.
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I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

Essay on Spring.

TRADE MARK

Spring is the most slippery season of all the four; perhaps because it comes before the rest. In our experience spring is like the Irishman's flea, you put your finger on it and it isn't there. We want to write a spring advertisement and put it in big type

SPRING IS HERE!

But we are afraid if we do it will snow next day. One thing is as certain as spring is uncertain, and that is this, namely, to wit:—

O'Hara's Stock of Boots and Shoes is here, Handsome, Extensive and Cheap,

And the buyer who wants Spring Shoes had better not consult the Almanac, but come at once to O'Hara's. See that the Maple Leaf is stamped on the sole, as every pair is warranted.

B. O'HARA.

From Madoc to Europe.

BY FRED. E. SEYMOUR.

DEAR EDITOR:

The roads are dusty and the waving grain that grows up to the very wheel tracks of the turnpike, is sweltering in the unclouded sunshine. The way is lined with trees on either side, but they afford little shade. They are all cherry trees and laden with ripe fruit, and every half mile or so the pickers have little sheds for the sale of it, and travellers on such a sultry road are not wont to pass without stopping. Of course no one is allowed to pick a cherry from the trees without license, as both trees and fruit are the property of the municipality. Anon we pass a small enclosure where stands, or lies, —which is the right word anyhow?—a cube of granite with flowering shrubs and trees around it, and an inscription stating that at this point Napoleon took his stand to watch the progress of the battle. The ground is higher here and we get out and view the landscape o'er and try to fancy how it looked between the sixteenth and nineteenth of October, 1813, with four hundred and fifty thousand men dead or fighting daggedly. About three quarters of a mile further on is a little village called Probstheyda where the leaders of the allies are said to have been posted. Here is an iron obelisk around which is the back garden of a little country wayside inn. The driver ties his horses and leads us through the leafy passages till we reach the spot. Here also is a trophy made of cannon balls of various sizes ploughed up from time to time in the surrounding fields. The principal rooms of the inn are formed into a museum filled with relics of the battle. Broken fragments of harness of both warrior and steed, dismantled locks and stocks of old fashioned fire arms, broken spurs, bent swords, rusty ramrods, tarnished epaulettes, and blood-crusted old sashes and uniforms. In glass cases are kept the written orders dispatched by the generals to their subordinates during the fight. An old soldier who left both his legs on his last battlefield, stumps about the room and explains the various exhibits. From him we purchase some maps and book descriptive of the place and the events which have distinguished it, and a few postcards with a view of the obelisk and its surrounding upon them and then take our leave. By the way, I like the German idea of postal cards. They have no stamp upon them and may be issued by anybody, in fact any kind of a card with an ordinary stamp on it is considered a post card and goes along through the mails all right. All the hotels furnish you with cards for nothing with the imprint of the hotel on the address side, and all places of resort do likewise, and on Christmas or birthday festivals, you can get cards appropriate to the occasion from the bookstores and newsvenders. On our way back we saw by the road side the monument to Prince Schwarzenberg who led the allied forces. The Polish General, Poniatowskie, who was with the French on that occasion, was drowned in crossing the Pleisse.

After a rest and a dinner we sallied out to walk with a young gentleman from Chicago, whose acquaintance we made at the hotel and who undertook to be our guide to the celebrated restaurant of Bonorand in the beautiful Rosenthal. So, as the shades of night were falling, we crossed a bridge over the Pleisse and entered a large and beautiful forest. That it was beautiful we discovered immediately. The trees were as large as any I saw in Europe, the walks were broad and smooth and clean and led by pleasant windings along the banks of the quiet streams and through thick and bosky dells: that it was large dawned upon us more gradually, as we meandered mile after mile in search of Bonorand's. Sometimes broad meadows of twenty, thirty or forty acres would intervene, traversed by paths and full of flowers among the tall grass. We were weary and ready to sit down when distant chains of music taught us whither we should go. We pursued the sound, paid twelve cents to get through a gate and came to an enclosed field of about two acres roofed with lofty spreading trees and carpeted with green turf filled with chairs and tables round tables and bright with thousands of gas lights which glimmered like fire flies through the shrubbery. A large rostrum occupies one end side hold an orchestra such as one seldom hears in America, about twenty musicians and such are a virtuoso. The only band of performers on this continent that I would think of comparing them with is that famous Thomas's Orchestra. Fancy getting a ticket to Thomas's Orchestra for twenty cents! After some searching, for the place was crowded, for a few cents more we got seats by standing a moment chair here and another there and bringing them to this spot we managed to be seated together; first of course, asking permission of the group already occupying the table. Such is the custom here. No one would think of taking a seat at the same table with you at an hotel or any public place without first asking your permission, although according to our Canadian notions of personal rights it does not seem at all necessary. Still it is pleasant the way they do it, and if one of them finishes his dinner before you do he rises up very gravely, turns towards you and says "*gesegnete Mahlzeit*" which Shakespeare translated very well when he said "may good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." As soon as we were comfortably seated the ubiquitous waiter appeared ready and eager to supply us with beer, the German staff of life, and cigars the other indispensable requisite to German happiness. Another offered cakes and sweetmeats of which I got a few but soon found that it required a German palate to enjoy them. After studying the printed programme and listening a while to the beautiful music, and resting from the fatigue of a long walk I began to notice the other parties at our table. A good looking well dressed German and his wife and two very pretty fair haired boys, one of them on each side of their parents. I thought the best use I could make of my German confectionery would be to pass it on to my little Teutonic neighbour and I did so. The little fellow was so surprised that he was fairly frightened and hung down his head, but his mother began to talk soft and cooing German to him and soon he touched my arm and when I looked round he stood up and took off his hat with one hand, shook mine with the other and made the politest of bows after which we both resumed our seats and he proceeded to share the candy with his brother.

Piso's Cure for Consumption and Piso's Remedy for Catarrh are for sale at C. G. Wilson's drug store, Madoc.

For the cure of colds coughs and all derangements of the respiratory organs, no other medicine is so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It relieves the asthmatic and consumptive, even in advanced stages of disease, and has saved innumerable lives.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial, without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

"Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. R. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared, and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

JOHN HUFF

Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Hastings

MADOC, - ONT.

All orders promptly attended to, and terms reasonable. 39

SALESMEN WANTED.

Having done business in Canada for the past 30 years, our reputation and responsibility are well known. We pay salary and expenses from the start, if everything is satisfactory. No previous experience required. Write us for terms, which are very liberal, before engaging with any other firm.

REFERENCES.—Bradstreet's or Dun Wiman & Co's Commercial Agencies, well known to business men; or Standard Bank, Colborne, Ont.

CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY,
Nurserymen,
COLBORNE, - ONT.

MORTGAGE SALE.

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, made by James H. Kinloch and Effie Kinloch, his wife, to the vendor, which will be produced at time of sale, default in payment having been made, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the

Continental Hotel, Madoc Village

in the County of Hastings, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., on

SATURDAY, 12th APRIL, '90

the following farm property, namely:—

North range or north half of lot No. 18 in the 3rd concession of the Township of Tyendinaga, in the County of Hastings, subject to two prior encumbrances.

The above is one of the best farms in Tyendinaga, and is well improved

Terms of sale, 10 per cent. cash at time of sale, balance within 30 days unless otherwise arranged.

Dated at Madoc, this 10th day of March, '90.

D. & K. STEWART,
Vendor's Solicitor.

50-5w

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, Supt. of CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BRED HORSES.

GLENWOOD, ILL., Nov. 19, 1888.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I now find it cheaper in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best remedies on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 2, 1888.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my great success of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Belly Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen. A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

ELDA, WYANDOT COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.

Sirs: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured Ringbone, Spavin, Lameness and Swellings on my horses, also a valuable cow of Garget. Myself and others have used your Cure in our families, and we find it a good liniment. I have lent one of your books out and got it back, but I have never lent a cure of any kind. Yours truly, ANDREW THOMAS, Breeder.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. Dr. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

JUST RECEIVED

—AT—

D. GILLEN'S

Fish of all kinds, both fresh and salt; also a full supply of

FLOUR, PORK, SALT,

And all kinds of grain kept constantly on hand, which I am selling close for cash. As I am over-stocked in all the above lines I will make a special run on the same for the next 30 days in order to reduce my stock. Parties requiring any of the above lines will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere. My stock in groceries always complete, as usual.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

Fresh Beef kept constantly on hand and delivered free to any part of the village.

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